



A  
JOURNAL OF TRAVELS  
IN  
ENGLAND,  
HOLLAND AND SCOTLAND,  
AND OF  
TWO PASSAGES  
OVER THE ATLANTIC,  
IN  
THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CORNER OF WALL-STREET.

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1810.

*District of Connecticut, to wit:*

**BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on the first day of February, in the thirty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Benjamin Silliman*, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

“ A Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, and of two Passages over the Atlantic, in the years 1805 and 1806.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “ An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of them, during the times therein mentioned.”

**H. W. EDWARDS,**

*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

## PREFACE.

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*THE Trustees of Yale College, in the autumn of 1804, appropriated a sum of money, for the enlargement of their library, and philosophical and chemical apparatus; and, they determined on sending an agent to Europe, for the purpose of making the contemplated collections. I was commissioned to execute this trust, and was allowed to avail myself of such opportunities as might occur, for acquiring information, especially in chemistry, which it was my duty to teach, in the institution with which I am connected.*

*Such were my principal objects, in Europe, and to these the greater part of my time was necessarily devoted.*

*At the request of the brother to whom the following pages are addressed, I commenced a journal, which was continued, from the first, without a single day's omission, till my return. Instead of filling my letters with descriptions of what I saw, I constantly made my journal the depository of my observations and thoughts, and it was transmitted to America, in numbers, at convenient intervals.*

*I wrote at the time, and on the spot, and was rarely a day behind my date; my information was derived almost wholly from personal observation, and conversation; beyond the itineraries and guides of the country, I had little leisure to consult books, and none at all to copy or amend what I had written; and I felt the less disposition to do it as I was writing to a brother, who, in the communication of the journal, was restricted to a small circle of friends.*

*Of course, I wrote with a degree of freedom which made it unpleasant to me to learn, that it had been found impossible to confine the manuscripts within the limits prescribed, and, when I returned, I was informed that they had been perused by many of my acquaintance, and their friends. It now became impossible for me to refuse the loan of them to others, and, in this way, their existence became so generally known, that their publication was talked of as a matter of course. I uniformly declined to listen to any proposition on the subject, as it had been my determination from the first to withhold the work from the press.*

*But, a good while after my return, an application was made to me under circumstances so peculiar, that I was compelled to take it into consideration. After perusing the manuscripts, with reference to this object, consulting literary friends, and deliberating, a long time, I consented, not without much anxiety, to attempt the difficult task of preparing them for publication. It was difficult, because the public, not my friends, were now to be my judges, and because it was scarcely possible to preserve the spirit and freedom which had interested the latter, without violating the decorum which was due to the former, and to many respectable individuals, whose names appeared in my journal.*

*With a design to preserve this medium, the whole has been written anew. Additions, omissions, and alterations have been made, but they have been as few as possible, and it has undergone so little mutation, either in form or substance, it is believed, that the spirit and character of the work remain essentially unchanged; how far it has been rendered more fit for the public eye, those, who have perused the original volumes, during a period of more than three years that have elapsed, since their completion, will be best able to judge.*

*Perhaps, I ought to apologize for interweaving in the journal, so much of my own personal history, and for introducing*

*so many of my own remarks and reflections, but, these things were so combined with the very tissue of the work, that it would have been impossible to have withdrawn them, without destroying, completely, the texture of the fabric.*

*The apology implied, in this simple unvarnished tale, I am sensible, is very trite, and by many will be regarded as inadmissible.*

*However this may be, I have discharged a duty by telling the truth; what I have said will be believed in my native State, where the principal facts are well known.*

**BENJAMIN SILKMAN.**

Yale College, (Connecticut) August 28, 1809.



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# JOURNAL OF TRAVELS,

&c.

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## NO. I.—PASSAGE TO ENGLAND.

1805.—Tuesday, April 6th, on board the Ontario, at sea.

*To Gold S. Silliman, of Newport, Rhode Island.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

ON the 4th, at one in the afternoon, we sailed from New York, with a wind so strong and fair, that the spires of the city lessened every moment as we passed down the bay, and we had hardly time to admire the beauty of the retiring landscape. In the morning no land was visible, and we found that we had made a rapid transition from smooth water and fine weather, to tempestuous seas and angry skies. To me who had never been at sea before, it was but an unpromising beginning; the distressing indisposition of the seas immediately followed, and this day has been, throughout, dark, stormy, and dismal. Towards evening, however, I became better, and was able to enjoy a scene of much grandeur and beauty, produced by the setting sun, which suddenly shone out from the clouds with great splendor. The circle of the horizon was unbroken by any inequality, except that of the waves, whose snow-white tops were rendered doubly resplendent, by the reflection of the sun beams, while a fair wind and the prospect of se-

rene weather made ample amends for the gloom of the day.

*April 8.*—This morning, a large hawk, that had strayed beyond his reckoning, hovered over the ship, and settled upon the peak of our fore-top mast, where he poised himself with his wings, as the motion threw him off from his centre. He seemed much fatigued and very happy to find this resting place;—more fortunate he, than the winged messenger that went from the ark, but found no mast or shrub, rising from that “shoreless ocean.” When the hawk first alighted, an English gentleman on board remarked, that the American Eagle had come to preside over our passage; but the omen seems unpropitious, for our tutelary genius has already taken his flight.

In the evening, the sky was clear and serene, and the moon shone with uncommon brightness; our ship, with all her canvass filled by a stiff breeze, moved gracefully and majestically through the water; the sea, for many yards around, was all in a foam from the rapidity of her motion, which was so regular, that I was able to walk the deck with a firm step, and to enjoy the conversation of an intelligent fellow passenger.

*April 9.*—In the evening, I observed for the first time, the interesting phenomenon of the lunar bow, which was distinctly visible in about  $60^{\circ}$  of the upper part of the circle.

*April 10.*—We had no longer the fine vernal sun and mild breezes of yesterday, but a gale from the south-east, with a heavy sea, flying clouds, dashes of rain, and violent squalls. At twilight, the heavens

and the ocean presented a scene of great grandeur. The waves ran very high, and the ship danced over their tops like a feather. The sky became suddenly black; darkness, almost like that of night, hung over the deep;—it was, if I may so say, a darkness shed from the clouds, attended with a portentous gloom, unlike the serenity which night produces;—the white tops of the waves, as they dashed against each other, and crowned the vast black billows with a seeming ridge of snow, presented a striking contrast to the sable hue of the sea and sky;—and the dexterity of the sailors, who, in the midst of this uproar, climbed the shrouds, and went out to the very ends of the yards to lash the sails, was well adapted to excite my astonishment. I had no fears, but enjoyed in a high degree the majesty of a scene, for my impressions of which I had hitherto been indebted to painters and poets.

Early in the evening, the wind declined; the clouds began to disperse, and the beautiful constellation Orion, was the first that appeared to cheer our spirits, after so dismal a day.

*April 14.*—For several days we continued to sail prosperously on our course, and no interesting incident occurred, till, towards evening, on the 10th day of our passage, we had the pleasure to descry a fishing vessel, lying at anchor, on the banks of Newfoundland. The next day we lay to twice, and fished with little success; but, in the mean time we saw one of the greatest wonders of the great deep; two whales played about the ship, frequently spouting, and raising their “broad bare backs” out of the water.

After our last attempt at fishing, we stood on our



course, and, in a few minutes, discovered what we imagined to be two vessels; the mate, going up to the round top, saw four more, and presently after, we descried a whole fleet. We concluded that they must be fishing vessels, and steered for them; having already formed a plan to board them with our boat, for the purpose of purchasing fish, since we had failed in taking any. There was something, however, extremely singular in the appearance of these vessels. They were apparently without masts or sails;—their hulls were of a brilliant white, and, as the sea caused them to roll, they gave a copious reflection, from a very bright sun, and seemed all dazzling.

We were employing ourselves in forming various conjectures on the subject, without once suspecting the real fact, when the mate, going aloft with a prospect glass, soon put to flight all our surmises by crying out, *Islands of Ice!!* I felt a mixed emotion, of pleasure and apprehension, from the expected contemplation of objects so splendid and magnificent, and still, so dangerous to our safety. Very soon, the progress of the ship brought other islands into view, and rendered those more distinct which we had first discovered. The subject occupied all the eyes, and engrossed all the thoughts and conversation, of our little family. The weather, from being mild in the morning, although still clear, had become much colder, in consequence, no doubt, of the vicinity of such masses of ice. That which we had discovered, was, happily, not of the most dangerous form; it was altogether, in conspicuous masses, rising, in some instances, 100 feet out of the water; that which is most dangerous, is the field ice, which lies on the surface,

often to a great extent, and, not being visible at any considerable distance, ships are in danger of running upon it, unobserved.

Having still several hours of day light, we flattered ourselves that we should get clear of such a dangerous neighbourhood before night. But the hope seemed as vain as that of passing the horizon itself, for new masses were continually coming into view, and we could perceive them appearing, like white spots, in the very verge of the heavens, just in the line where the sky and water seemed to unite, so that, instead of getting clear, as we had hoped, we found ourselves, towards evening, surrounded by numerous ice-islands on every side.

Their appearance was, to me, extremely interesting and gratifying, and I wish it were in my power to convey to you an adequate idea of these formidable productions of polar frost.

They were all of a very pure and splendid white, with a peculiar brilliancy, arising from the situation of the sun, which was declining; while the Ice-islands constantly came into view from the east and north, and thus threw back a flood of light upon us, which rendered them more conspicuous as they came nearer, and afforded the pleasure of continued discovery. Few of them were larger than a house or a church, but there were two which might well be dignified with the name of floating mountains. They all rolled much with the waves, with a ponderous motion, that alternately immersed an additional portion of the mass, and then, by the returning movement, brought a great bulk into view, which had been invisible before, while streams of water, taken up by the inequa-

lities of surface, ran down their sides. It is not easy to give a correct estimation of the magnitude of the largest islands. Their appearance was very magnificent. They covered many acres on the water, and towered above our top-gallant masts. So peculiar was their appearance, that it is not easy to compare them to any thing but themselves; yet, they resembled most, some ancient venerable ruin, while the beauty and splendor of the materials made them look like a recent, highly polished work of art, which some convulsion had thrown into vast disorder. Conceive of some very extensive and lofty palace, of white marble, whose walls have been, here and there, broken down, almost to the ground, but still rise, in numerous and lofty turrets, and whose sides appear, every where, furrowed by the tempests of ages;—conceive further, of this great pile of ruin as emerging from the ocean, where the heavens alone terminate the view on every side, and that the waves are dashing continually against it, and surrounding its base with foam, and its sides with spray; and you will then have some idea of the object which I am aiming to describe.

*Sun-setting.*—I have this moment been on deck, and find that we are immediately abreast of another ice-mountain, while new ones are momentarily coming into view in the eastern edge of the horizon. Those which we have passed now present their shaded sides, and have lost their splendor; while the most remote, in the same direction, appear like dark clouds, with their tops gilded by the last rays of the sun. The air is very keen for the season. Night is now closing fast upon us, and we must pass it among these float-

ing masses; it will certainly be an anxious night, and heaven grant it may be a safe one. We have the advantage of serene weather, with a fair though small breeze, and we shall have the moon before midnight.

*12 o'clock at night.*—Two men are stationed in the bow to look out for the ice;—one mass has grazed our side, but without doing any harm, and as the moon has risen, and the weather continues fine, I shall retire to rest. I have not, however, forgotten the interesting history of the *Lady Hobart British Packet*, which perished last year in these seas, by the same accident to which we are now exposed.\*

*April 16.*—Happily we received no injury, being favoured with every circumstance which might give us a safe passage. Had these circumstances, however, been reversed;—had the night been dark—the sea high, and the weather tempestuous, we could scarcely have escaped; for, what obstacle would the sides of a ship oppose to the mighty momentum of such masses, impelled by the winds and waves of a tempest! Between two, she would be crushed, and even the collision with one, if the ship were under full way, would cause the same resistance as a rock, and the ragged edges of the ice would pierce her instantly.

In order to a correct conception of the vast moving power of these bodies, it must not be forgot-

\* After our arrival in England we became acquainted with the still more tragical fate of the American ship *Jupiter*, Capt. Law, which was lost here, with a great number of people, only a few days before our arrival on the banks. She encountered the field-ice, and went down within a few minutes after she struck.

ten that only a very small portion of their bulk appears above the water. It is well known that this is the case with cakes of ice floating in a river, and, where it is perfectly solid and well formed, only one eighth or one ninth part of its bulk rises above the surface. These masses are, however, far from having this density; they seem to be principally an accumulation of snow, hardened by degrees upon a bed of ice, and increased by the dashing of the water, which constantly freezes upon them in successive layers. The sailors say that one third of these islands appears above water. This estimation is undoubtedly much too high, but, were even this considered as correct, it will be evident that such islands as the largest which we saw, must be bodies of prodigious magnitude. But, every allowance being made, there is reason to believe that not more than one fifth or sixth part of the ice-islands is visible; of course an ice mountain of 100 feet high, would really have a perpendicular altitude of 500 or 600 feet.

While contemplating these magnificent bodies, Dr. Darwin's whimsical project of employing the navies of Europe to navigate them to the tropical regions for the sake of cooling those climates, struck me with peculiar interest; what project or hypothesis has been too ridiculous to be proposed and defended by philosophy or to be embellished by poetry and fiction!

*April 17.*—The last night was very tempestuous;—the wind, especially towards morning, blew hard, and raised a very heavy sea; the sky was covered with ragged, angry clouds, which gave us frequent squalls,

with rain, hail, and snow, and the ship rolled so violently, that I slept very little ; but, to compensate for all this, the wind was perfectly fair, and sent us forward eight and ten miles an hour. We have had the same weather, and have made the same progress, through the day ; but the motions of the ship have been so violent, that it has been impossible to sit at the table. We have been compelled to place our food on the floor, and to sit down around it, with all the simplicity, although not with the quiet and security, of pastoral life.

You would have been much amused could you have witnessed our grotesque appearance ;—one might have been seen bracing a foot against a pannel, and another against a trunk ;—a second and a third, not equally fortunate in their position, aided each other, by extending their limbs, and placing foot to foot, in opposite directions, while the walls of the cabin supported them behind. Thus situated, with our plates between our knees, we attempted the arduous business of dining. At every roll of the ship there was a kind of manual exercise to be performed. Besides his own plate, each one had to elevate some vessel to prevent its being overthrown ; one held up a decanter of wine, another a gravy-dish, and a third the soup-bowl ; and it was only in the critical moment between one roll and another, that the knife and fork could be used with safety. Notwithstanding our caution, it has happened more than once to-day, that a sudden and violent motion of the ship has thrown us all, with the loose furniture, and table utensils, into a promiscuous heap, while more solicitude has been manifested for the preservation of the food than of our limbs. As

no serious injury has been sustained, we have been very merry on the occasion, and have enjoyed our tumultuous repasts quite as well as on some occasions we should have relished a sumptuous entertainment.

The face of the ocean has exhibited a scene of great grandeur through the whole day. The wind continuing to blow very hard, the captain ordered the dead lights to be lashed in, and this, as well as other movements on board, indicate an expectation of weather still more tempestuous.

*April 18.*—Accordingly, the wind, which during the night veered to the south, but without subsiding at all, in the progress of the morning increased to a gale; and before noon this gale became a violent tempest, with dashes of rain. There was a very heavy sea, and the motions of the ship were so sudden and violent, that it was nazardous to attempt moving without constantly holding fast by some fixed object. No food could be prepared in the caboose, and such refreshment as we had, was received, as yesterday, on the cabin floor, and even in this humble posture, we were not unfrequently thrown from one side of the cabin to the other. The storm increased in violence through the day, so that it far exceeded every thing which I had hitherto seen; and in the afternoon, besides the *general* vehemence of the wind, there were frequent *squalls*. Just before evening, while the captain was asleep in his state room, the ship being laid close to the wind, with nothing standing but a double reefed fore-sail, and the tiller in the hands of a common sailor, a sudden and violent squall struck us, which threw the helmsman from his station, so that the ship was no longer under command of the rudder.

der ;—accordingly she *lurched*, as the sailors say ; that is, she fell into the trough of the sea, and the next wave, although she was a tall ship, of more than 400 tons, threw her down upon her side, with tremendous violence, so that a part of her deck was under water ; the people, and every moveable thing, were thrown to leeward, and, for a moment, dismay was painted in the faces of the most experienced men on board.

The violence of the shock roused our sleeping captain, who was upon deck in an instant ;—forced the helm up, with a whole volley of oaths, and put the ship before the wind, when she righted. The danger was imminent, though transient, for, had the ship remained in the same position, the next sea would, without doubt, have laid her flat upon the water.

Night, at length, set in, dark and dismal ;—the tempest raged with more violence than ever, and the fury of the sea was wonderful. To an old sailor it might doubtless have appeared no very uncommon thing ; but to me, to whom these incidents were novel, the scene was awfully grand ; and one who has never witnessed a tempest at sea, has not enjoyed one of the highest exhibitions of sublimity. †

I have no particular dread of the water, and, excepting this crisis, I had not supposed our situation to be, at any time, imminently dangerous ; yet I could not but be astonished that any machine, constructed of such frail materials as those of a ship, could withstand such shocks as those which we received every moment from the waves, and which caused every timber to tremble, while the creaking of the ship's joints, and the roaring of the winds and waves, rendered it almost impossible to hear any one speak. It was not



the consequence of weakness or of fear, but a natural, and I trust pardonable, effect of the scene before me, that induced me to descend into the cabin, to read a letter of our mother, received immediately before I sailed, in which she had inserted an interesting production of Addison, who had drunk inspiration at fountains more noble than Helicon. It is entitled *The Traveller's Hymn*, and might well be adopted as the companion of every adventurer, whose mind does not despise the idea of protection from on high.

About ten o'clock at night the wind abated, and gradually died away to a still small breeze; but our situation was more uncomfortable than ever, for the ship, being now without wind to steady her, rolled dreadfully;—sleep was unattainable, and I could only brace myself in my berth, and wait for morning. I spent an hour in the evening in viewing the phosphorescence of the waves. It was indeed a beautiful sight. The ocean was covered all over with luminous spots, occasioned by the foam of the waves, while, around the ship, the water glowed and sparkled almost with the brilliancy of burning coals. When we shipped a sea the spray appeared like a shower of fire, falling among the shrouds, and the deck seemed to be covered with glowing embers.

How comes it that the poets, so much celebrated for appropriating every brilliant image of natural scenery, should have made so little use of this? They have not often alluded to this phenomenon, which is certainly beautiful in itself, and eminently so from its occurring, most remarkably, in tempest and darkness, when beauty is contrasted with grandeur.

*April 22.*—In the gale on the 18th, our spars and rigging received considerable injury and our ship sprung a leak, which, when it was discovered, had made about two feet of water in the hold. Our pumps were very bad; the carpenter was stupid and inactive; and during several days of squally and variable weather that succeeded, we endured considerable apprehension, till we discovered, that, bad as our pumps were, they were sufficient to prevent the leak from gaining upon us.

We have sailed, all this day, under the pressure of a gale, which has sent us forward ten miles an hour.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon, I went on deck to view the tumult of the ocean; the ship was pressed down so much to leeward by the wind, that her deck was inclined like a roof, and I clambered to the windward railing, and found a situation where I could hold fast by the ropes. The sea often dashed over the ship, and involved us in such copious showers, that I found it necessary to go below. I had scarcely descended into the cabin, when we shipped a tremendous sea; the wave, as the mate informed me, took the ship sideways through her whole length; its top curled as high as the main-yard-arm, and it fell upon the deck with astonishing violence, a universal crash, and an instantaneous suspension of the motion of the ship, as when an ox is knocked down dead at the slaughter. The sea made a full breach over us, and, for a moment, we were buried beneath it as if we had been sunk; the decks were swept, and the water came pouring down into the cabin through the sky-light.

*April 23.*—The weather has continued extremely variable, and the transitions from clouds to sunshine, and from sunshine to rain and violent winds, have been so rapid and frequent, that it has not been easy to say which have prevailed, but, in all the bad weather and gales which have attended our passage, we have had the satisfaction of being rapidly impelled towards England.

*April 24.*—There was a brilliant rainbow this morning in the west, and, as we were now contending with a head sea, the spray constantly broke over the ship's bow, and presented a rainbow whenever the sun shone. At evening, the captain, being confident that the Irish coast could not be far distant, ordered most of our canvass to be taken in, lest we should run upon it in the dark. During the succeeding night the wind blew furiously, and squalls attended us the next day, till towards evening, when the sea suddenly went down and became comparatively smooth; the gulls had become very numerous, and we had no doubt that land was near. On the succeeding day, we sounded and found bottom, and all eyes were now intent on discovering the wished for object.

*April 27.*—We looked in vain till 5 o'clock in the afternoon of this day, when a man from the mast-head exclaimed—land! land! on the weather bow!

\* \* \* \* \*

I went up the shrouds, and saw a mountain in Ireland which appeared like a well defined cloud in the edge of the horizon. This more than welcome object occupied our eyes till evening veiled it from our view.

*April 28.*—In the morning the hills of Ireland became more and more distinct. We saw successively, the heights of Waterford—the lofty mountains of Wicklow, at a great distance over land—the Saltee Islands, near and very distinct, and lastly, Carnsore point and the Tuscar rock, constituting the south-eastern extremity of Ireland, which it was necessary to double in order to enter the Irish channel.

It was now past noon, when the wind increased and came more ahead, and the sky assumed a very threatening aspect. Rain followed, it soon grew dark and night came on, with a violent storm which was driving us directly towards a rocky lee shore, only three leagues distant. The captain thought, that under these circumstances, the attempt to double the point would be extremely hazardous, but, as the wind would be a free one the moment we should pass the Tuscar rock, the temptation was so strong, that he called the passengers together to know whether they would risk their personal safety in the attempt; it was unanimously decided in the affirmative.

Accordingly we tacked, and stood for the north, but the storm soon increasing to a furious tempest, attended with the most impenetrable darkness, and the wind driving us directly and rapidly towards the Tuscar rock, we were reduced to the mortifying necessity of standing away from the land, towards the ocean. The gale soon became extremely violent, but we rode it out in safety. During the storm I took my station along with the master in the companion way. We split our fore-top-sail, and such

was the fury of the winds and waves, that the captain was obliged to give his commands through the speaking trumpet, and his oaths, which were now more frequent and impious than usual, were thundered out from this brazen throat, with a voice that spoke

“Louder than the tempest.”

The scene was very sublime ; the sea was covered all over with luminous ridges, and the spray, as it dashed over the gunwale, fell in showers of fire, while the waves shed a dismal light on the “darkness visible,” and formed a small horizon of illuminated water around the ship. About 1 o’clock in the morning, the wind began to abate ; a heavy rain deluged the decks, and at 2 the wind shifted ; the storm was lulled almost to a calm ; the sky became suddenly clear, and appeared of an uncommonly deep azure, while the stars shone with wonderful brilliancy. What a contrast ! One hour before, all was darkness, tempest and fury !

*April 30.*—The next day we had another gale from the north-east ; several ships were in sight with close-reefed sails and borne down on one side with the force of the wind ; fine objects for the eye and the pencil. Towards evening, the sun broke through the clouds and discovered to us the same land that we saw yesterday. To-day we have doubled point Carnsore, and with light and contrary winds, are beating slowly towards Liverpool.

Here we are, my dear brother, in the midst of the Irish channel ; on the right we have the moun-

tains of Wales, and on the left those of Wicklow. The latter are composed in part of whitish sand, which, in the sun, appeared like dirty snow; with the glass I can distinctly see the channels worn in the hills by the rain.

*May 1.*—Ireland is this moment in view, at a great distance, and we are beating across the channel, disputing, with an adverse wind and opposing currents, every inch of our progress. We are now standing across Caernarvon bay, with the hills of Caernarvonshire in full view.

Thus I go on, from day to day, recording the changes of wind and weather, and endeavouring to sketch the ever-changing aspect of sea and sky. On land remarks upon the weather are always trite, and even border a little on the ridiculous, since we tell our friends what they very well knew before.

But, at sea, dependant as our comfort, nay, our very existence always is, upon the most mutable of all things, the aspect of the sky, the force and direction of the wind, and the motion of the waves, these topics assume an importance which they can never have on land, and, an apology for their frequent introduction is certainly unnecessary. Still, there is such a degree of sameness in the incidents of a sea life, that it is difficult to give the narration of them any considerable degree of interest.

Exiled completely from the rest of mankind, and confined to a floating prison, every thing interesting in the characters of the few around one, is speedily exhausted, and the scenery of the ocean soon grows too familiar to excite anew the pleasure which it at first produced.

In fine weather, (if I may borrow a trite allusion,) the old monarch of the deep is so placid, that his smiles are insipid; and when he rises in his might, and crowns himself with all the terrors of his stormy domain, his countenance is so fierce, that astonishment and dismay exclude every perception of beauty, and leave only an impression of a kind of horrible grandeur.

The traveller on land is constantly entertained with the varying beauties of landscape; and if the scene of his travels be among civilized men, conversation affords him a never failing source of agreeable incident; if in a country, renowned in an ancient story, and abounding with the beauties of cultivation and the productions of the arts, he must be very unfortunate indeed, if, with sufficient leisure, he cannot find something to enliven the tedious detail of dates, places, and distances. In such a country I hope soon to be, when I trust I may find matter which will afford the subject of more entertaining narrative than that which has now occupied twenty-seven days.

*5 o'clock P. M.*—The wind enabled us in the morning to pass nearly across Caernarvon bay, and to bring Holyhead, in the isle of Anglesea, into full view. For some hours we have had a flat calm, and the current has set us over towards the southern side of Caernarvon-bay. We are not more than eight miles from the shore, and I have been taking a view of the sublime scenery of this part of the Welsh coast.

Some of the mountains which line the shore, are lofty, and their tops are covered with snow.

With an excellent glass I can see the slopes of the hills and mountains, covered, to the very feet of the cliffs, with green fields, cottages and cattle. Most of the mountains are very rude and ragged, consisting of bare rocks, rising, in some instances, into obtuse cones, and in others projecting, with perpendicular cliffs, into the very water. The inland mountains appear still more lofty. There is one, whose summit is covered with snow, and enveloped by clouds, rolled up around it like curtains; I wish to recognise it, as the famous Snowdon, but there is no one on board sufficiently versed in the geography of Wales to inform me.

A beautiful, and to me, novel contrast, is now before us. It is formed by the deep verdure which covers the feet and declivities of some of the mountains, and the snow which crowns their tops; the transition appears, in many instances, perfectly abrupt; the most vivid green terminating in the purest white. Were I a painter I would arrest these transient images of beauty and grandeur, that I might renew with you and H——, the pleasure which I now enjoy, but you must accept the humbler efforts of description, instead of the magical effects of the pencil.

*May 2.*—We had a fair breeze, for a short time, last evening, but it soon became contrary, and we spent the night in beating.

*10 o'clock.*—This morning we find ourselves close under Holyhead, and the island of Anglesea on our right, while the Isle of Man appears on our left, but at a great distance. Holyhead, the first European town which I have seen, is now in view at the dis-



tance of six miles, and with the glass I can distinctly see the houses. The town is situated on a small island of the same name, separated from Anglesea by a narrow frith.

The island of Holyhead is principally a rude mountain of naked rock, and appears barren and comfortless in the extreme. On the declivity next to Anglesea, there appears to be some arable land, on which the town of Holyhead is built; this town is the station of the packets for Dublin, the high hills around which town are at this moment visible. We are now passing through a region of water, where the meeting of the tides occasions a violent commotion not unlike hell-gate.\* The tide runs here with great violence, and, with the aid of a fair wind, is impelling us rapidly towards Liverpool.

The snowy mountains of Caernarvon are still visible, pushing their white tops into the clouds. The morning is delightfully pleasant—a fleet of 14 sail of transports is close under our weather quarter, and the Skellie's light-house, built on a rock in the water, is in full view under our lee.

*Half-past 10 o'clock P. M.*—We are now within two or three miles of the shore of Anglesea. The island rises into gentle hills, the declivities of which, and in many instances the tops, are well cultivated. The whole country appears enclosed by fences or hedges, and farm-houses, wind-mills, and villages are scattered here and there, but there are no trees. This island is the Mona of the Romans—the venerable retreat of the British Druids. Its copper mines

are said to be the most extensive in the world, and I can distinctly see at the bottom of a hill, opposite to our ship, a long row of chimnies from which the smoke of the furnaces, employed in smelting the copper, is now issuing. After being so long confined to the tedious sameness of the ocean, I am not a little gratified with the scenery which surrounds us to-day.

6 o'clock P. M.—At 1 o'clock, a pilot came on board, and we have been sailing very prosperously ever since, with a fair wind and a favouring current. We passed within a few miles of Snowdon and Penmanmaur. The latter projects, with perpendicular cliffs, into the very water;—along its side is cut the famous road where a precipice, whose base is buffeted by the billows, makes the traveller shrink from the edge, while impending fragments threaten him from above. Indeed the whole coast from Holyhead is very forbidding to the mariner; perpendicular cliffs face almost its whole extent, and ruin awaits the ship that is driven upon it.

Snowdon is lofty, and rises into a number of conical peaks;—the whole assemblage is very grand, and both the tops and sides are covered with snow.

We are now sailing close under the shore, and the declining sun shines with full lustre on the hills. The mouth of the river Dee is in view, and a dense cloud of smoke hangs over Liverpool, and marks its situation, otherwise invisible to us. We cannot get up to the town to-night, on account of the tides, but we are all preparing to disembark to-morrow.

Three quarters past 9 o'clock P. M.—This moment we have dropped our anchor, and our sails are all

furled for the first time since we left New-York. We are only ten miles from Liverpool, and may fairly consider our passage as achieved, since we are sure of going up with the next tide.

The night is very pleasant, with moon and star light, and the water is so smooth that our cabin is quiet as a bed-room. Four brilliant lights, in as many light-houses, are in view.

*May 3, 9 o'clock A. M.*—The morning is very pleasant, and we shall weigh anchor within a few minutes. Liverpool now shows its distant spires, and we discover, on the shores around us, a cultivated and thickly peopled country.

We proceeded up the river Mersey, but the tide compelled us to drop our anchor three miles from the town; we went on shore in a boat, and, as we approached the town, the country around it presented a very pleasing view of green fields, wind-mills, villas, and other interesting objects; and the noise of commerce, "thundering loud with her ten thousand wheels," indicated our approach to the busy haunts of men.

A little before two o'clock we leaped ashore, and realized with no small emotion that we had arrived in England.

## NO. II.—LIVERPOOL.

Circus—Pantomime—its absurdity—Custom-house—douceurs—American Hotel—An English Church—Cavalry—Army of Egypt—Literary Institutions—A Breakfast—Museum—Asylum of the Blind.—A Slave Ship.

*May 3.*—With my fellow passengers I took lodgings at a splendid hotel, *the Liverpool Arms*.

## CIRCUS.

In the evening we went to the Circus, where equestrian feats, rope dancing, tumbling, and pantomime formed the entertainment.

I shall occasionally attend the theatres, for public amusements furnish the most decisive criterion of national taste, and no contemptible one of the state of public morals, and of the dignity or degradation of the public mind; for when men go to be amused they will demand such things as they really delight in.

The Circus was crowded; we were late, and being perfectly unknown, went into the gallery, as every other part of the house was full.

We were surrounded by those, whose deportment sufficiently indicated to what class of society they belonged, while they exhibited a spectacle of effrontery to which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

The feats performed were truly astonishing, and demonstrated the wonderful force and accuracy of muscular movement of which the human frame is capable.

There were two pantomimes.

The subject of the first was rustic love;—of the

second, the story of Oscar and Malvina, from Osian.—But pantomime is altogether unnatural. In real life men never converse in this way, unless they are deaf and dumb, and such people are certainly the best actors in pantomime. It may be said that it affords room for the display of much ingenuity, in expressing a whole narration or drama without words ;—this is true ; but the drama would be far more interesting if expressed in words, and every one who has seen a pantomime must have felt a degree of impatience, and even *anger*, at the very incompetent, although ingenious, efforts which a performer in pantomime makes, to bring forth an idea, which a little plain talking would at once express, with force and beauty.

A man may learn to walk on his head, and every one will pronounce it wonderful, while all the world will still agree, that it is much better to walk on the feet. It would seem therefore that no one who has the use of his tongue would choose to converse by motions, any more than a man who has feet would prefer to walk on his head.

#### CUSTOM-HOUSE.

*May 4.*—The embarrassments created by revenue laws, and the formalities which most civilized nations observe, on admitting a stranger to enter their dominions, are among the unpleasant things which a traveller must encounter. Our share of vexation has not been very great, and yet some things have occurred which one would wish to avoid.

After our baggage had been landed, under the eye of a custom-house officer, and deposited in the public ware-houses, it became necessary for us to reclaim it,

that is to say, in plain English, to pay a *douceur* to the examining officer, to expedite its liberation, and not to molest us by a rigorous examination of our parcels.

Being confident that I had no articles which could justly be charged with a duty, I felt strongly disposed to resist the oppressive demand of a contribution, for a mere discharge, or rather for a *neglect* of official duty. But, being informed that the thing was indispensable, unless I would submit to have my baggage delayed several days, with every circumstance of vexation and embarrassment, which experienced ingenuity could invent, I at length concluded to pay the tribute. But, I remarked to the person who had given me this information, (an Englishman) that I supposed the money must be offered to some of those ragged fellows who act as tide waiters, and not to those *well-dressed* men about the custom-house. He replied, with a smile, that those were the men who *ultimately* received the money. Accordingly, among all the passengers of the Ontario, a sum was made up which, we supposed, would cause *Justice* (a power whom allegory has ever represented as blind,) to become still blinder than before. Nor were we disappointed; you can hardly imagine the effect of our *douceur*, for it would be harsh to call it a bribe. The *well-dressed* man, who ought to have inspected every thing in person, stood aloof, affecting to be engaged in conversation with other people, while a beggarly fellow received the money. We surrendered our keys, when he opened our trunks, and without taking up a single article, said that we had behaved like gentlemen, and that every thing was perfectly correct. He then closed our trunks,

and returned the keys. Had they searched effectually, they would have found a quantity of costly goods, which, as they had not been entered, it was their duty to seize, and, indeed, their suspicions might well have been excited by the uncommon size of some of the trunks.

A young Englishman, a friend of one of the passengers, being present at the examination, remonstrated with the examining officer against his receiving money, and told him that it was a disgrace to an officer paid by the king. The reply was ;—" Sir, I have a family to support, and receive but thirty pounds per annum ;—this is all I have to urge." I have no reason to suppose that the collector has any concern in this business ; but it is impossible that the thing should be unknown to him, since it occurs every day, and is done without even the appearance of secrecy. Undoubtedly he winks at the practice.

But, it is certainly a disgrace to the government to starve their petty officers, and then connive at their receiving bribes to shut their eyes on smuggled articles, to the detriment of the revenue, and the corruption of public morals. As this part of the business of the custom-house is now managed, the primary object of inspection is completely lost, while individuals are subjected to a vexatious and oppressive interference, the only effect of which is to put money into the hands of the petty officers, who ought to be severely punished for receiving it. With skilful packing, and a douceur so large as to be considered generous, and yet not so great as to excite violent suspicions, there can be no doubt that goods whose value is great in proportion to their bulk, might be

smuggled to a considerable amount, and still pass through every *formality* of inspection.

My baggage being cleared, I next presented myself to the collector in person, who made out duplicate manifests of my name, age, place of birth and residence, profession, and business in England, together with a description of my person, and a list of those to whom I am known in Liverpool. I wrote my name on both papers, and he retains one, and I keep the other. With this instrument I am next to wait on the Mayor, to take further steps, *to ensure the safety of his Majesty's person and government*, during my residence in England.

#### AMERICAN HOTEL.

I dined to-day at a house erected and kept for the accommodation of the multitude of Americans who resort to this port. The words AMERICAN HOTEL are written over the door, which is ornamented with the American Eagle, and the national motto, "e pluribus unum."

This parade of American insignia is not addressed, without effect, to the national vanity of our countrymen. They crowd to this house in great numbers. The inscription over the door arrests every American eye;—the national eagle excites patriotic sympathies, and those who cannot construe the motto, hope it means *good living*. And it must be confessed that this construction, although not very literal, is, in point of fact, substantially correct. The table is abundant and cheap, and although the house is not, perhaps, the most genteel, the strong temptation of national society, when held out to beings so gregarious as our countrymen, is generally successful; and, at the daily



ordinary, a kind of Congress of the American States is convened, where, if they choose, they may rail with impunity at the country on whose productions they are feasting, nor fear a military arrest, before the next dinner.

#### AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

*May 5.*—Our host, this morning, conducted me with an American companion to church. It was a beautiful octagon, neatly fitted up, but its empty seats formed a melancholy contrast to the overflowing numbers of the circus. The preacher, Dr. M——, gave a very good discourse, and delivered it with much solemnity; but it dwelt entirely on morality and the decencies of life, and contained almost a declaration in so many words that the sum of religion consists in the exercise of humanity and of the social virtues.

Cicero or Socrates would hardly have said less, and, except the exordium and peroration, the sermon might have been embodied with their writings, without exciting a suspicion that its author had drawn wisdom from any other than Greek and Roman fountains.

#### ENGLISH CAVALRY.

The French horn and other martial instruments are now sounding before the door of the hotel, and make one's blood move with a quicker pace through his veins. The band belongs to a corps of light horse which is reviewed every day in front of this house, where Colonel Lumley, their commander, resides. For this reason two sentinels are constantly walking before the door, and the rooms are crowded with military men. This corps, with their Colonel, were a

part of the brave army of Egypt, which conquered Bonaparte's boasted *invincibles*, and terminated the war in the East. The surviving officers, as an honourable mark of distinction, wear a yellow ribbon on their breasts. We have one in the house who lost a leg in the campaign, but he wears a cork substitute, with a boot so nicely fitted, that, but for his limping, his loss would not be perceived. The English light horse, judging from this specimen, must be admirably calculated for celerity of movement. The horses have slender limbs, with great muscular activity, and are very quick and high spirited;—their colour is a light bay. The men are also rather slender, and very active, and most of them young. Their dress is blue, exactly fitted to the body and limbs; it is composed of tight pantaloons, and a close buttoned short jacket, reaching only to the hips, and without the smallest portion of a skirt, or any appendage whatever, except several rows of white buttons, interlaced with white cord, crossing the breast, in a fanciful manner. They have high helmets, and their broad swords, which are sheathed in bright steel scabbards, are of such enormous length, that they drag behind them on the pavement as they walk, unless they carry them in their hands, which they often do. Besides the light horse, there is in Liverpool at present, a regiment or two of heavy cavalry. If the former are eminently fitted for quickness of movement, these are equally adapted, by their weight and firmness, to make a tremendous charge. The horses are all very large and heavy, and by no means so quick in their movements as the others;—their colour is black. The men are also large and

bony, and many of them look like veterans. Their armour is heavy, and besides the broad sword and pistols, each soldier carries a carabine. The muzzle is fixed in a sheath in the side of the holsters, and the breech passes over the horseman's thigh.

I suppose the principal use of this weapon is to enable the soldier to act on foot, when his horse has been disabled, or killed, in battle.

#### LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

The politeness of Mr. Maury, the American Consul, procured us access to the ATHENÆUM and LYCEUM, two literary institutions of very recent origin; and another gentleman introduced us at a third, called the UNION, whose plan is extremely similar to that of the other two. During my stay in Liverpool I have the liberty of visiting these institutions, under certain very reasonable restrictions.

In a city so commercial as Liverpool, these establishments must be considered as highly honourable to the intelligence and taste of the individuals, who have created and patronised them.

Each of them has an elegant structure of free stone, containing a library of various literature and science, and a large coffee room, where all the newspapers and literary journals of note are placed daily upon the tables, for the free perusal of subscribers, and of such friends as they introduce.

To a stranger these places are highly interesting, as affording, at a glance, a view of the most important occurrences of the country, and to the citizens they are not less useful and agreeable; for, the mere man of business finds here the best means of information, and the man of literature can retire

in quiet to the library, where the librarian attends to hand down any volume that is wanted.

Between institutions so similar, it is very natural, and doubtless it is best, that there should be a spirit of rivalry. I know not how much is to be imputed to this, but I heard it contended that the library of the Athenæum is much superior to those of the other two. This appears not improbable, for the library of the Athenæum was selected by Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie.

Such institutions as these would be highly useful in America, and most of our large commercial towns are rich enough to found and sustain them.\* Independently of the rational amusement which they afford, they give a useful direction to the public taste, and allure it from objects which are either frivolous or noxious.

#### AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

*May 7.*—I have been present this morning at an English breakfast. The lady of the house had been several years in America, and still retained so much partiality for the country, that my reception was such as to make me feel that I was at home in England.

Mrs. ——— pleasantly remarked that I had not been used to such frugal breakfasts in America, and indeed it must be confessed, that to a northern American, who is accustomed to see animal food on the table in the morning, an English breakfast pre-

\* Boston, in the establishment of an Athenæum upon the plan of that at Liverpool, has had the honour of creating the first institution of this kind in America, and, from the acquisitions already made, as well as from the well-known intelligence and liberality of the people of Boston, there is reason to expect that it will do much credit to this country. (1809.)

sents no very promising prospect. It usually consists of tea and a little bread and butter. A boiled egg is sometimes added after morning exercise, and, very rarely, a thin slice of ham. If an American is surprised at the frugality of an English breakfast, an Englishman is astonished at seeing beef steaks, or fish, and perhaps bottled cider on an American table at the same meal.\*

#### MUSEUM.

Liverpool has a small museum, which I visited this morning. It is not extensive, but is well worth seeing, especially on account of a collection of ancient armour, such as was worn from the time of the conqueror down to the period of Elizabeth. This is a remnant of an age, which though barbarous, and, on the whole, wretched, is connected with so much heroic grandeur, that every authentic vestige of it must excite a strong interest, especially in one whose country has never been the theatre of a similar state of things. The knights, when equipped for battle, were so completely incased in iron, that it is not easy to conceive how they could move joint or limb, or even sustain the enormous weight of their armour, nor can one be surprised that an overthrow was so much dreaded, since it must have been an arduous task to rise under the rigidness of such a prison. But these were men whose limbs had not been enervated by luxury; and the elegant decorations and effeminate softness of many modern

\* I am sensible, however, that these habits are wearing away in our larger towns, and it is becoming *unpolite* to eat much animal food in the morning; but they are still unimpaired in the country.

soldiers would have been their jest and scorn. There was one singular suit of armour ; or, perhaps, it should rather be called a robe, for it was such in fact, being a complete net work of small chains, so linked in every direction, that it formed an iron vesture, which might be put on and made to enclose the person completely, while it would leave the limbs the liberty of free motion, and defend them from the effect of cutting instruments, although not from contusions.

A fine panorama of Ramsgate with the embarkation of troops, gave me a few minutes of pleasant entertainment, on my way to visit

#### THE ASYLUM OF THE BLIND.

In this institution the incurably blind are received, protected, and instructed in such arts as they are capable of learning. The object is to afford them the means of subsistence by personal industry, and of amusement under the gloom of perpetual darkness. The arts, in the practice of which I saw them engaged, were of course such as require no uncommon accuracy, and whose operations can be conducted by the touch ; such as knitting, weaving, and winding thread, among the women, and making baskets and cords among the men. Their productions were much better than one would imagine it possible they should be, did not experience prove that the loss of one sense causes so active a cultivation of the rest, that they become more perfect than before. How else can we account for the acuteness of hearing which enabled a particular blind man, by means of the echo produced by his whistling, to decide when he was approaching any object of some

magnitude; or, for the delicacy of touch which led the blind Mr. JAY\* to discover, by feeling, the place where the two pieces of an ancient mahogany table were joined, which multitudes, for a succession of years, although in possession of all their senses, had sought in vain to detect.

· In the institution of which I am speaking, those who have a taste for it, learn music both instrumental and vocal, that they may be able to obtain their bread by performing in churches.

When I entered, two blind boys were playing on the organ and piano, and, at my request, a choir of both sexes performed a piece—the dying Christian's address to his soul,—which they sung to the organ. This production, in itself very solemn and interesting, was rendered doubly so by the associated effect produced by the *sightless* choir who performed it, with much apparent feeling. Printed papers were distributed about the rooms, containing religious songs appropriate to the situation of the blind, and holding forth to them such consolations as must be peculiarly dear to those for whom the sun rises in vain. There was, however, in most of them, an air of cheerfulness which served to enliven a scene otherwise very gloomy. The charity urn at the door contained this simple inscription, which must produce a stronger effect on every mind than the most labour-ed address to the feelings :

“ Remember the poor blind !”

These\* are the institutions which do honour to man-

\* Brother of John Jay Esq. late Governor of New-York, and envoy extraordinary to England in the year 1794.

kind, and shew the active efficacy of Christian benevolence.

#### A SLAVE SHIP.

The friend who had brought me to this interesting place, went with me to a large Guinea ship, a thing which I had always wished to see, with a curiosity like that which would have led me to the Bastile. We descended into the hold, and examined the cells where human beings are confined, under circumstances which equally disgust decency and shock humanity. But I will not enlarge on a subject which, though trite, is awfully involved in guilt and infamy. *Our* country, so nobly jealous of its own liberties, stands disgraced in the eyes of mankind, and condemned at the bar of heaven, for being at once active in carrying on this monstrous traffic, and prompt to receive every cargo of imported Africans. I did not come to England to see Guinea ships because there were none in America, but accident had never thrown one in my way before. Liverpool is *deep, very deep* in the guilt of the slave-trade. It is now pursued with more eagerness than ever, and multitudes are, at this moment, rioting on the wealth which has been gained by the stripes, the groans, the tears, and the blood of Africans.

There will be a day when these things shall be told in heaven!



## NO. III.—LIVERPOOL.

Sketch of the town—the Exchange—Streets—Public buildings—Population—Pursuits—American trade—Difficulties of the port—Guard ship—Press gangs—Impressment grossly inconsistent with English liberty—Docks—Mode of admitting ships—Anecdote—Dry docks.

## SKETCH OF LIVERPOOL.

*May 8.*—Mrs. ———, at whose house I have met a degree of frankness and hospitality, which, if a fair sample of English domestic manners, does much credit to the country, informs me that there is an interesting circle of literary people here; but, to a stranger, Liverpool appears almost exclusively a commercial town. Under the guidance of Mr. Wells, an English gentleman who had visited America, I have been to the Exchange, the great scene of the commercial transactions of the second trading town in the British dominions. The Exchange stands at the head of the handsomest street in Liverpool, and has strong claims to be considered an elegant building. It is, however, much too small for the commerce of the place, and for this reason they are now making an extensive addition to it. We ascended to the top of the building, where we had a good view of the town.

It extends between two and three miles along the eastern bank of the Mersey. The country rises as it recedes from the river, so that a part of the town is built on the declivity of the hill. The streets contiguous to the river, which are principally on level ground, are narrow and dirty; they are crowded with carts and people, and in some of them the ware-houses

are carried up to a very great height. The streets on the slope of the hill are sufficiently wide, clean, and handsome, but the houses, although substantial and highly comfortable, are generally inelegant in their exterior appearance. They are constructed with bricks of a dusky yellow colour, obscured by the dust and smoke of coal; the bricks are not polished, but have a degree of roughness, which makes the town appear somewhat rude, and we look in vain for the highly finished surface which is presented by the finest houses of New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to which towns Liverpool is inferior in the beauty of its private buildings. The public buildings are, however, with few exceptions, elegant. They are constructed of hewn sand stone, furnished by a quarry immediately contiguous to the town. There are several handsome churches, some of which have lofty spires of stone, and there is a magnificent one, with a vast dome, modelled and named after St. Paul's at London.

Liverpool is said to contain about 80,000 inhabitants, who are almost exclusively employed in commerce, and the various businesses immediately connected with it; for, although the town is not destitute of manufactures, most of those articles which are sold in America under the general name of Liverpool wares, are brought to this port from Staffordshire, and other interior counties.

On the hill back of the town are a number of beautiful situations. There is, on the highest part of the hill, a place called the Mount, where there is a public garden, with serpentine gravel walks, and in front of the garden is a wide gravelled area, used as a promenade, which commands a fine view of the city, the

river, the opposite county of Cheshire, and the distant mountains of Wales. The city is surrounded by lofty wind-mills, which are among the first objects that strike a stranger coming in from sea. On the hills are a multitude of signal poles;—each principal merchant has one, by which a ship's name is announced some hours before she arrives in the river. There is a very great number of vessels, and among these the American flag is very frequent. The American trade to this port is probably greater than to all the other ports of Britain; it has become highly important to the merchants of Liverpool, and of this they are sufficiently aware.

The port is difficult of access. The tides rise from 12 to 30 feet, and, at low water, a great part of the road is bare. The currents are therefore very rapid, and it is only at rising water that ships can get in; there are, besides, so many shoals and sand banks, that, even then, it requires all the skill of the pilots to bring a vessel up to the town.

When a ship comes round Holyhead, and a gale immediately succeeds, blowing in towards the shore, she is in danger of being lost. These circumstances form the principal defence of the town against an attack by sea, and are much more important to its security, than a battery of heavy cannon at the lower part of the town, and a large guard ship which is moored in the channel. Although stationed there ostensibly for the defence of the town, the most interesting object to the government is to afford a floating prison for the reception of impressed seamen. There are press gangs now about Liverpool, and impressments daily happen. I saw a sailor dragged off, a few evenings since; he was walking with one who ap-

peared to be a woman of the town, and he of course was considered as a proper object of impressment; for, it is the uniform practice of the press gangs to take all whom they find in such society, and all who are engaged in night brawls and drunken revels, not that the press gangs have any *peculiar solicitude* for the preservation of *good morals*, but because such things afford somewhat of a pretext for a practice which violates equally the laws of natural liberty, and the principles of English freedom. I grant it is necessary, but it is still grossly unjust, and were consistency regarded when it interferes with national policy, the English courts of justice would grant prompt and full redress. No doubt every country has a full right to the services of its citizens, but this right should be enforced according to some principle of impartial selection, which would place every man under the same degree of liability. England would rise in arms, should the military impress for the army citizens of every rank, from the fields, the streets, and the public roads; but, one particular class of men seem to be abandoned by society, and relinquished to perpetual imprisonment, and a slavery, which, though honourable, cuts them off from most things which men hold dear.

In Liverpool, as might be expected, American sailors are often impressed, but they usually get clear if they have protections, which are here more regarded than at sea. The press gangs have a rendezvous on shore, to which they bring their victims, as fast they find them; they have no secrecy about the matter, for the place is rendered conspicuous by a large naval flag hung out at a window. One would suppose that

popular vengeance would be excited by this triumphant display of the effrontery of power trampling on personal liberty, but, I believe the rendezvous is not often attacked, although it probably would be, were it not for the strong protection of government.

#### THE DOCKS.

The ships are not here, as with us, stationed along the wharves, for at low water the foundations of these structures are in view, and ships, moored by their sides, would be left on the bare sand twice in twenty-four hours, with no small exposure to injury from the rapid influx and retreat of the water, and the great rise and fall which the ship must sustain by such powerful tides as flow in this channel.

To obviate these, and other inconveniencies, the ships are hauled into docks, where they lie in perfect security.

These docks, of which there are six wet, besides several dry ones, are among the principal curiosities of the place.

In order to their construction, a large area on the bank of the river is excavated to a sufficient depth, by digging. It has a rectangular form, and is enclosed by very deep, wide, and strong walls of massy hewn stone, sunk below the bottom of the cavity, and rising to the surface of the ground. There is an opening into the bason sufficiently wide to admit one ship at a time. This opening is closed by gates, which are hinged upon opposite sides of the canal, and, when shut, they meet at an angle sufficiently acute to enable them to sustain the pressure of the water in the bason. In short, they are constructed just as locks are in canals. They open inward, and their operation is very intelligible.

When the tide rises so as to bring the water in the river to the same level with that in the bason, the gates either open of their own accord, or easily yield to a moderate power exerted upon them. The water then flows indiscriminately in the river and bason, and it is at that time, or near it, that ships must pass in or out; for, when the tide turns, the current, now setting outwards, closes the gates;—the water in the bason is retained, and the channel leading to it becomes entirely dry. The ships in the dock remain afloat, and the gates sustain the enormous weight of twenty feet of water. Great firmness is therefore necessary in the structure of the walls and of every part. When there is too much water in the docks, the excess is let out by means of vent holes, and it is obvious that the whole can be drawn off in this manner when it is necessary. The top of the gates is formed into a foot bridge, and a bridge for carts is thrown over the canal, somewhat nearer the outer bason. By means of machinery this last bridge is swung off to one side, when ships are to pass.

No small inconvenience is sustained by ships in getting into or out of dock; they are sometimes obliged to wait several days either for the spring tides or for their turns. The *Ontario* will have to wait ten days from the time of her arrival, as she draws too much water for the ordinary tides, and must therefore wait for the next spring tide. Common ships can enter now, but the \**Ontario* is the

\* The *Ontario* never returned to America. In getting out of dock, she struck the ground; the tide left her on the sand, and, being heavily laden, she broke by her own weight, and the tide

largest American ship in the Liverpool trade. Much delay is said to be occasioned at the king's and queen's docks, by the captious and tyrannical disposition of the dock master. Last winter, an American captain, pretending to shake hands with this dock master, and, at the same time, affecting to stumble over something, pulled him off, along with himself, into the water. He did not value a fall of 10 feet, with some chance of drowning, compared with the pleasure of taking this kind of vengeance on a man who was cordially hated by all the American masters of ships.

The dry docks are intended solely for the purpose of repairing the ship's bottom. They are nothing more than long and deep canals, whose sides are formed into sloping steps, like stairs, and, as the object is to exclude the water, the gates open outwards. When a ship is to be admitted, the gates are thrown open at low water, and she comes in with the flood. The dock is wide enough to hold only one ship in its breadth, but it is so long, that several can come in, in succession. After they have arrived at their places, they are moored, and when the tide retires, they are left dry, resting upon the bottom of the dock, and sustained in a perpendicular position by means of props. The gates being closed at low water, the next tide is excluded, and thus the workmen are admitted with safety and convenience quite down to the keel.

The same bridges are used here as across the entrance of the wet docks.

flowed into her. After being detained several months, and repaired at an enormous expense, she put to sea, and was never heard of any more.

The channel of the river Mersey affords safe anchorage for ships of any burthen.

In Liverpool the proportion of women is much greater than of men, especially in the lower orders of society. The men of this grade are usually in the army or navy, and multitudes of the females are maintained by their vices.

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#### NO. IV.—LIVERPOOL.

English dinners—Great men of the city—Wine every where a theme—Coldness of manners—Allerton-Hall—Botanical garden—Mr. Roscoe—His usual retirement—A transport ship—A Quarry—Duelling ground—Environs of Liverpool—St. Domingo—Singular compliment to the Prince of Gloucester—An English hotel—Servants—Wide difference between them and American servants—The cause of it—A French servant.

#### ENGLISH DINNERS.

I DINED to-day at Birchfield, a beautiful seat in the suburbs of Liverpool, formerly the residence of Mr. Roscoe. The house is surrounded by highly improved grounds, ornamented with gravel walks, winding with easy turns among groves and green fields, for the verdure has now become general in this part of England. Mr. E——, the possessor of this mansion, has been recently elected a bailiff of Liverpool, and, on this occasion, gave a kind of official dinner to the mayor, the aldermen, the town clerk, and other officers of the city. A previous introduction to their host, gave me the honour of



dining with these gentlemen, and several others of the first citizens. There were two gentlemen at table, who, when the income tax was laid, gave in their incomes at twenty thousand pounds sterling, or almost ninety thousand dollars.

Our table was loaded with luxuries and splendidly furnished. The arrangements however differed very little from those which are usual at the tables of people of fortune in America. There was one custom which was wholly new to me. The gentlemen challenged each other to drink ale, just as is done, every where else, with wine, at the same time wishing health; this was merely introductory to the drinking of wine.\*

The beef was not superior to the best in our markets; the apples were hard and insipid, having somewhat the taste of raw turnips, and there was no article better than the correspondent productions of America, except the ale.

The manners of the gentlemen were substantially the same with those of similar American circles. Most of the subjects of conversation were so personal and local, that a stranger could not be supposed to be informed concerning them, and could scarcely speak upon them without indelicacy, had he chanced to possess sufficient information. The only topics which could be considered as at all general were the alleged peculation of Lord Melville, and the best method of ripening wine.

To a country needing, at this crisis, all its resources for the defence of its liberties, it is not strange

\* I never observed this practice at any other place in England, and therefore presume it was a local custom.

that the former topic should appear highly important.

As to the ripening of wine, this is a subject of universal interest among convivial men, and forms a standing topic of discussion, on both sides of the Atlantic, in those circles where abundant drinking gives brilliancy to wit, and ardor to patriotism; and while the faculties are thus sharpened, it is no doubt very natural to descant on the properties of this great cheerer of the heart of man. The bottle went round rapidly, and continued its circuit for several hours. Port, Claret, and Madeira, were the wines; the two latter are very expensive in this country, and Port costs nearly as much in England as Madeira does with us. The Madeira is not so good as that which has been ripened in our warmer climates, but the Port is better, and is the only wine generally used in Great-Britain. Their intimate connection with Portugal gives it to them in greater purity than we commonly obtain it, for it is not difficult to imitate the astringent taste and purple colour of this wine, so that it is adulterated and even manufactured with considerable facility. Before dismissing this dinner, I ought to observe that the reserve and coldness which marked the manners of most of the gentlemen were strongly contrasted with the polite and attentive hospitality of our host, (a Scotchman,) who suffered no one of his guests to remain unnoticed. The hour of dinner was five o'clock, and I took French leave at half past nine.

*May 10.*—I had the honour of an introduction to Mr. Roscoe on my first arrival in Liverpool, and his son had the goodness to conduct me to-day to

*Allerton-Hall*, his father's seat, five or six miles from town. On our way we visited the Botanical Garden, an institution which Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie set on foot about three years since. Under their patronage it has flourished rapidly, and is now a fine establishment. It occupies five statute acres; the ground appears to be well adapted to the purpose, there is a pond and a portion of marshy land in the middle of the garden for such plants as require a wet soil or constant immersion; the hot-houses are extensive and handsome, and exhibit a great variety of exotics, while the whole garden is a place of great beauty.

Our road to *Allerton-Hall* was through a most delightful country. The river Mersey was on our right, and the fields sloped with gentle declivity to its banks. The county of Cheshire was extensively in view over the river, and beyond that, Wales with its rude mountains.

*Allerton-Hall* is a stone building which has an air of grandeur; it stands at a considerable distance from the road, in the midst of beautiful grounds, and appears every way fitted to be the residence of its present distinguished possessor. Mr. Roscoe was, (as I am informed,) bred to the bar, but being disgusted with the profession, he turned his attention to literature. He is now connected in business with an extensive banking-house in Liverpool, and retired to this place that he might have more leisure for indulging in his favourite pursuits. His house is filled with statues, busts, and pictures, principally Italian, and in his study, he is surrounded by the figures of the men, who are the subjects of his his-

tory of Lorenzo, and of Leo X. Of the latter work, not yet given to the world, he shewed me a copy, and pointed out the beauty of the plates executed from designs on wood.

Mr. Roscoe's person is tall, his figure is graceful, his countenance intelligent, his expression mild, and his features what would generally be called handsome. He is now in middle life, and is possessed of a private character of distinguished excellence. From him I received every attention which was consistent with the obligations of politeness to a considerable number of gentlemen assembled at his table. Some of them were men of literature, and one in particular was said to be engaged in a biographical work upon one of the distinguished literary men of the period of Lorenzo, for, Mr. Roscoe has diffused around him a general taste for Italian literature. In such a circle it was unpleasant to find literature excluded in favour of those personal and local topics, which, as only neighbours and friends can understand, such only should participate. I was particularly solicitous to hear Mr. R. speak upon his favourite subject, the revival of arts and literature in Italy, but the conversation took a turn which precluded every thing of this nature, till a call to the drawing-room cut it short and left Mr. Roscoe at liberty, for a few minutes, to satisfy my curiosity. At an early hour in the evening I returned to Liverpool.

#### A TRANSPORT SHIP.

I found some amusement yesterday in witnessing the embarkation of a regiment of cavalry. The horses were hoisted in by means of a canvass bag

which was made to surround the body of the animal, and tied with ropes over the back. To these ropes a tackle was fastened, and the horses were thus raised from the ground. When they first felt the lifting, they flounced and kicked violently, but, the instant their feet were cleared of the ground, they became perfectly still as if dead, and hung dangling in the air, till they were gently lowered into the hold next the keel. There they stand in double rows, with their heads to a common manger, erected over the keel. In such a situation they must suffer greatly from the confined air.

The soldiers, with their wives and children (for some of them usually have families) are all crowded together between decks, immediately above the horses, and only a limited number are allowed to come on deck at once.

#### A QUARRY.

After enjoying with a companion the fine views from the mount, and the delightful retreat in the gardens behind it, I was forcibly struck yesterday, with the sight of a vast quarry on the hill contiguous to Liverpool. By constant hewing, it has now become a regular pit, probably 60 or 70 feet deep, and it may be 50 rods long and 30 rods wide. Its walls are formed as if it had been designed for some vast cellar, they are very smooth and perpendicular. Carts go to the very bottom of this quarry by means of an easy descent cut through the solid rock; this passage is arched, for a considerable distance, and therefore carts coming out of it seem as if emerging from the ground.

The rock is a yellow sand stone, and, when first

obtained, is very soft, so as readily to yield to iron tools, and is thus easily wrought into any form; but, after a short exposure to the air or immersion in the water, it hardens and continues to acquire firmness. This makes it peculiarly fit for the construction of wharves and docks, which, with many of the public buildings here, are formed of it. In the quarry the stone lies in strata, which are much broken and crumbled, for 10 or 12 feet from the surface, but become very regular at greater depths.

This quarry is said to be the *Hoboken*\* of Liverpool, where the young *men of spirit* come to partake in the fashionable pastime of shooting at each other; for, *duelling*, the opprobrium of America, is also the disgrace of England.

After coming up from the quarry, we walked six or seven miles in the country around Liverpool. We were delighted with many beautiful country retreats at Edge Hill and Everton, eminences lying north-east of Liverpool.

The grounds are universally laid out with great neatness, and amidst the bright verdure of groves and grass, the eye is agreeably relieved by the smoothness and light colour of serpentine gravel walks.

The western side of Everton Hill, sloping to the river, presented us with green fields of great beauty, surrounded by green hedges, and exhibiting all that neatness for which English grounds are so much celebrated.

I expect much gratification from the picturesque

\* A celebrated duelling ground on the Jersey shore, opposite to New-York.

scenery of England, as I am about to travel through the country at a season when it is beginning to assume its most beautiful appearance.

St. Domingo, a seat of the Prince of Gloucester, the King's nephew, limited our excursion. It has an appearance of grandeur and rural magnificence. The Prince of Gloucester is much a favourite in Liverpool. I saw an image of him as large as the life, placed beneath the bowsprit of a slave ship, by way of honouring his highness.

#### AN ENGLISH HOTEL.

*The Liverpool Arms* is the resort of the nobility and gentry, as well as of men of business, and is, I presume, a fair specimen of this kind of establishments in England. The house is very extensive, and its apartments are furnished in a superior style. Over the door are the arms of the city of Liverpool, and the hotel certainly does not dishonour these insignia. One room is considered as common, and, for occupying that, no particular charge is made. Besides this, there are several parlours, where any one who chooses it may be as completely retired as in a private house, his food being served up for him without the danger of intrusion. Such a parlour our little party from the Ontario has occupied since we have been in Liverpool. But a separate charge at the rate of a guinea a week is made for this room.

Even the bed rooms are elegantly furnished, and the beds are perfectly clean, as is the whole house; all the accommodations necessary for dressing completely are furnished in the bed room, and a system of bells, extending to every part of this vast house,

brings a servant instantly even to the third or fourth story.

Indeed, every possible accommodation is furnished at the shortest notice, and with the utmost civility of manners on the part of the servants. A stranger may select, from a very ample bill of fare, such articles as he chooses, and he may have, in every instance, a separate table for himself. It is always expected that he will call for wine at dinner;—no complaints will be made if he omits it, but, the *oblique* looks of the waiter, when he carries away the unsoiled wine glass, sufficiently indicate in what estimation the gentility of the guest is held. In short, in such a hotel as that which I am now describing, almost every comfort of domestic life may be obtained.

But for all this there is a price. I cannot say however that the charges are very extravagant, considering the immense taxation of this country. The bed is one shilling and six pence a night. A common breakfast of tea or coffee, with toast and an egg, will not exceed one shilling and eight pence,\*—tea at evening is about the same, but the dinner is much more expensive. If it consist of two dishes, it will cost five shillings, with a frugal dessert. A separate charge is made for almost every thing; a glass of beer will cost eight pence, and a bottle of Sherry wine six or seven shillings; a bottle of Port five shillings, and one of Madeira nine or ten. In England the breakfast, and tea at evening, are considered as trivial meals, while dinner is a matter of

\* The money denominations mentioned in this work are always sterling, unless it is otherwise mentioned.



great import, and therefore it is much more expensive than both the other meals, for supper is perfectly optional; it is very genteel to eat it, although it is not ungenteel to go without. But this list of charges by no means comprehends all. The servants at the public-houses in England are paid by the guests, and not by their employers. They not only receive no wages, but many of them pay a premium for their places; that is, the masters of the hotels farm out to their servants the privilege of levying contributions, and the consideration is, their service. At our hotel the chief waiter assured us that he paid one hundred pounds per annum for his place, besides paying two under waiters, and finding all the clothes' brushes, and some other et ceteras of the house. He had, moreover, if we might credit his story, a wife and five children to support. The head waiters are commonly young men of a genteel appearance, and often dress as well as gentlemen.

The servants whom it is indispensable to pay in every public-house are, the waiter, who has three pence a meal; the chamber-maid, who has six pence for every night that you lodge in the house; and the shoe-black, who is very appropriately called *boots*, and receives two pence or three pence for every pair of shoes and boots which he brushes. Besides these, the stranger who comes with horses pays six pence a night to the ostler, and the porter demands six pence for carrying in the baggage, and the same sum for bringing it out. The rates which I have stated are the lowest which one can possibly pay with decency. It is usual to go a little beyond them, and the man who pays most liberally is, you

know, in all countries, considered by this class of people as the most of a gentleman.

These demands it is impossible to evade or repel ; they are as regularly brought forward as the bill itself, and a departing guest is attended by the whole retinue of servants, who are officious to render services which he does not want, and should he be in a fit of mental absence, he will certainly be reminded that the waiter, the chamber-maid, the boots, and perhaps the ostler and porter, are not to be forgotten.

These customs, while they cannot be considered as honourable to the national manners, and are very troublesome to travellers, who are every where pestered with a swarm of expectants, are however productive of some very useful consequences. The servants, looking for their reward from the guest, are attentive to all his wishes, and assiduous to promote his comfort ; their service is *cheerfully* rendered, and not with that *sullen salvo for personal dignity*, which we so often see in America. In England, the servant is contented with his condition ; he does not aim at any thing higher, while in America a person of this description will usually behave in such a manner as to evince that he regards you as being no better than himself. This inconvenience arises, however, from the multiplied resources and superior condition of the lower orders in America, and although one would wish to alter their deportment, still, as a patriot, he would not choose to remove the cause.

Being about to leave Liverpool, I have paid my bill, and after giving the waiter his due, I asked him whether that was as much as he usually received ?—he replied, that it was what *mere travellers* paid him, but that *American gentlemen* usually paid very liberally.

There was a French servant in the house, who, from the first, manifested designs upon our pockets. With the characteristic obsequiousness of his country, he was all bows, smiles, and flourishes, with most abundant declarations of the pleasure it would give him to consult our wishes; and he professed a peculiar sympathy for our situations, as being himself a stranger. He had fought for his king, and lost his estate; he had been in battles and sieges from Dunkirk to Toulon, and enumerated a list of illustrious commanders under whom he had served. Being amused with his harmless vanity, we listened with some attention to his story, and this gave him such spirits, that, "thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain."

I called for a candle to go to bed;—the Frenchman bounded through the long entry, with the elasticity of an antelope, and brought me one in less time than I have taken to relate the circumstance, and as he presented it, with a profound bow, *begged my pardon*. I told my companion, Mr. R——, that unless we repressed this man's *obsequiousness*, we should be obliged not only to pay him for his services, but for the loss of his nobility, for no one ever saw a Frenchman in a servile situation, in a foreign country, who was not, in his own account of the matter, very much out of his proper place in society, and who had not been a marquis, or at least a gentleman. We treated our Monsieur coldly for a day or two, and his bows, smiles, and *flourishes* all vanished.

## NO. V.—MANCHESTER.

Ride to Manchester—Gilead House—Prescot—Warrington—Beautiful scenery—Affability of stage companions—Manchester—Sunday—English hospitality—A family scene—College—Roman camp—Gothic church—Prince Charles—Rebellion of 1745—Barbarities—A philosophical lecture—Volunteers—Sunday drilling—Duke of Bridgewater's canal—Ancient typography—Cotton factories—Method of stamping chintzes—Of cutting velvets—Of surging the shag—New process of bleaching—American sumac—Sketch of Manchester—Manners, morals, and condition of the artists.

## RIDE TO MANCHESTER.

*May 11.*—In the afternoon I left Liverpool for Manchester, in company with my fellow-passenger, Mr. R——. You have heard that people ride on the roofs of the English stage coaches. This situation affords fine views of the country, and is often a convenient refuge when the inside places are all taken. I mounted the roof, and although the situation was so giddy, that at first I grasped the iron railing with great care, I soon learned to hold my arms in security, trusting to the balance of position.

The first interesting object which attracted our notice, as we proceeded into the country, was *Gilead House*, the seat of the celebrated *Dr. Solomon*. I need not inform you that the Doctor is well known in America, for every man who has learning enough to read a newspaper, and eyes enough to peruse double pica letters on an apothecary's door, must have become acquainted with the merits and modesty of *Dr. Solomon*. In Liverpool he is universally called a

*quack* and an *impostor*, but you know where it is that the prophet is usually without honour, and if the Doctor has missed of obtaining this reward, he has gained a more substantial retribution—an ample fortune.

The first eight or ten miles we travelled on a paved way, and our progress was much embarrassed by the great number of carts going into Liverpool.

Our first stage was Prescott, an ancient town, built of brick. The appearance of that street through which we rode was disagreeable. Here the rain compelled me to leave the roof for the inside. Eight or ten miles more brought us to Warrington, another ancient town, with very narrow streets and houses of a ruinous aspect. The country in its vicinity is extremely beautiful, and through the next stage of 18 miles, to Manchester, we had a continued succession of green fields, neat hedge-rows, rivulets, and country seats; scenes peculiarly delightful to us who had so recently been on the ocean. Our companions were social, and we found that the circumstance of being shut up in the same coach, enabled us to dispense with the formalities of introduction. Conversation flowed without interruption, and every inquiry was answered with readiness.

Lancashire is a fine country for grass and cattle. Its dray horses are animals of *stupendous* size; they are perfectly black, very fat, and rarely move faster than a walk. The carts in Liverpool are drawn by horses of this description, and one of them was imported into Connecticut a few years ago, for the sake of improving our own dray breed, but I believe the experiment did not succeed, as our climate appears not well adapted to so corpulent an animal.

## MANCHESTER.

*May 12.*—It being the Sabbath, we wandered out to find a church, and by chance came to the old Cathedral, where an attendant, an old man, dressed in a kind of uniform of blue and red, conducted us to a seat in the gallery, as we were strangers, and had no claim to any more honourable place.

The preacher was a young man, who seemed very intent on exhibiting “his own fair form and just proportion.”

His sermon was a kind of discursive historical essay on the temporary apostacy of St. Peter; it had very little theology in it of any kind. He had, however, one merit which his appearance would not have led one to expect, that of being superior to the desire of flattering at least one half of his audience; for he remarked, that St. Peter was confounded by the question of a maid servant, nay intimidated by a *look from a woman*. This church was well filled, and the greater part appeared to be poor people.

## ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Having as yet been in England only a few days, my curiosity, as you may well suppose, is active, and constantly employed, in comparing the manners of this old country with those of the very young one of which we are natives. The comparisons of travellers, and their general conclusions, are however always liable to error, because they judge from a limited view of the subject; the present instance furnishes the hint, and is too apt to form the basis of the conclusion. General inductions are always dangerous unless drawn from a great number of particulars. For instance, I experienced a great degree

of rudeness from the Mayor of Liverpool, which produced an impression unfavourable to the good manners of the magistracy of England, but the very next magistrate with whom I became conversant, effaced this impression, and produced the opposite; it is highly probable that both impressions were erroneous, and that English magistrates are much like those of other countries, rude, indifferent, or polite, according to the particular character and humour of the man. In recording a *fact*, however, there cannot be any danger of error, and it gives me pleasure to relate an instance of frank hospitality received by my companion and myself, without the smallest claim to it, and with the hazard which always attends the bestowing of confidence, *in advance*, upon a stranger. Mr. T——, a respectable merchant of Manchester, was our stage coach companion from Liverpool, and soon discovered himself to be so intelligent a man that we were prompted to make such inquiries as proved us to be foreigners. On our arrival at Manchester, Mr. T—— gave us his address, requested us to call upon him, and promised to shew us the curiosities of the town. Accordingly, we called, and were introduced into an intelligent and agreeable family, whose cordial manners gave us confidence to accept the offer of their hospitality. We took tea with them, and would have withdrawn at an early hour, had not their kindness exceeded our diffidence, and induced us to spend the evening. We found that our newly acquired friend was not merely a man of business. He had a literary turn, which was evinced by a judicious collection of ancient coins, maps, and books, principally historical.

He had an atlas of American maps, and made me point out the very spot of my residence when at home. Among his coins were several of the Roman emperors, and of the republic. On one of the coins of the republic, was the story of Romulus and Remus, sucking the wolf; the boldness of the relief was very little impaired by time. He had also some Saxon coins which, although rude, were interesting.

In the mean time, Dr. T——, the father of the gentleman to whose politeness we had been so much indebted, returned from a tour of professional duty, (for he was a physician) and insisted on our staying to supper. Our host entertained us with all the kindness of friendship, and in the midst of convivial freedom, we forgot that we were strangers. The glass circulated cheerfully but moderately, and we felt grateful to the country whose inhabitants treated us with such gratuitous hospitality. We found that Dr. T—— was a North Briton, and had been a warm friend to the American revolution. The conversation turned upon its most interesting scenes, and the whole family were warm in their praises of Washington. In such society it was no difficult thing to detain us till a late hour, and when we took our leave, it was with warm solicitations that we would repeat our visit.

#### INSTITUTIONS, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

*May 13.*—Under the guidance of Mr. T—— we have visited the college of Manchester. The building is an ancient monastery, now appropriated to the education of eighty poor boys, who remain here only till they are fourteen years old, and are then apprenticed to various useful employments.



The college contains a valuable library of 15,000 volumes; we were not however permitted to take any books down, as they were all defended by a lattice of wire. There is also a small collection of curiosities, and among these, they shewed us Cromwell's *shot-bag and sword*; the protector was doubtless well furnished with swords, for I have seen one in America which was shewn as his. The boys of this institution are dressed in the garb of the 16th century, which is a kind of petticoat of blue coarse cloth with a leather belt, around the waist. They wear also a cap, and a short jacket of the same materials.

The venerable edifice which they inhabit, was once the abode of those deluded beings who mistake seclusion for innocence and austerity for piety. It is situated on the very place where the Romans had a summer station. On the other side of the town are the remains of a formidable camp belonging to the same warlike people; the walls are in some places tolerably entire, and every where they are sufficiently distinct to mark the extent of the camp, which enclosed about 12 acres. I broke off a piece of the cement, which at a future day I may have the pleasure of shewing you, for we have no Roman ruins in America.

Near the college is the old collegiate church. It was erected in the fifteenth century, and is a very venerable remnant of Gothic architecture. I shall not trouble you with a particular account of the tombs which it contains of ancient nobility; of its rude carvings and statues, which set all gravity at defiance; nor of its grotesque tapestry, nor of the ludicrous exhibition of seraphs playing on fiddles.

The effect of the whole is nevertheless very solemn, and it needs no great effort of the imagination to fancy ones-self transported back to the period of the seventh Henry. Over the altar are suspended the colours of the 72d regiment, a part of the army that so bravely and successfully defended Gibraltar, under General Elliott. The regiment was raised in Manchester, and on their return, they deposited in this church, the banners under which they fought.

It suffered much during the civil wars, being then in the centre of a fortress, which was besieged by the Earl of Derby ; for Manchester was on the popular side.

Mr. T—— pointed out the house in which Prince Charles, the pretender, lodged in 1745, when he shook the throne of the house of Hanover. Manchester was warmly in his interest, and I saw the place in the public square, where the heads of some of the first gentlemen of the town, who had held commissions in the pretender's army, were stuck on poles, and their quarters suspended on hooks. For these and other similar barbarities, (for it is mockery to call them wholesome examples of severity,) all North Britain, to this day, execrates the memory of the Duke of Cumberland, under whose orders these exhibitions were made. Treason is, undoubtedly, an enormous crime, but death is a sufficient punishment for any offence against society ; and there is a dignity in justice that is disgraced, by violations of a human form, which are equally atrocious and puerile.

#### SCIENCE.

It is no small gratification to find a taste for

science in a great manufacturing town, where the acquisition of property is the very business of life. The philosophical society of Manchester has favoured the world with several volumes of transactions, containing many important and interesting papers. Two philosophical men of considerable distinction reside here, Mr. William Henry, and Mr. John Dalton. I have had the pleasure, this evening, of hearing an interesting lecture from Mr. Dalton, on electricity; his statements, which were very perspicuous, were illustrated by several very apposite experiments. His lecture-room is in a building belonging to the philosophical society, and his lectures are given to citizens of Manchester, of various pursuits and of both sexes. The theatre opened at the same hour with his lecture, but its attractions were not sufficient to draw off a considerable number of young ladies, who composed a part of Mr. Dalton's audience.

#### VOLUNTEERS.

I have seen a review of several regiments of volunteers raised in this town, and held in readiness to act, in case of invasion. They are composed principally of mechanics and manufacturers, but gentlemen of the highest rank and first fortune, equally with the lowest of the people, join these military associations. Their appearance at the review was such as to do them much credit, although they are far from being such perfect machines as regular soldiers. The review was on Sunday, because this day does not interfere with the work of the artists. We are not informed whether any military *Kennicott* has discovered, in some newly found manuscript,

such a reading as this, in the decalogue—"six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh shalt thou train;" however this may be, Sunday drilling is said to have become general, in England, since the alarm of invasion has turned them into a nation of soldiers.

#### DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S CANAL.

You have heard of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and will of course conclude that I have visited so interesting an object. It was cut for the sake of bringing the Duke's coal to this town. The canal connects Manchester and Liverpool, and, in the distance of thirty miles between these two towns, there is not one lock; the canal proceeds on a level, or nearly so, and to this end it perforates hills and crosses vallies and rivers, on arches raised for its support; it even crosses the river Mersey, and, at the same moment, boats may be seen passing under the arches of the canal, along the river, and other boats floating over the arches and crossing the river, as if in the air; a river above a river. Near Manchester the canal passes under ground for a quarter of a mile; a roof is neatly arched with brick, and when I placed myself at one end and hallooed, the sound was reverberated with a deep rolling echo, dying away at length towards the other end. By means of a junction with other canals, a water communication is opened between Liverpool and Hull, and Liverpool and London, and of course between Manchester, Hull and London.

#### ANCIENT TYPOGRAPHY.

*May 14.*—Mr. Roscoe's kindness has followed me to Manchester and made me acquainted, by means

of a letter, dispatched after I left Liverpool, with a friend of his here who has distinguished himself by collecting, at a great expense, a rare assemblage of ancient and valuable books, and of uncommon specimens of typography. Among many varieties of the latter description, he shewed me a book printed by William Caxton, the first printer in Britain. What a change has the introduction of printing effected in this island ! The era is not less important than that of Magna Charta, or of the revolution which fixed the British constitution.

Mr. Roscoe's friend procured me access to the infirmary of Manchester, an institution which does honour to the town.

#### COTTON FACTORIES.

I have employed no small part of the time since I have been in Manchester in visiting those extensive manufacturing establishments, which are the wonder of the world, and the pride of England. Every facility has been afforded by the proprietors, in the most liberal and attentive manner, which could give me the fullest view of those works that furnish to the United States so large a part of their clothing. But, after all, I find very little to write on a subject where you will be prepared to expect much. An attempt to describe the intricate machinery, and the curious processes by which our convenience and comfort are consulted, or our vanity gratified, would be both tedious and useless. Even when one is standing amidst the din of ten thousand spools ; and the sounding of as many shuttles, he has scarcely any distinct comprehension of the intermediate steps by which he sees the wonderful results pro-

duced ; and must himself become a weaver, or a spinner, before he can detail to another the particulars of these seemingly simple arts. Yet my impressions have not been altogether too vague for description.

It was a new fact to me, that the most beautiful of the chintses are stamped by means of copper cylinders, on which the figures are engraved ; these cylinders are covered with the proper substance, and then impressed on the stuffs by rolling.

The velvets are woven, at first without any of that downy coating, which makes them so pleasant to the touch. The threads which are to form this shag, are, in the first instance, inserted at both ends in the very texture of the cloth, so as to produce a vast number of small loops, running in rows, from one end of the piece to the other. These loops are cut by hand. The cloth is extended horizontally on a machine, and the artist inserts among the loops a long slender knife, much resembling a very delicate sword ; this, guided by one hand only, he pushes along so dexterously, as to cut the whole series of loops for several yards, at one thrust, without piercing the cloth, unless a knot or other obstacle turns his instrument aside. This operation being repeated along every thread in the whole breadth of the piece, a shag is at length raised over the whole surface. But it would be very rough and inelegant if left in this state. To remove its roughnesses, the whole piece is made to pass rather slowly over a red hot iron cylinder, and in absolute contact with it ; and during the whole operation, the iron is maintained at a red heat, by the aid of a furnace. I

would not assert a thing seemingly so incredible, had I not witnessed the process; and my astonishment was not less than your incredulity will be, provided the fact be new to you. This operation is not confined to the velvets. Most of the cotton goods are singed in the same manner, to smooth them for the final finishing; and they assured me (what indeed appears scarcely credible) that the finest muslins were treated in the same way.

The new process of bleaching is now extensively introduced at Manchester, and has, I believe, nearly subverted the old. The bleaching, which used to occupy months, is now performed in a few days.

Manganese, sulphuric acid, water, and common salt, are placed in large leaden stills, heated by steam. A very suffocating and corrosive gas\* rises, which is made to pass into water, having abundance of lime suspended in it; the lime condenses the gas, and produces with it the bleaching drug, into a solution of which the goods are plunged, and it is wonderful with what rapidity the colour is discharged. Some weak acid is usually added to liberate the bleaching principle. This method of bleaching is a discovery of modern chemistry, and when you consider that all the coloured cotton stuffs must be first bleached before they can be dyed, you will see at once the great importance of the discovery. The saving is in time, for the materials are more costly than those employed in the old

\* A great deal of American sumac is used here in dy-

I learned in one of the dye-houses that the Americans give themselves unnecessary trouble in

\* The oxygenized muriatic.

grinding this article, and that it is quite as useful in the state of leaves, merely dried, and packed in that condition. Probably there may be so much saving in freight, in consequence of grinding, as to pay for that operation.

The factories here are very numerous, and wonderfully extensive. Some of them employ 1200 people, notwithstanding the application of the steam engine, as a moving power, in a great multitude of the processes. The country, for many miles around Manchester, is tributary to the great factories. Spinning, weaving, and other preliminary operations, are performed in the villages and cottages, and the fabrics are brought into town to be finished. While I was walking with some of my stage companions through a village near Warrington, a shower caused us to seek shelter in the cottages, and we found the people employed in this manner; their appearance was neat, cheerful, and comfortable.

#### SKETCH OF MANCHESTER.

Manchester is built principally of brick; the modern houses and streets are spacious and handsome, but the ancient streets are narrow, and the buildings mean, ruinous, and defaced with smoke. It contains numerous churches, and some humane and literary institutions; it employs a great part of a population of from eighty to ninety thousand inhabitants, in manufacturing cotton, and in the various businesses connected with this. The town stands on a plain, and has three small rivers running through it, which afford great conveniences to its manufacturing establishments. The names of these rivers are the Irwell, the Medlock, and the Irk. The manufacturers, who are



of both sexes, and of all ages, appear generally pale, thin, and deficient in muscular vigor. The fine fibres of the cotton irritate their lungs; and the high temperature necessary in most of their processes, together with constant confinement in hot rooms, and, more than all, the debauched lives which too many of them lead, make them, at best, but an imbecile people.

The wages of the labouring manufacturers are high, at present, but so few of them lead sober and frugal lives, that they are generally mere dependants on daily labour. Most of the men are said to be drunkards, and the women dissolute.

How different these scenes, where

“ The pale-fac’d artist plies the sickly trade,”

from our fields and forests, in which pure air, unconstrained motions, salubrious exhalations, and simple manners, give vigour to the limbs, and a healthful aspect to the face.

I am not, however, disposed to join those who rail at manufactures without informing us how we can do without them. I am fully persuaded of their importance to mankind, while I regret the physical, and, more than all, the moral evils which they produce.

Liverpool is the second town in England for foreign commerce, and Manchester the second for population.

To-morrow morning I shall leave this town for the Peak of Derbyshire, where I may be detained a day or two by its mineral curiosities.

My companion, Mr. R——, having business in the northern manufacturing towns, and not caring to descend with me into mines and caverns, will leave me

to-morrow, and depart for Yorkshire, while I must make my way alone ; but, although solitary, I shall go cheerfully forward, nor feel disposed to adopt the plaintive strain ;

“ Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.”

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#### NO. VI.—JOURNEY TO THE PEAK.

Leave Manchester—Stockport—Use of the word *fair*—English stage coaches—Guards—Baggage—Barren mountains—Buxton—Ride on horseback—Tideswell—Country people, their manners and language—Singular scenery—Beautiful contrast—Ancient castle.

#### RIDE TO BUXTON.

*May 15*—This morning, at five o'clock, I left Manchester, in the stage, for Buxton. The environs of Manchester appeared handsome, from the number of well cultivated fields, and neat houses, and two or three inconsiderable villages occurred in the distance of six miles, which brought us to Stockport on the Mersey. Stockport is a considerable ancient town, built of brick. There are some good houses, but most of them are decayed and destitute of beauty. The town has a considerable manufacture of cotton and printed goods. It stands on the declivity of a hill, and has a bridge over the Mersey, which was blown up in 1745, to prevent the retreat of the rebels.

When we left Manchester, early in the morning, the sky was cloudy, and the weather threatening. On my getting into the coach, a stranger accosted me very civilly, and remarked that it was a *fair morning*. I

bowed assent, although I could not comprehend how such a morning could be considered as fair. But, in the progress of our conversation, I found that he considered every day as fair which is not rainy. If this use of the word be general, it indicates that the frequent rains in this country cause them to assume a lower standard of fine weather, than what prevails in climates where the sun shines more constantly.

At Stockport we crossed the Mersey, and entered Cheshire. The weather becoming what I had been accustomed to consider as fair, that is, the sun really shining forth, I was induced to take a seat on the top of the coach, with the guard. Most of the English stage coaches travel with a guard. He is armed with a blunderbuss, or more commonly with pistols, which are fixed in holsters, connected with the top of the coach. To the duty of defending the coach he is rarely called; for, since the practice of travelling with a guard has become general in England, the stage coaches are seldom attacked. Besides guarding the coach, he is expected to open and shut the door, and aid in case of accident, so that the coachman is never called upon to leave his seat, and the passengers are not often exposed to the danger of having the horses take fright without any one to command the reins. Our custom in America is very bad on this point, for the driver frequently leaves his seat, and the horses are rarely tied.

The English guard sits on a seat, elevated nearly as high as the top of the coach. It is usually fixed on a large boot or box, extending down to the frame work on which the carriage is supported. A similar boot is fixed beneath the coachman's seat,

and in these two the baggage is stowed, and as the whole is commonly on springs the parcels escape with little injury. Some part of the baggage is usually carried on the roof. In this way, travellers in English stages avoid the very troublesome lumber of baggage in the inside of the coach by which we are so much annoyed in American stages. In the older carriages, however, the coachman's and guard's seat is fixed upon the frame work, without any intervention of springs, and thus not only they, but the baggage in the boots are constantly worried and chafed. The accommodations for travelling are now wonderfully great in England, but they are of comparatively recent origin. As I become more familiar with them I may resume the subject.

The guard and coachman as well as the servants at hotels expect their regular *douceur*. The rate is about one shilling to each for every 20 or 25 miles; it is not necessary to exceed this if the distance be 30 miles. For every 8, 10, or 15 miles the sum of sixpence is usually given. This tax is inevitable, and Americans, from ignorance of the country, and fear of being thought mean, usually pay more liberally than the natives.

In our passage across a corner of Cheshire, we rode through Disley and some other inconsiderable villages, built principally of a rude leaden coloured stone, but having a neat and comfortable appearance. We travelled over a mountainous country, along side of a canal, which we followed for several miles;—boats, drawn by horses, were passing on the canal, and in one place, we saw it cross a river on arches.

Hills, of great height and extent, were all around us, and Derbyshire with its mountains was immediately on our left. A few groves, planted by the present generation, and a few fine pastures appeared, here and there, on the hills, but, they were generally very rude and barren, covered, for the most part, with a kind of brown heath, so thick and dark, that they appeared as if the fire had passed over them;—you can conceive of nothing more desolate than the aspect of these hills for miles. It is to be presumed that Dr. Johnson never travelled here, or he would not have discovered so much spleen at the nakedness of the Scottish mountains.

The vallies among these hills were, with few exceptions, fertile, and, in many places, the heights were all white with heaps of lime, placed on them as a manure. The roads were generally good, but, for a few miles along the canal, they were indifferent. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, we arrived at Buxton, which is just within the limits of Derbyshire, at the distance of  $22\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Manchester.

#### EXCURSION TO THE PEAK.

Finding that Buxton would be an advantageous point of departure, in my contemplated excursion to the Peak of Derbyshire, I deposited my baggage at the inn, relinquished my seat in the stage, which was going forward to Derby, mounted a horse at 10 o'clock in the morning, and set forward, on a little journey, from which I expected much gratification. I had long wished to explore some of those dark recesses, where the Creator has hidden the treasures of the mineral kingdom, and to see, with my own eyes, the arrangement of strata, the position

of spars and crystals, and the natural state of the metallic veins.

I had the advantage of a delightful day, and with an empty portmanteau, to bring back any interesting things which I might find in the mines, I commenced my solitary journey. My road was over a very hilly country, and after passing the hamlet of Fairfield, the hills became more frequent, steep and lofty. The way was circuitous, winding, in spirals, around the hills, most of which were too steep to admit of a direct ascent. In one place the path led me along the edge of a precipice, which formed one side of a deep gulf between two mountains;—a fence separated me from the verge of this abrupt valley, which was 150 to 200 feet deep, and wound its way along between the mountains, to a great distance.

I soon reached Tideswell, a considerable village in a charming vale. I was astonished to see, in this secluded spot, a magnificent Gothic church, in fine preservation. It was built in the middle of the 14th century, and promises to survive many more modern structures.

This church, with all the houses in the town, and indeed, all the houses for many miles around, is constructed of limestone.

At Tideswell, the country people were assembled at a fair;—a multitude of swine were collected in a particular part of the village, and, on inquiry, I found that they were the object of the meeting. As I advanced beyond Tideswell, I met numerous parties of the country people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and going to attend the fair. I made a little conversation with several of them, and found

them civil and obliging. They speak the language with many peculiarities of pronunciation, and with a considerable number of words which we never hear in America. Their dress was quite as decent as that worn on similar occasions by the same class of people with us, and their manners indicated cheerfulness and contentment. I had never seen anything in my own country resembling the scenery which now surrounded me. Lofty hills, or rather mountains, appeared on every side, sloping with an ascent rather gentle than steep. They were barren, rude, and dreary, without a single shrub or tree, and divided to the very summits by enclosures. They were free from rocks,—no hedges were to be seen,—but, every where, stone walls precisely like those which are so common in New England. Limestone is universally the material of the fences and houses; it is dug out of these hills, which, with a vast tract of country around, appear to be founded upon this basis. After being burned, it is used as a manure, and many of the hills which I passed, were covered with it. On examining the fences, rocks and stones of the road, the limestone appeared universally filled with shells of marine origin. These shells are perfectly distinct, and lie imbedded in the solid limestone, so that when one is knocked out, a perfect copy of its form is left in the cavity. Near the Peak the hills were every where pierced with pits, which, as I was informed by a man who was digging limestone, were lead mines.

I dismounted to examine one. No person was there. The opening of the mine was down a perpendicular cavity, walled up like a well, through

which the people, implements, and ore are conveyed in buckets, worked by machinery. A vast heap of rubbish was lying around the mouth of the mine. Mounting my horse again, I soon arrived at the summit of a hill, down which, as I descended, an extensive valley, all green and fertile, formed a surprising and interesting contrast to the rude scenery on which I had now turned my back. I entered the valley not by the usual road, but by one farther east; this gave me a view of the village of Hope on my right, while Castleton, the great object of my journey, appeared on my left.

One of the first objects which struck me, on entering the valley, was an ancient castle, half broken down, and apparently tottering to its fall. It stands on one of the mountains, upon the very edge of a rock, of more than 250 feet in perpendicular height. There is no certain account of its origin. It is said to have been known to the Romans, under the name of *Arx Diaboli*, and among its ruins Roman coins and utensils have been found. Its walls are of free stone, and as there is no stone of this description on the mountains, the castle must have been constructed with vast labour and expense, by raising the materials up the mountains from the valley below. The castle is now a venerable ruin, and gives a name to the village of Castleton.



## NO. VII.—THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Castleton—The winding gate—Valley of Castleton and the surrounding mountains—Ancient fosse—Castle—Mam Tor—Its ruins—Anecdote—Peculiarity of language—Guides—Peak's Hole—Description of, and adventures in it—Humour of the guide—Owdin Mine—Miners—Their cheerfulness, hardships and dangers—Speedwell Mine—Subterraneous voyage—Wonderful cavern—Spar Mine—Descent into it—Return to Buxton—Ebbing and flowing well—Contrivance to save labour—Singular want of curiosity.

## CASTLETON.

The usual approach to Castleton is through a narrow passage between the mountains, called the *winnetts* or the winding gate. Although I did not enter the valley through this defile, I visited it during my stay in Castleton. When a traveller approaches the valley through the WINNETTS, he finds himself, the moment before he discovers the village, winding down the hills, through a gap, where rude and broken rocks overhang the road, and a little way ahead, seem to cross the path, and bar it up completely. While he is engaged in contemplating a scene where every thing is wild, rude and forbidding, and affords no pleasure, except from the contemplation of grandeur, all of a sudden, the valley breaks upon his view, like a fine scene at the rising of the curtain. In the nearest part of the picture, Castleton appears at the foot of a mountain, which is one of a great number that surround the valley.

The form of the valley is that of an obtuse ellipse, and its diameter is three or four miles. Some of the mountains are barren, but most of them are

verdant to the very top, and fences slope from their summits down their sides, and are continued across the valley, dividing it into rectangular fields. The appearance of these fields is the most eminently beautiful, just where the steepness of the mountain declines into a rapid slope, immediately before they terminate in the plain. In those places the fields seem as if rising up to meet you.

Excepting the craggy passage at the Winnetts, and a few other similar openings, the surface of the mountains is almost wholly free from rocks, and equally destitute of trees. The collection of mountains of which I am now speaking, with all the rest in this northern part of Derbyshire, is called the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a common mistake to suppose that there is some one high mountain, bearing this name, by way of distinction.

Running along the sides, and on and near the tops of the mountains, is a deep fosse with a rampart, extending several miles; it is said even to cross the valley, and it may be distinctly perceived, going on to the castle; it is interrupted by chasms in the mountains, and its origin remains to this time uncertain; in all probability it was a military work.

Another thing which strikes one very agreeably in this general survey, is the number of sheep, horses and black cattle, which are seen grazing on the sides of the mountains, even where they are so steep that the animals seem rather to adhere to the hills by their sides, than to be standing on their feet. The sheep are the most adventurous and persevering, in grazing upon these steep declivities,

and it was curious to observe how, in the long progress of time, they had, by constant treading, formed a succession of parallel paths, running round the hills in the manner of a belt, and continued at the distance of two or three feet, quite to their tops; so as, on the whole, to form a tolerably regular succession of steps. The same thing had been effected by the larger cattle, where the hills were less steep.

Immediately after you have discovered the valley when entering it by the Winnetts, you perceive *Mam Tor*, very near on the left.

This appellation is of Saxon origin.

This mountain has a singular appearance. It is supposed, that at some period of remote antiquity, it divided, probably all on a sudden, with a fissure, beginning at the summit, and proceeding to the bottom, in a direction nearly perpendicular, and that thus, the front of the mountain fell down into the valley, overwhelming every thing below in its ruins. This conclusion is founded on the fact that the side of the mountain next to the valley exhibits a perpendicular section of bare rock and earth, exposing all the strata, with great regularity, and, for a long way below the mountain, its ruins are to be seen lying in vast heaps. Under these ruins, at the depth of 300 feet, trees, in a perfect state of preservation, have been dug up by the miners; there can be little doubt that they were buried at the time when the side of the mountain fell. And to this moment, whenever severe frosts, heavy rains and violent winds occur, the mountain, in the forcible language of the village miners, *shivers*; and new quan-

tities of decomposed rock and earth fall into the valley. Hence, its very expressive appellation of *the shivering mountain*.

An old man, belonging to the village, told me that as a party of gentlemen were *coursing*, one day, on Mam Tor, the hare which they were pursuing, being closely urged by the dogs, leaped down the tremendous precipice; the dogs had too much spirit not to follow, and all were dashed to pieces. "I had a pair of gloves," (said the old man) "made of the skin of that hare." The top of Mam Tor is asserted to be 1300 feet above the level of the valley.

The other mountains as well as Mam Tor are known by particular names.

The old man whom I have just mentioned, had one peculiarity of expression which I heard frequently in Castleton. Instead of saying lord such an one *owns* this field, he would say lord such an one *belongs* this field. This is one instance among very many peculiarities of language which I observed among the peasantry of Derbyshire. I had however no serious difficulty in understanding them, although they used many words perfectly local and provincial.

Castleton is an inconsiderable village, but the great number of strangers who constantly resort to it, attracted by the curiosities of the Peak, enable it to maintain a very good inn, known by the name of the *Castle-Inn*. At this house I obtained every refreshment, rendered necessary by a ride of 12 miles from Buxton, and after dinner, prepared to survey the wonders of the valley.

It is not the happy valley of Abyssinia, where in-

geny strives to add fresh charms to gaiety, and to renew the attractions of repeated pleasures; but the contest here is, who shall most enhance the horrors of frightful caverns, and magnify the wonders which are found amidst the trickling of incessant subterranean showers, and the gloom of everlasting darkness.

There are guides who make it their business to conduct strangers into these scenes; and there is a distinct guide for each curiosity.

#### THE PEAK'S HOLE.

Having procured the proper guide, I went first to see the famous Peak's hole. As we approached this wonderful cavern, we crossed a bridge over a rivulet, which issues from the mouth of the cave; this mouth is at the bottom of a perpendicular rock, that forms part of the front of the mountain. The form of this part of the mountain is like that of a book set on end, and half opened, the back of the book being from the observer. Near the angle is the mouth of the cavern. As we proceeded into the fissure, I looked up these rocky walls, and saw the old castle at a giddy height, apparently threatening to fall. The guide pointed out several veins of lead. The entrance into the cavern passes close under the right side of the two precipices, which meeting at an acute angle, form the fissure in the mountain. Impressions of sublimity are produced by looking up this precipice of 250 feet, perpendicular height, and a kind of horror is added to the place by numerous jackdaws, which build their nests in the crevices, and find in these inaccessible cliffs a secure retreat; they were continually flying, in a black cloud,

around the rocks, and disturbing the air with their croaking. These rocks are lime stone, filled with marine exuviæ. We now entered the cavern. It opens with a grand arch, almost mathematically regular, but the abutment on the left is considerably lower than that on the right. This arch is 120 feet wide, and 70 feet high, reckoning from the level of the abutment on the left. Under this magnificent portico, we entered the first cavern, which is 180 feet long, the arch falling a little towards the farther end. I was surprised to find the cavern inhabited. A number of poor women and children carry on here a manufacture of cord and twine, and some of them live here permanently in small huts, sheltered by the impending mountain. Having arrived at the end of this first cavern, I looked back with feelings of awe and solemnity, not unmixed with something very much like dread. This cavern is only a continuation of the great arch at the entrance, falling as it recedes from the light, of which there is however enough to enable one to see the whole of it, and to make him realize that a mountain is over his head. This arched roof, being of lime stone, abounds with calcareous concretions, and a remarkable one was pointed out, which, from its form, and the manner in which it depends from the roof, is called the *Flitch of Bacon*.

The end of the cavern is so much contracted in its dimensions, that it has been completely closed up, by an artificial wall, where there is a door, of which the guide has the key. The wall and door are intended to exclude impertinent visitors, and to secure to the guide

the exclusive privilege of conducting strangers through the place.

My guide now took several lighted candles in his hands, and gave me one. He then disclosed the entrance of his infernal dominion ; not with all that " impetuous recoil and jarring sound," which once " grated harsh thunder" to " the lowest bottom of Erebus," but with as much pomp as might be supposed to attend the opening of a door of rough boards, moving, reluctantly, on creaking hinges.

After entering the door, the passage became narrow and low, and we proceeded, stooping, till we arrived in a place called the *Bell House*, from some resemblance between its form and that of a bell.

Beyond this, the cavern became again low and narrow, till it was almost closed, leaving only a small orifice of about three feet diameter. Here the rivulet, which we had followed up from the mouth of the cave, spread into a little lake, occupying the whole of the bottom of the cavern. But we were not stopped ; there was a ferry boat all ready. The bottom of it was spread with clean straw, and by the direction of my guide I got into it, and lay down flat on my back. My guide stepped into the water up to his knees, and pushed the boat before him through the narrow aperture, which was merely high enough to permit the boat to pass, and the guide to crawl after it. It would be impossible for one to pass if sitting up in the boat. It required no very vivid imagination, nor much familiarity with classical literature, to find in this adventure the *Charon*, *Styx*, and *Avernus* of poetical fable.

We had now arrived in a new cavern, much larger

and more majestic than any which we had yet seen. A flood of light was necessary to render it all visible, for it was 120 feet high, 200 broad, and 250 feet long. Its walls were lime stone, filled as before with shells. Crossing the rivulet on stepping stones, we next found ourselves in a smaller cavern, which, on account of the constant exudation of water from the roof, is called *Roger Rain's House*.

A large cavern, called the *Chancel*, came next. Its appearance was broken and rude, and the lights discovered some stalactites. When the guide has notice that a party is coming to view the cavern, he causes a piece of deception to be played off in the *Chancel*, which I, being a solitary stranger, had not the pleasure of witnessing. When the party arrive in this cavern, they are, all on a sudden, astonished and confounded at hearing from the roof of this solitary mansion, which, a moment before, was dark as midnight, and silent as the tombs, an instantaneous burst of human voices, multiplied by a thousand echoes. While they are, in vain, looking for the cause of this seeming enchantment, a blaze of light from the roof of the cavern discovers a number of figures in white, singing and bearing torches in their hands. Those who are not in the secret, are almost persuaded that they are in an enchanted cave, where the scenes of romance and fable have real existence. The delusion vanishes however, when they are informed, that a number of people from the village, equipped on purpose, have gone up a secret passage to the roof of the *Chancel*, with concealed lights, which, at the concerted moment, they suddenly produce.

We travelled on to a fissure in the rock, called the



*Devil's Cellar*, and, after descending gradually 150 feet, we came to the *half way house*. The roof now assumed greater regularity ; three parallel arches were in view, and, beyond these, a cavern like a bell, called *Tom of Lincoln*. Proceeding, we found the cavern very various both in height and breadth ; the rivulet appeared perfectly transparent, and its bed was white with calcareous spar, brought down and rounded by the water.

At length we reached the end of this grand subterranean wonder ; its whole length is 2250 feet, or nearly half a mile.

My guide assured me that he had put pieces of bark into a particular water four miles from this place, and had found them afterwards floating down this rivulet, whence he concluded that there was a subterranean connection. He was very intelligent, extremely attentive to my safety, and, although an unlettered man, had no small share of humour. He entertained me with an account of distinguished persons, who had visited the cavern in his time, among whom he named Dr. Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and the Prince of Wales.

I inquired whether ladies ever visited the cave ? He replied, " O yes ! two ladies to one gentleman ! "

" Ah, how is that ?—Have the ladies more curiosity, or more courage than the gentlemen ? " " I don't know ; *the ladies have a deal of curiosity !* "

I then asked him whether he was afraid the French would come ? He answered, " No ; but I wish I had Bonaparte in my power. "

" What would you do with him ? " I would chain him at the end of my cavern, and keep him for a sight : I should then have visitors enough. "

We now retraced our steps. I was again laid in the little boat, and ferried through the narrow passage;—we travelled back as fast we could with safety, and with candles burnt down to our fingers, again reached the wooden door, and opening it, I beheld the light, with a *little secret joy*, which, had I been questioned, I might have been too stout-hearted to have acknowledged.

We returned to the village; and, having procured another guide, I went, in a heavy rain, nearly a mile on foot, to see the most ancient and productive lead mine in Great Britain.

#### THE OWDIN MINE,

to which I allude, is believed to have been wrought by the Romans and Saxons. However this may be, the enormous mass of rubbish, collected near its mouth, demonstrates that it has been worked for a very long period. It is situated near the foot of Mam Tor.

The first thing that attracted my attention, on entering the small huts around the mine, was the beating of the ore. This is performed by women; they break it to pieces with a kind of mallet; it is then sifted, washed, and sent away to be smelted.

My guide conducted me into his *ward-robe*, where I put on a miner's dress. It consisted of an old tow-cloth pair of breeches, coarse and dirty; a woollen short jacket in the same condition, and an old hat, with the brim all cut off, except three or four inches, and that turned behind.

With a lighted candle stuck into a piece of clay, I now followed my guide into these dark, damp, and solitary regions. He carried a lighted candle in his hand, and two more were suspended from his neck.

The mine opens into the side of the mountain, between two walls of lime stone ; the entrance is about two feet wide and five feet high. Of course we went in, stooping, and with very little room to spare on either side. In this manner we proceeded through a passage always narrow, and varying in breadth according to the breadth of the vein. The descent was gradual, and the bottom of the passage being every where deep, with mud and water, was rendered somewhat more practicable, by boards and timber, which were, however, generally buried in the mire.

We went forward, stooping ;—sometimes almost creeping, and often through passages so narrow, that it was necessary to go sidewise.

Over our heads was a flooring of boards laid on wooden rafters, to support the loose earth and stones ; from this roof the water was every where dropping and trickling down the walls, so that we were kept constantly wet.

Our path frequently led us over pits sunk 40 or 50 feet, like wells, down to another gallery, similar to that in which we now were. Through this lower gallery the water of the mine runs off. Some care was of course necessary, in passing by these shafts, lest we should step into them ; but they are generally in some measure covered with boards. In this manner we travelled on half a mile, into the bowels of a mountain.

When we had reached the end of our journey, we ascended into a great cavern, which they had excavated to the distance of forty feet above our heads. The ascent was by means of timbers fixed in the crevices of the rock, like the rounds of a ladder.

Here I took hold of the pick axe, and broke off some of the lead ore to bring away as specimens.

We returned a part of the way, and then took an excursion into another vein which diverged from the principal one at an acute angle; this vein has been explored for a mile, but, we contented ourselves with going only half this distance.

In our progress through the mine I had the satisfaction of seeing, in their native situations, the most important ores of lead; the beautiful crystallizations of fluor spar, and calcareous spar; the sulphat of barytes, native copperas, and extensive strata of lime stone, filled with the most curious petrifications. The scene was to me extremely interesting and instructive, and two hours passed rapidly away in the mine. The ore is conveyed to day light by means of small waggons. The nature of the situation necessarily precludes the employment of any domestic animal, and the miners therefore act in their stead; they are literally harnessed to the waggons, with collars and traces, and thus travel back and forward through these dismal regions. They are obliged to go at least half a mile with every load, and all the way through darkness, and very often their load is nothing but rubbish, for, it is indispensable that this be constantly removed, otherwise the gallery would be so obstructed, that no work could be done. Yet, they usually spend their whole lives here, and seem a very cheerful class of men. My guide had been twenty-five years in the mine, and his father and grand-father had consumed all their days in the same place.

We now returned to the light, bringing with us

specimens of the different productions of the mine, which I hope at some future day to shew you. The terrors of such places are not all imaginary. Sometimes the roof falls in, and the miners are buried beneath a mass of stones and earth; sometimes a sudden flood of water drowns them, and at other times they are destroyed by the gun powder blasts with which they rend the rocks. These occurrences are not frequent, and yet they have all happened in the Owdin mine.

The greater part of the inhabitants of Castleton are miners. Their condition seems as unchangeable as that of the Hindoo casts, for although not made hereditary by the compulsion of law or the influence of religion, it becomes so by a kind of necessity, and thus men, women and children, from generation to generation, are all, in one way and another, employed about the mines.

Having thrown off my miner's dress, I went with another guide to see

#### THE SPEEDWELL OR NAVIGATION MINE.

This mine proved to be a very different thing from that which I had just left, and I found no difficulty in wearing my usual dress.

We entered a wooden door, placed in the side of a hill, and descended 106 stone steps, laid like those of a set of cellar stairs. The passage was regularly arched, with brick, and was in all respects convenient.

Having reached the bottom of the steps, we found a handsome vaulted passage cut through solid lime stone. The light of our candles discovered that it extended horizontally into the mountain, and its

floor was covered with an unruffled expanse of water, four feet deep. The entrance of this passage was perfectly similar in form to the mouth of a common oven, only it was much larger. Its breadth, by my estimation, was about five feet at the water's surface, and its height four or five feet, reckoning from the same place.

On this unexpected, and to me at that moment, *incomprehensible* canal, we found launched a large, clean and convenient boat.

We embarked, and pulled ourselves along, by taking hold of wooden pegs, fixed for that purpose in the walls. Our progress was through a passage wholly artificial, it having been all blasted and hewn out of the solid rock. You will readily believe that this adventure was a delightful recreation. I never felt more forcibly the power of contrast. Instead of crawling through a narrow dirty passage, we were now pleasantly embarked, and were pushing along into I knew not what solitary regions of this rude earth, over an expanse as serene as summer seas. We had not the odours nor the silken sails of Cleopatra's barge, but we excelled her in melody of sound, and distinctness of echo; for, when, in the gaiety of my spirits, I began to sing, the boatman soon gave me to understand that no one should sing in his mountain, without his permission; and before I had uttered three notes, he broke forth in such a strain, that I was contented to listen, and yield the palm without a contest. His voice, which was strong, clear and melodious, made all those silent regions ring;—the long vaulted passage augmented the effect;—echo answered with great distinctness,

and had the genii of the mountain been there, they would doubtless have taken passage with us, and hearkened to the song. In the mean time we began to hear the sound of a distant waterfall, which grew louder and louder, as we advanced under the mountain, till it increased to such a roaring noise that the boatman could no longer be heard. In this manner we went on, a quarter of a mile, till we arrived in a vast cavern formed there by nature. The miners, as they were blasting the rocks, at the time when they were forming the vaulted passage, accidentally opened their way into this cavern. Here I discovered how the canal was supplied with water; —I found that it communicated with a river, running through the cavern at right angles with the arched passage, and falling down a precipice 25 feet, into a dark abyss.

After crossing the river, the arched way is continued a quarter of a mile farther, on the other side, making in the whole half a mile from the entrance. The end of the arch is 600 feet below the summit of the mountain. When it is considered that all this was effected by mere dint of hewing, and blasting, it must be pronounced a stupendous performance. It took eleven years of constant labour to effect it. In the mean time the fortune of the adventurer was consumed, without any discovery of ore, except a very little lead, and, to this day, this great work remains only a wonderful monument of human labour and perseverance.

During the whole period of five years that they continued this work, after they crossed the cavern, they threw the rubbish into the abyss, and it has not sensibly filled it up.

They have continued to increase the effect of the cataract by fixing a gate along the ledge of rocks over which the river falls. This gate is raised by a lever, and then the whole mass of water in the vaulted passage, as well as that in the river, presses forward towards the cataract. I ascended a ladder made by pieces of timber fixed in the sides of the cavern, and with the aid of a candle elevated on a pole, I could discover no top; my guide assured me that none had been found although they had ascended very high. This cavern is, without exception, the most grand and solemn place that I have ever seen. When you view me as in the centre of a mountain, in the midst of a void, where the regularity of the walls looks like some vast rotunda; when you think of a river as flowing across the bottom of this cavern, and falling abruptly into a profound abyss, with the stunning noise of a cataract; when you imagine, that by the light of a fire work of gun-powder played off on purpose to render this darkness visible, the foam of the cataract is illuminated even down to the surface of the water in the abyss, and the rays emitted by the livid blaze of this preparation, are reflected along the dripping walls of the cavern, till they are lost in the darker regions above, you will not wonder that such a scene should seize on my whole soul, and fill me with awe and astonishment!

After ascending from the navigation mine, I attempted to go up the front of one of the mountains, with the double purpose of obtaining a view of the valley from an elevated point, and of reaching the ancient castle. But, my labour proved fruitless;



the mountain, which from the valley seemed not difficult to ascend, proved to be exceedingly steep. I toiled on, two thirds of the way up, still finding it steeper and steeper, and still resolved not to relinquish my purpose; in the mean time it grew dark, with the decay of twilight, and I was suddenly enveloped in mist and rain; the steep side of the mountain became very slippery; I fell frequently, and, at length, a deep and abrupt chasm torn by the floods, completely arrested my progress, and compelled me to make the best of my way down, which I did with no small difficulty. In the midst of darkness and rain, I reached the Castle Inn, completely drenched, and exhausted with fatigue.

*May 16.*—THE SPAR MINE was the only curiosity of the valley of Castleton which remained to be explored. I rose with muscles somewhat rigid from the fatigue of yesterday, and immediately repaired to the mouth of the mine. It derives its name from its being the place where they obtain the beautiful fossils, known to mineralogists by the appellation of fluor spar, and to the Derbyshire miners by that of blue John. The mine is situated near the Winnetts. It was first opened for lead, but, being found to afford very little besides the fluor spar, was neglected, till this substance, by the discovery of a new art, acquired a value which it had never possessed before. During the last forty years the mine has therefore been wrought for the fluor spar alone, since ingenuity has contrived, by the assistance of the lathe, to convert this very brittle mineral, into candlesticks, pillars, pyramids, artificial grottoes, urns, vases and other ornamental and useful pro-

ductions, which now form some of the most splendid and exquisitely beautiful decorations of the halls of nobility, and of the palaces of kings.

The mouth of the mine is situated in the side of a high hill, and is closed with a door furnished with a lock. This door I found shut, and was not able to obtain admittance till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, owing to a misunderstanding as to the hour, between me and my guide. The intervening time was spent in making up for the defeat of last night, by clambering the mountains, and taking views of this interesting valley from several points. On the heights I found a gentleman and lady who, like me, had come to see the curiosities of the place. People who are on the same adventure easily become acquainted; I found them very affable and polite; we were familiar at once, and formed a little party up Mam Tor. We found the ascent steep and laborious, nor had we quite reached the summit, when I descried the people coming up out of the door of the spar mine, which they had closed, and locked after them, when they descended to work in the morning. While I hastened down, and secured the guides, the gentleman and lady followed more deliberately, but when they arrived, and saw the mouth of this gloomy *Acheron*, the lady's heart failed her; the husband, as might be supposed, would not leave his wife alone, and I proceeded without them. Having lighted our candles, we descended more than an hundred wooden steps, under a vault of stone; we then proceeded through passages generally narrow and low, and rendered muddy by the constant oozing of water from the roof and walls, but occasionally, they were

wide and lofty, presenting numerous caverns of various shapes and dimensions, where rocks and cliffs projected and hung in every grotesque and threatening form.

We descended perpendicularly into a deep pit, where they were at that time mining for the spar; we made our way down by stepping on pieces of wood, fixed in the crevices, and on such projections of the rocks as came in our way. At the bottom of this pit, there were several veins of the fluor spar, and I dug some of it up with the pick axe. These veins were visible also in several other parts of the mine; they are imbedded in lime stone, which contains numerous petrifications of shell fish, and animals of various species.

Near the bottom of the mine, we entered a lofty cavern, where the calcareous incrustations on the rocks, and the numerous crystals and stalactites, exhibited a splendid reflection of light from our candles.

We next crawled through an aperture so narrow that I was obliged to lie almost down, resting my weight on the points of my elbows, and thus making my way, inch by inch, feet first, through the mud. But, I did not regret the attempt, for we found ourselves in a beautiful cave, ornamented like the one which I have already described, but, presenting stalactites larger, more numerous, and more perfect, than I had seen before. In one place they had extended from the roof to a horizontal projection in the rock, and formed an assemblage very much resembling the pipes of an organ, hence this place is called *the organ*.

Nothing can be of a purer or more dazzling white, than were some of these stalactites and incrustations. The miners think they are produced by a petrification of the water, and hence they call them *water-icle*, from an evident and natural allusion to icicles. The process of their formation is precisely that of the production of icicles and incrustations of ice on the sides of mountains, except that the latter arise from an actual congealing of the water by cold; the former from a gradual deposition of the lime which water, under certain circumstances, had the power to dissolve. As it filters through the rocks, the lime is gradually deposited in a crystalline form, and generates stalactites if it fall perpendicularly, or incrustations when it runs down an inclined plain, or adheres to a perpendicular one.

My guides pointed out the mouth of a cavern into which they throw all their rubbish; they said they had traced it up more than a mile without finding its termination.

I had now surveyed all the subterranean wonders of the Peak, and reached in safety the surface of the ground.

On returning, I found at the inn my late companions, who had relented at the mouth of the mine. They seemed to have taken a strong interest in my adventure, and to feel some regret, and a little mortification, that they had so readily relinquished the undertaking.

A little after five I proceeded for Buxton. Ascending the Winnetts, I observed a heavy cart, deeply laden, descending the hill. The driver had taken off three of his horses, which are usually harnessed here, as in

Pennsylvania, in a single row, and not abreast, and had fastened them in the same order behind the cart. The animals, it seems, are trained to know, that in this situation they must hang back, with all their power, and thus relieve the horse in the fills, from a weight which it would be impossible for him to sustain.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL, reckoned among the curiosities of Derbyshire, lay near the road, and I stopped, half an hour, to see it. When I first alighted, it was boiling violently with much noise; within one minute it began to subside, and, at the end of twelve minutes, it had fallen four or five inches, and was perfectly quiet with a smooth surface.

At this moment a gentleman on horseback, with a servant, was riding by, and, checking his horse, looked at me with an air of curiosity, and inquired whether this was the famous tide's-well? I answered, that I believed it to be so. He dismounted and came to me, and, in the course of three minutes, the water began again to boil, and rise, and very soon regained the same height, and all the violence of motion which I had at first observed. When we left it, the water was again subsiding. The phenomena of this well are most remarkable in damp and rainy weather, such as had prevailed for a day or two.

I had the pleasure of this gentleman's company about six miles, in which distance we passed through the stone village of Ctapel on Frith. The country on this road was much pleasanter than that by which I went to Castleton.

Soon after passing this village we came to a hill, where there were lime pits on the summit, and a canal

leading to Manchester at the bottom. The lime goes to this town to market, and the coal, which is necessary for burning it into quick lime, is brought to the foot of the hill on the canal. To effect the exchange they had a very ingenious contrivance. There was a double road from the lime pits on the top, to the canal at the bottom of the hill. By means of ropes, fastened to machinery at the summit, one row of carts, loaded with quick lime, was made to descend, and, at the same time, to draw up another row of carts, moving in a way parallel to the first, and loaded with coal. The coal is discharged at the top of the hill, and the lime at the bottom, and then the coal cart takes a load of lime, and the lime cart a load of coal. The former being made the heavier, now descends, and the latter rises, and thus they move up and down the hill, performing an important service without any other aid than the power of gravity.

My companion proved to be a pleasant man, and contributed not a little to the pleasure of my ride. He discovered a strong disposition to know something of my history, and I was disposed to gratify a kind of curiosity which I found was not peculiar to New-England. Nor had I any reason to regret that I had not adhered to that cautious reserve, which is more safe than amiable, and which, although it may sometimes secure one from imposition, may also prevent him from forming those transient intimacies, which contribute not a little to the enjoyment and instruction of a traveller. I frankly gave my companion all the information which he appeared to desire, and in return he gave me his name and residence, and invited me to share

the hospitality of his house in Nottinghamshire, when I should visit those parts.

He seemed much astonished that an American should take so much pains to visit curiosities which he had passed by, for more than thirty years, without once looking at them, and now wisely determined that he would go and see them.

He was a warm friend to the American revolution, and a great admirer of Washington.

Our roads soon parted, we shook hands, and I reached Buxton soon after nine o'clock at night.

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#### NO. VIII.—BUXTON TO LEICESTER.

Buxton—Situation—Climate—Its mineral waters—Ride to Ashburn—Singular hills—Sudden contrast—Leicestershire—Great beauty of the country—Curiosity—Leicester—Bosworth fields—Richard III—Singular use made of his coffin.

#### BUXTON.

*May 17.*—Buxton is a neat village, situated in a valley in the edge of Derbyshire. It is surrounded by lofty hills and mountains, in some of which are numerous lime pits. It was a Roman station, and its celebrated warm springs are believed to have been known to the Romans. It was one of the residences of Mary queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment in England.

The country in which Buxton lies is dreary and barren, except the vallies, which are verdant and beauti-

ful, and generally have a stream of water running through them. The climate here is rainy and tempestuous, yet Buxton is much resorted to for health by invalids, and still more for amusement by the nobility and gentry, many of whom spend the summer at this and other watering places.

For their accommodation, the Duke of Devonshire has erected a magnificent crescent of stone. It is a very extensive range of houses and shops, with a grand colonade and piazza extending along the front, so as to form but one whole, which strikes the eye of a traveller very forcibly, when descending from the neighbouring hills. In the crescent is every accommodation which real suffering can need, or the caprice of idleness, health, and affluence demand. There is also a vast appendage of stables, which forms another crescent scarcely less magnificent than the first.

The water hardly deserves to be ranked among mineral springs, because its impregnation is extremely weak. A gallon of it does not contain more than 15 grains of saline matter, most of which is common lime stone; there is also a small portion of plaister of paris, and a still smaller of marine salt. It contains no gaseous matter except one part in sixty-four of azot. Its solid contents are therefore such as are commonly found in spring water, and I could not perceive any thing peculiar in its taste. Yet this water is used with great benefit by invalids, especially by rheumatic, dyspeptic, and nephritic patients, and it is probable that its efficacy is derived principally from the temperature, at least in cases of external application; for the water is invariably at the temperature of 81° or 82°, and as there is a copious supply, fine baths may



be constantly had at Buxton. They are both private and public; some of the latter are magnificent and sufficiently large to swim in. The Buxton waters can hardly be denominated hot; they are rather tepid.

Dr. Saunders (Treatise on mineral waters, p. 141,) remarks: "As the temperature of  $82^{\circ}$  is several degrees below that of the human body there is a slight shock of cold felt on the first immersion into this bath, but this is almost immediately succeeded by a highly soothing and pleasurable glow over the whole body, which persons often express to be as if the skin was anointed with warm cream, and is entirely the effect of temperature combined with that of simple moisture."

He informs us also that the term Buxton Bath, has now become generic, being used as a general expression for tepid baths.

At nine o'clock in the morning, I resumed my seat in the stage, and proceeded to Ashborn, where our party dined. Our route, for the first twelve miles, lay through a country as dreary and barren as I have ever beheld. Bleak sterile hills, destitute of verdure, and, excepting a few recent plantations, without a tree or a shrub, attended us continually. Many of these hills were lofty, and might properly be denominated mountains. They were extensively covered with a dark brown furze, which gave them an appearance as desolate as if they had been swept by the blasts of a polar winter, and arid as though they had been scorched by the lightning of heaven. But just before we reached Ashborn, the scene was completely reversed. As we descend-

ed into the charming vale through which flows the river Dove, on whose banks Ashborn stands, we were gratified with an exhibition of extensive meadows, and all the beauty, which clear streams, green grass, and exuberant foliage, could bestow.

The same scenery continued to Derby, which is 33 miles from Buxton. The town was full of soldiers, and not a bed could be procured at the public-houses. I was therefore compelled to abandon the design which I had entertained of remaining there a day or two, and immediately proceeded in the stage for Leicester.

Derby is a handsome although ancient town, containing about 10,000 inhabitants. It is celebrated for its extensive silk mills.

The Scotch rebels in 1745 made no farther progress south than this place. The celebrated Dr. Darwin resided here.

Our route to Leicester was through a most enchanting country. The distance from Derby is 28 miles, and the scenery in every part of the way was beautiful in the extreme. The surface was generally level, adorned with frequent groves, neat hedge rows, and verdure so deep and rich, that it resembled rather green velvet than grass. The fruit trees were in many instances in blossom, and gave an air of gaiety to the villages and towns through which we passed. Among the chief of these were Loughborough and Mount Sorrel.

Leicestershire is a county of great agricultural wealth, and celebrated for an excellent breed of sheep; they are not of the largest species, but very fat, with abundant fleeces of fine wool.

In the course of this day's ride I was directly interrogated concerning my name and personal history.

## LEICESTER.

*May 18.*—I rose at 6 o'clock this morning, and having some little time to spare, before the setting out of the coach, I employed a part of it in walking around the streets of Leicester. I cannot, however, pretend, from such very limited observations, to give an account of the town. Most of those streets through which I passed were narrow, but there was a tolerable number of good buildings. I regret that I had not time to see the remains of an ancient and very extensive castle, formerly belonging to the great Duke of Lancaster, and it would have given me still greater pleasure to have visited Bosworth Fields, near this town, where you will remember that Henry VII. then Earl of Richmond, gained the crown of England, and Richard III. lost it with his life. There are few events in English history which excite a more general interest; the stake was a kingdom,—the characters of the combatants were splendid,—and that of Richard, especially, was surrounded with a kind of atrocious and sanguinary greatness. Besides, the genius of Shakspeare has added a fascination to the subject, which makes us imagine that we listen to the groans which disturbed the slumbers of the royal murderer, on the night before the fatal contest, and causes us to hear him exclaim, amidst the din of battle,—my kingdom for a horse! After one has been delighted with a fine historical drama or poem, he is always prone to conceive of the facts as the poet and not as

the historian has related them. Who has not substituted the paradise which Milton has painted, instead of the strong but incomplete sketch of the scriptures; and who does not conceive of Richard as Shakspeare and not as Hume has drawn him?

Leicester contains about 16,000 inhabitants;—it sends two members to Parliament, and is the capital of Leicestershire. Cardinal Wolsey died here, and here Richard III. was buried. At the beginning of the last century his coffin was converted into a trough for horses to drink out of, and was actually used for that purpose at a public-house in this town.

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#### NO. IX.—LEICESTER TO BIRMINGHAM.

Ride to Coventry—Ladies and band-boxes—A military companion—His views of the army—Coventry election—Crowd—Confusion—Uproar—Drunkennes—Ludicrous scene—Violence of English elections.

#### RIDE TO COVENTRY.

At 7 o'clock A. M. I stepped into the coach for Birmingham. It was a small vehicle, capable of carrying four passengers inside with convenience, and six with difficulty. Although I had a priority of claim, I found five ladies already seated in the coach, and some of them were such beauties as Addison says are estimated at Haarlem by weight. Four of them carried huge band-boxes in their laps, and the fifth an infant. In so small a carriage, and

under such circumstances, you cannot but suppose that an additional one must have occasioned some inconvenience. I was obliged to sit sidewise, with one arm out of the coach, and I found my companions so little disposed for conversation, and the situation so uncomfortable, that, before we had travelled a mile, I relinquished my seat in favour of the ladies, and mounted the roof of the coach.

Three or four miles from Leicester we passed Bosworth Fields at some distance; the coachman pointed them out to me. We passed through Nuneaton, a considerable town, and as we approached Coventry, the country became luxuriantly beautiful. We saw frequent coal mines, and while they changed horses we looked at the mouth of one. The access was down a pit, precisely like a well, only much wider; through this opening the coal is drawn up by means of machinery, and the people and implements are let down.

#### COVENTRY ELECTION.

When we arrived at Coventry, we found the street leading to the inn where we were to dine, so obstructed by crowds of people, that we were compelled to stop the coach at a considerable distance from the house, and to make our way as well as we could, with no small inconvenience, and some hazard of being pressed more than was perfectly agreeable. The greatest crowd was immediately before our door, and we learned that it was occasioned by a contested election, at that moment held, for a member of Parliament for Coventry. I had heard much of English elections, and thought myself very fortunate in having an opportunity to see the bustle of such an oc-

casian. But I am quite satisfied with one exhibition of the kind, nor do I wish ever to behold another. For, never before did I witness such a scene of drunkenness, uproar and riot. The genius of M'Fingal or of Hudibras alone could convey to you an adequate idea of a state of things, in which was most forcibly exhibited the majesty of the sovereign people exercising the right of *unbiased* suffrage.

The candidates were a Mr. Mills of Coventry and a Mr. Parry of London. The friends of Mr. Parry alleged that Mr. Mills was a friend to the rich;—that he was in favour of enclosing the common land, which would injure the poor; and in short, that he was an aristocrat, and did not care for the people. In favour of Mr. Parry they said that *he* was the people's *friend*.

It seems that the voters at English elections do not necessarily reside on the spot; many live in remote towns, and when the period of the election arrives they are transported to the place by the candidates whose cause they espouse, and are maintained by them free of expense during the contest, which frequently lasts two or three weeks. It is stated, in extenuation of this practice, that some of the electors, and especially mechanics and labourers, cannot afford to leave their homes and pursuits, to travel to a distant county, and remain at their own charge during a contested election, and that therefore it is but reasonable that the candidates should sustain this expense. However plausible this statement may appear, it is certain that it is only an apology for an indirect species of bribery, not less effectual than the direct giving of money. For, under the

pretence of maintaining their voters, the candidates buy them with wine, whiskey and dinners, for he is always the best patriot who gives the people the most good things.

In this instance the adherents of the two rival candidates were distinguished by papers on their hats, having the names of the men whom they supported written upon them. The poll was held in a building, which appeared to be the market, and the respective parties were striving each to prevent the other from getting up to the poll to give in their votes. For this purpose, they did not hesitate to use every degree of violence short of blows. The contest was principally in pushing; the two contending parties were arrayed in opposition, like two armies, and when they came up to the poll, the two fronts met, and in every instance a violent contest ensued; hands to hands, face to face, shoulder to shoulder, and when one party gave way, the other would press tumultuously on, till all fell in a promiscuous heap. Then the victorious party, rising from off their fallen antagonists, would shout, vociferating huzzas, throwing their hats into the air, and making it ring with Mills! Mills! or Parry! Parry! according as one or the other prevailed. In these contests, which appeared to be, in the main, rather good natured, individuals occasionally kindled into rage, and bloody noses, and torn coats and shirts were usually the consequence. I saw one man who had lost half his coat and half his shirt, and his bleeding back and face were marked with the talons of some rival voter. Although it was a lamentable picture of human nature, one could not

but consider it as a well acted farce, and notwithstanding the regret which one educated a republican would feel at the gross abuse of the highest republican privilege, it was impossible to help laughing at so ludicrous a scene. The mob were all monarchs, for they were "all noisy and all drunk." The alternate victors, in the intervals of the contests, sung a kind of chorus, with loud acclamations, frantic gestures, and convulsive expressions of joy in their features. The bottle went merrily round, over the heads of the populace, and it was amusing enough to see the address used to get it to the mouth. The crowd was so great, and such the eagerness to seize the bottle, that it was constantly held up, at arm's length, above the head, and thus it moved on in the air, one man wresting it from another, and sometimes half a dozen hands had hold of it at once. At length some one more resolute than his neighbours, or less drunk than they, would grasp the bottle, and when, with much effort, it had acquired a determinate direction towards a particular throat, so great was the justling and shoving, that the wide mouthed expectant would sometimes make several unsuccessful attempts to close his lips upon the nozzle, and in the mean time, the liquor would be running in streams into his face and bosom.

Even the softer sex seemed to be inspired with the madness of the occasion. They were to be seen standing on heads of barrels, on the street-railings, and wherever else they could find situations a little more elevated and secure than the ground; and occasionally they mixed with the crowd, joined in the



strife and acclamations, and encouraged their husbands, brothers, and lovers by reproaches and praises, frowns and applauses, according as the parties whose cause they favoured were victorious or defeated.

The parties were very nearly equal in numbers, the contest had already continued several days, and it was thought it would cost Mr. Parry 20,000*l.* He was present and was pointed out to me, standing among the crowd. I know not whether this election is to be regarded as a fair sample of similar things in England, but I recollect to have heard a gentleman say, at Liverpool, that these contests sometimes end in blood; that he had seen them, on some occasions, unpave a whole street, when every window and lamp would fly to pieces. Such violences of course endanger life, and if no fatal consequences ensue, it is not because they might not have been expected.

They informed me at Coventry that Mr. Parry was supported by a powerful money interest and might therefore prevail, but, that Mr. Mills was universally preferred by the more considerate and substantial part of the community.\*

At 3 o'clock we proceeded through a country less fertile than that which we had passed in the morning; the village of Meriden came in our way, but no town of any importance occurred before we reached Birmingham, which we did at half past 5 o'clock, P. M.

\* I understood, after my arrival in London, that Mr. Mills gained the election.

## NO. X.—BIRMINGHAM TO LONDON.

Birmingham—Watt and Bolton—Dr. Priestley—Ride to Oxford—Stratford on Avon—Caution in descending hills—Woodstock—Oxford—Costume of the academics—Grandeur and beauty of the town—Ride to London—Henley—Beauty of the country—A beggar—Approach to the metropolis—Equipages—Hounslow heath—Arrival in London.

## BIRMINGHAM.

The environs of this town, which stands on a side hill, are very beautiful. As we approached, we discovered it to be a great city, apparently equal in extent to New-York or Philadelphia. Its population is about 73,000. The lower town, which is the old part, is crowded and dirty; it is filled with work-shops and ware-houses. Indeed, had we not known that we had arrived in a great manufacturing town the fact would have been sufficiently announced, by the disagreeable fumes and mixed effluvia which loaded the air as we drove into the thicket of houses, and by the fuliginous tinge which every thing had acquired. You will doubtless think it strange that I have seen almost nothing of the manufactures of Birmingham, celebrated as it is all over the world for its curious productions, especially those formed from the various metals. The highly characteristic designation of Mr. Burke is not less trite than it is just, for Birmingham is not merely the toy-shop of Europe, it is almost the toy-shop of the world. It is needless to remind you that it is in this town that Watt and Bolton have, by means of the steam engine, given a facility and ex-

pedition to manufacturing industry, which was totally unknown before. I had however no hopes of seeing their establishment, as they deny admittance to all, without distinction. It is said that the Duke of Norfolk lately made a journey from London, on purpose to see these works, but was denied admittance. It was however my plan to have stayed at Birmingham several days, but circumstances, which it is unnecessary to mention here, rendered it indispensable that I should proceed immediately to London. From personal observation, I know therefore nothing more of Birmingham than what could be learned in somewhat less than two hours, which were spent principally in walking about the streets. The higher part of the town contains many new streets, in which the buildings are regular and handsome. In the vicinity of the city, they pointed out to me the ruins of a country seat, destroyed by the mob which burnt Dr. Priestley's house. Such Vandalism is disgraceful to the age, and has left a serious stain on Birmingham.

After tea, finding a stage coach just setting out for Oxford, I took my seat in that, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

The night was dark and inclement, but four of us rode very comfortably inside, while our fellow-travellers, on the roof, (among whom were several females,) were drenched by a cold rain. It was a subject of serious regret that I was compelled to go through any part of England in the dark. Of the country through which I thus passed, without seeing it, I shall say little more than that we supped in the town of Stratford on Avon, memorable as

having been the birth place of *Shakspeare*. They pointed out the cluster of houses, in one of which he was born. It was midnight when we arrived in the town; except at the inn, the inhabitants were all asleep, and therefore I could not visit *Shakspeare's* monument, which is still standing in the church.

We passed through many towns and villages, and over a country in some places very hilly. They took the wise precaution of chaining a wheel at the top of every steep hill, a practice which is common in England, and which is rendered doubly necessary by the great weight of people and luggage which an English stage coach carries on its roof. I have been one of a party of eighteen, twelve of whom were on the top.

*May 19.*—The day had dawned when we drove into Woodstock, and, through the grey of the morning, we glanced at the magnificent palace of the great Duke of Marlborough, erected for him by the nation, to commemorate the most splendid of his victories, and distinguished by the triumphant appellation of *Blenheim Palace*.

We feel strongly the vanity of military glory, when we remember that this great man now lies as low as the thousands who died on the fields of *Blenheim*!

Napoleon, in his turn, will follow those whom he slew at *Marengo* and *Lodi*, and his course, like the path of a meteor, luminous for a while, will fade on the eye, and ultimately be obscured by the oblivion of ages.

Oxford is sixty-three miles from Birmingham. We arrived in the former town a little after four o'clock in the morning, and I found a comfortable bed at the *Angel inn*.

## OXFORD.

The same causes which prevented me from remaining some time at Birmingham, will render my stay in Oxford so short, that I shall disappoint the reasonable expectations which you will form of receiving information concerning it. I however regret the circumstance the less, because I have it in view to visit Oxford again, when I am more at leisure.\*

The fatigue of travelling through the night prevented my rising in season for the morning service; but, in the afternoon, I went to the church of St. Mary, an ancient Gothic structure, belonging to Queen's College.

The officers and students of this college attended, and we had the best sermon which I have heard in England. I suppose the gentleman who delivered it was the Professor of Theology. His discourse was, in sentiment, correct, and in style manly, perspicuous, and elegant.

The officers and students all wear a loose black gown over their dress, which is like that of other gentlemen. They wear a black velvet cap, fitting the head exactly, like the crown of the hat before the modern high hats came into fashion. This cap is destitute of a rim or border, of any kind, either for ornament or use, and thus the face and eyes are completely exposed to the weather. On the very pinnacle of the cap is fixed a square board, covered also with black; it looks as a thin book would do, if laid on the crown of the head. From the middle of this, a tassel falls over on one side of the head. This is usually black, but, in the case of noblemen, it is of gold, and there

\* This purpose was frustrated by subsequent events.

are other variations in the singular costume which I have described, intended to designate academic as well as civil rank. The effect of the whole is somewhat ludicrous, at the same time that it is grave and even solemn. When the members of the university are out of Oxford, they throw off this garb, and appear like other men.

At the inn where I lodged, I accidentally met Mr. D——. We had been at Yale College together, some years ago, and neither of us, I believe, would have thought of our meeting at Oxford. We of course became associates; for it was an interesting discovery to find an old acquaintance where one supposed himself surrounded only by strangers, and we agreed to travel to London together.

Towards evening we made, in part, the circuit of Oxford and its environs, and viewed the exterior of most of the academic buildings, and the interior of some. The buildings are generally in the form of a hollow square; the included space forms a court which is commonly verdant and beautiful.

In one of the chapels we saw a curious production of art. It was a picture of a man, made by tracing the lines on a board with a hot poker. We were informed that one of the fellows, by amusing himself with burning a board with this instrument, gradually passed to attempting rude delineations, and ultimately acquired so much skill, as to leave this monument of his singular taste behind him; it is by no means deficient in elegance and effect.

Oxford is a place of great grandeur and beauty. It is situated in the midst of a country whose verdure is very rich and luxuriant. It stands at the intersection

of the Thames and Cherwell, and these rivers and the canals are bordered by gravel walks, and rows of ancient, lofty, and venerable trees; these are so numerous in the town, that the buildings are often overshadowed by them, and appear as if in a forest. The whole town has an unrivalled air of magnificence and dignity. No place ever impressed me with such feelings of admiration and awe, and I presume it is without a parallel in the world. Instead of the narrow and dirty lanes of trading towns, and the confused noise of commerce, there are spacious and quiet streets, with fine houses of stone, built in a very good taste. But what produces the principal effect is the great number of academic buildings, in a style of much grandeur, and rendered venerable by strong marks of antiquity. The effect is very much heightened by the frequent avenues of lofty forest-trees, and by the historical associations naturally connected with a university which claims *Alfred the Great* for its founder. The most considerable of the colleges here is that of Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey; and the most extensive and beautiful walk is in the rear of this.

Oxford contains nearly 12,000 inhabitants. It was distinguished for its strong partiality to Charles I. who held his court here during the whole of the civil wars. It is built principally on two streets, which cross each other at right angles, and the high street is considered as one of the finest in Europe. It is terminated by a beautiful bridge. The circumference of Oxford is said to be three miles, and its form circular. My travelling book says that there are thirteen parish churches, but I did not see them all. The number of colleges and other similar institutions is twenty-five. They in-

formed me that the number of students in the university was about 1200, and that Christ Church college has more than any other. There is a fashion in these things, and the nobility and men of fortune are found principally at Christ Church.

*May 20.*—At seven o'clock in the morning Mr. D—— and I proceeded on the roof of the coach for London. We passed through several inconsiderable places—Nunchani, Shillingford, Bensington, Nettlebed, and Bix, and stopped to change horses at Henley, a considerable town on the banks of the Thames. The country from Oxford to this place did not appear to be naturally very fertile, but it is highly cultivated, and presents much picturesque scenery of hills and dales, rivers and extensive tracts of wood. We were surprised at seeing so much wood in so old a country. It appeared however to be principally of modern planting. Beds of chalk were very common along the road; there is much flint imbedded in it, in fantastic nodules;—with the latter they repair the roads—it is broken into small pieces, for this purpose, and covered with gravel.

At Henley we crossed the Thames. The country is here extremely beautiful—the banks of the river were highly verdant;—a dense wood, belonging to a country seat of Lord Malmsbury, formed a fine green slope on the declivity of a hill, which rose gradually from the river, and its shades were enlivened by the notes of the nightingale, and other birds of song, which we heard although we could not see them. Every thing around us was arrayed in the beauty of spring, and amidst the gaiety of flowers and verdure, it was easy to see that Thomson painted from nature in the first of his



delightful poems on the seasons. As we slowly ascended the hill, a blind boy, led by a little girl with a string, played the violin by the side of the coach. It was a decent mode of asking charity, which he obtained more readily this way than he would have done by begging.

We travelled through a beautiful country, and passed the villages of Hurley, Maidenhead, Salhill, and Slough, leaving on our right the lofty turrets of Windsor Castle. From Slough onward, the crowd of post chaises, coaches and six, and splendid equipages, of every description, indicated our approach to the capital. There was, on this occasion, as we were informed, a more than ordinary crowd, because the Queen gave, that night, a splendid ball at Windsor, and the nobility and gentry were flocking to the royal presence. There is a carriage recently introduced into England called *the barouche*; it is a kind of elliptical coach, of which the top falls on springs like a calash, and leaves the inside entirely open for air and prospect. We saw ladies half reclining in such carriages, and reading elegant volumes, while the slow motion, over very smooth roads, seemed to interrupt them as little as the rattling of our stage coach or the cracking of the coachman's whip as we hurried by.

From Slough we went to Colnbrook, and thence over the dreary tract of Hounslow heath, a mere desert, of five miles extent, covered with black furze. It is almost destitute of cultivation and of habitations;—only a few sheep are to be seen, here and there, grazing upon it, and, but for the constant travelling and the absence of trees, it might be taken

for a part of an American wild. Yet the whole of it is within ten miles of the capital. We soon began to perceive a cloud of smoke hanging over London, and designating its situation. We arrived at Brentford, a large town, seven miles from London, and there the houses formed almost a continued row, so that one might have supposed himself riding through a street of the city.

Hyde Park, with its extended fields, fine forest trees, and promiscuous assemblage of pedestrians, coaches and horsemen, soon came into view on our left;—we whirled rapidly by it, and, at Hyde Park corner, abruptly entered the Metropolis of the commercial world. We drove through Piccadilly, and were instantly involved in the noise and tumult of London. We were obliged to hold fast as we were driven furiously over rough pavements, while the clattering of the wheels, the sounding of the coachman's horn, and the sharp reverberations of his whip, had there been no other noises, would have drowned conversation, and left us to admire and wonder in silence, at the splendor of the English capital. I had long been anticipating the emotions which I should experience on entering London. But, I was not a little disappointed at finding myself perfectly unmoved, and was disposed to conclude that one great city is very much like another, and does not suddenly impress a stranger with an idea of its magnitude, since only a small portion can be seen at once. We were driven through the Strand, Temple Bar, which is one of the ancient gates of the city, and Fleet-street. The coach stopped at the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill. The coachman, by a short

turn, drove us, with astonishing swiftness, through a narrow opening, where the least deviation would have overturned the coach, and we were set down in a large back yard, full of coaches, horses, servants, and baggage.



NO. XI.—LONDON.

The Bell Savage Inn—St Paul's—Take lodgings—Manner of living—Boarding-houses almost unknown—Expense and convenience of lodgings—London intricate—Eating-houses—Letters—The Monument of London—Opening of the new dock—Ceremonies on the occasion.

*May 20.*—To have arrived thus happily in London, after almost two months of travelling, by sea and land, was certainly a subject of joy and gratitude. It was 5 o'clock P. M. when we stepped down from the coach, and took lodgings for the night at the *Bell Savage*. This was a public-house a century ago, and gave occasion for the wit of Addison to investigate the derivation of its name. He informs us that it alludes to a French story of a very beautiful woman found in a wilderness, whence the romance, built upon this incident, is entitled *La Belle Sauvage*. This was probably at first the sign of the house, but the allusion has been so long forgotten that even the orthography is changed, and we find it no longer *La Belle Sauvage*, but the *Bell Savage*.

After dinner we went into St. Paul's Church, which

was within a few rods of our lodgings. It is a sublime building, and when I looked up through its stupendous dome, I saw an exhibition of architectural grandeur, which I had never witnessed before.

I shall now, my dear brother, cease for some months to be a traveller, and shall become a settled resident in London. Of this city of cities, you will not expect me to attempt any thing like a regular and full account. As volumes would not suffice for the purpose, it would be arrogance in me to suppose that a residence of a few months can qualify me for the task, even if entirely at leisure for observation. And when the daily calls of business, with engagements of ceremony and civility, are taken into the account, it will become me still more to be modest in drawing general conclusions concerning so vast a city as London. But, it may perhaps be still in my power to impart some information which will be interesting to you, since one cannot well mistake concerning facts passing daily before him, and needing only the faithful use of his senses. During my residence in London, I shall therefore endeavour to give such notices of the objects which occur in my daily walks, as shall exhibit to you the most striking outlines of the picture, although it is probable that I shall rarely be able to add all the colouring and shades necessary to fill it up completely.

*May 21.*—Not being engaged in commercial business, I took lodgings near Cavendish Square, in a part of Westminster, which is at once airy, clean, and quiet. The recommendation of a friend in New-York, who had resided in the same house, gave me entire confidence in the people, and a letter of in-

roduction from him, (for he had been a great favourite there) procured me all the kindness and sedulous attention which I could have wished.

The method in which men without families usually live in London is very different from that which prevails in our great towns. Here, boarding-houses are unknown, or, if known, are hardly reputable places of residence. Single men therefore reside in lodgings, that is, they have furnished apartments in private houses, commonly a bed chamber and a parlour; sometimes they have a third room for a dressing chamber; but this is an unnecessary appendage. The apartments will cost from half a guinea to three or four guineas a week, according as they are more or less splendid, or are situated in a fashionable or obscure part of the town, and their location is a matter of no small importance to the reception of a stranger. The Londoners will not call on a man who resides in some dirty alley or dark court, for the impression is at once that he is not genteel. In general, lodgings sufficiently comfortable and respectable may be obtained from one to two guineas a week. In them it is expected that the tenant will take his breakfast and tea, which is procured for him by the servants of the house, at his own expense, over and above the rent of the rooms. The articles are purchased for him, and he pays the neat cost without any additional bill for the labour of preparing the food. He is expected to dine out, either at a coffee-house, or wherever business or engagements of civility may lead him. In some houses they will prepare an occasional dinner for you, when ill health or bad weather renders it inconvenient to go abroad,

but this is regarded as an extra indulgence, which you cannot claim as a right. This method of living is much more comfortable than ours, and it secures to one the command of his own time, with all the retirement of domestic life.

Mr. D—— and I feeling impatient to get something like a general idea of the appearance of London, set out and walked at random. We passed street after street, and turned corner after corner, till our little knowledge of the town, (his, gained from having once before been here, for a short time, and mine from an inspection of the map,) was exhausted, and we wandered on till our heads were completely turned, and we were lost in endless mazes of shops, houses, courts, and streets. When we inquired the way to Cavendish Square, the directions were even less intelligible than the town itself; no hackney coaches were to be found, and we at last concluded that, as even London must have an end, we would persist till we should find it, and then endeavour to correct our reckoning, and start fairly for a return. We rambled on, a tedious length of way, till we found ourselves at Spa Fields, a watering place, with a chalybeate spring and tea gardens, just on the border of London. The refreshments of the place were rendered welcome by extreme fatigue, and after being, again and again, bewildered, we at length reached our lodgings, with the wholesome lesson which experience had taught us, that a stranger should not trust himself in London without a guide, or ample directions. A method which we soon found it necessary to adopt was to plan every excursion with the aid of the map, and to make out

on a pocket card, in their proper succession, a list of the streets through which we wished to pass.

*May 22.*—The number of eating houses in London is immense. You can hardly pass through a street without finding one, and in the earliest excursion which I had occasion to make for a dinner, I went into the first house of this description which I saw. I cannot say that it was very cleanly or comfortable, and accordingly, a charge of only one shilling and six pence was made for the dinner. On returning to my lodgings, I was beginning to boast to Mr. D—— how cheaply I had dined, but he soon silenced me by declaring that he had just dined for six pence. You will not suppose that I shall be solicitous to extend my experiments very far in this way, but these facts will tend to evince how completely in London a man may accommodate his living to his wishes or circumstances. He may, if he pleases, dine at the London Coffee-house for a guinea, or he may descend into a cellar and dine for three pence.

*May 23.*—The business of delivering my letters of introduction, and of imposing upon strangers an obligation to be civil to me, was what I now found it indispensable to set seriously about. From the unpleasant nature of the duty I wished to defer it to the latest moment, and, still more, that by becoming a little acquainted with the streets, I might be enabled to take my new friends, as much as possible, by house rows; so that, in delivering letters to people scattered all over this immense town, I might not cross my track more frequently than was necessary. The ceremonies connected with intro-

duction in England are precisely the same with ours. Most of those to whom I had letters were not at home. This circumstance with the aid of a coach enabled me to dispatch the business within a moderate period ; cards were left with most of the letters, and as this is the *legal service* which the customs of society have every where established, I have nothing more to do than to wait the result.

#### THE MONUMENT,

erected by Sir Christopher Wren, under the direction of Charles II. to commemorate the great fire in 1666, coming in my way, I ascended to the iron gallery near the top. This monument is a fluted column of the Doric order ; its diameter at the base is 15 feet, and its height 202 feet. The ascent is by 345 stone steps winding spirally along the inside. Such constant turning and turning, for such a length of way, makes ones brains giddy, and his knees totter beneath him.

The tubular form of the monument in which there are openings to admit light and air, wonderfully increases the noise of the city and of London bridge, and the roaring of the wind, so that I was almost deafened with the incessant and confused din of wheels and cries.

The English consider this monument as the most beautiful pillar in the world. Unfortunately it stands in an obscure situation on rather low ground, near the bank of the river and within 200 yards of London bridge. On an eminence it would be a most commanding object. But its situation is nevertheless proper, as it stands on the spot where the fire broke out which destroyed a great part of London.



On the pedestal of the monument, there is a Latin inscription, giving an account of the event and of the manner in which the expense of erecting the pillar was defrayed. All this is very well, but no one will believe the charge which is added, that the fire was kindled by the Roman Catholics.

The day being clear, I enjoyed from the iron gallery near the top of the monument, a fine view of London and its environs. It is indeed a vast city; it is a world. Southwark alone would make a great figure if placed by itself, but, connected with London, it is only the hem of the garment.

#### OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK.

*May 25.*—By the politeness of Mr. W—— I was admitted this morning to see the ceremonies at the opening of the new dock at Wapping. Wapping is quite at the lower extremity of London, contiguous to that part of the river where the ships lie in great numbers. It is the resort of sailors, and people connected with navigation, and is not considered as being within the limits of gentility and fashion. We found the streets narrow and dirty, and they were crowded for a mile or more with men, women, and children, hanging about the doors and windows, with the delusive expectation of seeing the king, queen, and royal family, who, as fame had reported, were to attend the opening of the dock. These people were more ragged, filthy, and apparently wretched, than any class whom I have ever seen. Yet they were eager to gaze on the king, who does not often honour the lanes of Wapping with his presence.

It was the Sabbath of the Jews and *this despised* people formed a considerable part of the crowd in

the streets. Most of the graver men wear their beards at full length, and some among them, distinguished by full robes, were said to be Rabbis. In the reproaches and ridicule every where poured upon the Jews, we observe a living and striking fulfilment of the prophecy of their great legislator, that they should become "an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all nations."

The docks which we went to see are precisely like those at Liverpool, except that they are much larger, and are enclosed by a high brick wall, the object of which is to prevent thefts. These docks have been constructed at a vast expense, by removing many hundreds of houses to make way for them, and by making them of such extent as to contain more than 500 ships with room to shift places. There are within the walls very extensive warehouses for the reception of goods, and the tobacco warehouse, which covers six acres of ground, is said to be the largest in the world. All this great accommodation for ships is so much added to the capacity of the river, which is always exceedingly crowded, and the dock has a very great superiority in point of safety.

Some distance below the Wapping dock is another in the Isle of Dogs. The Isle of Dogs\* is a marshy peninsula, formed by a large curve which the river takes in a course almost circular. They have cut through the neck of this peninsula, and formed the cavity into an extensive dock for the West-India trade. This trade therefore deposits its

\* It is said that a royal kennel was once kept here which gave origin to the name.

cargoes at a considerable distance below London, and as it usually arrives in fleets, much damage, which was formerly sustained when it lay in the bed of the river, is now avoided.

The West-India docks cover between 50 and 60 acres of ground; they can receive many hundreds of ships, and have immense ranges of ware-houses within the walls. Such magnificent proofs of commercial prosperity the world has never seen before.

So great was the crowd that it was a long time before we could gain admission within the walls of the new dock. We had to pass through a small door where only one or two were permitted to enter at once. A railed passage led to the door, and we were jostled and pressed for an hour amidst heat and dust before we could advance one hundred yards to the gate. At length we entered, and, soon after, the Lord Mayor and other distinguished personages arrived in their coaches. The great doors were thrown open and the gaping crowd flocked around to pay their silent homage to office, rank, and splendor.

The precise object of the ceremony of the day was to celebrate the admission of the first ships into the dock, which was then just finished.

Accordingly, at the appointed moment, the water gates of the dock were thrown open, and two ships, decorated with the colours of all nations, entered, under the discharge of cannon, and with martial music from two bands on shore. Some thousands of spectators were looking on. The colours of France were hung beneath the bowsprit, and dragged along in that situation, half immersed in water. The American

colours were suspended from the mizen top-mast stay, a place of about middle honour; those of Denmark and Sweden were above them.

We have been disobedient children, and our good mother, although seemingly reconciled, suffers, now and then, a shadow of displeasure to pass over her mind. This was the whole ceremony of the day, except the patriotic conclusion of dining.

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#### NO. XII.—LONDON.

The tower—Origin—Extent—Yeomen of the guards—Tower guns—The Spanish armoury—Queen Elizabeth—Walking-stick of Henry VIII.—An ancient axe used at executions—Small armoury—Ancient cannon—Beautiful arrangement of small arms—Horse armoury—Kings on horseback—Armour of distinguished individuals—The regalia—Crowns, sceptres, diadems, &c.—Their great beauty and value—Wild beasts of the tower.

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON,

so famous in the history of England, is situated near the Wapping dock, and naturally attracted our attention next. Although it has been asserted that there was a fortification here in the time of Julius Cæsar, the tower is generally believed to have been erected by William the Conqueror. He trusted so much more to the fears than to the affection of his subjects, that he built the white tower to overawe the neighbouring city. The structures which now go under the name of the tower are numerous and various. So many al-

terations and additions have been made, by successive monarchs, that it is probable no portion of the buildings remains as the conqueror left them. The white tower presents a number of lofty turrets, which are visible from every elevated point in and about London. All that now passes under the name of the tower comprehends a great number of buildings, enclosed by a wall, which is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch. The space within the wall is more than twelve acres, and the surrounding ditch has a circuit of more than 3000 feet. A little town is included within the precincts of the tower; it is divided by a number of streets, and has a considerable population connected with the various public offices. Although the tower was originally built as a fortress, it would not hold out an hour against the assaults of modern war. Still the appearance and parade of a garrison are maintained; the gates are opened and shut with much formality;—a few cannon are mounted on the walls, and a considerable military force is maintained within. A part of this force consists of a corps of men called Yeomen of the Guards, and distinguished by a peculiar uniform, which is the same that was worn in the time of Henry VIII. They are a curious and ludicrous remnant of antiquity. “ Their coats have large sleeves and flowing skirts, made of fine scarlet cloth, laced round the edges and seams with several rows of gold lace, and a broad laced girdle round their waists. On their backs and breasts are the king’s silver badge, representing the thistle and rose, on which are the letters G. R. Their caps are round, flat at top, and tied about with bands of party-colored ribbands.”

The principal uses to which the tower is now appro-

priated, are for the mint, as a state prison, as a menage—as a deposit of some ancient records—of arms, and of the regalia of England. We often see, in the newspapers, accounts of the firing of the tower guns. These are not the cannon on the walls, as one would naturally suppose. The tower itself stands on the northern side of the Thames, immediately on its bank. Without the wall and the ditch, upon the side next the river, is a spacious and handsome wharf or platform, upon which are mounted on iron carriages, 61 nine-pounders. They are almost level with the river, and are fired only on state holydays, and other occasions of public rejoicing, especially when victories are announced.

With one of the yeomen of the guards for our guide, we entered the tower to view its principal curiosities. The venerable dress of this antique looking soldier produced a singular impression of solemnity and ridicule. We could scarcely avoid the persuasion that our guide was really two or three centuries old, and had ministered in person to the great champion of jealous husbands, the capricious and uxorious Henry.

The first apartment which we visited was the Spanish Armoury, for so they call the room in which are deposited the arms taken from the Spaniards, at the defeat of the famous Armada, so long the terror of England and the boast of Spain. These arms are kept in excellent order, being very bright, and so arranged as to exhibit them to much advantage. They appear perfectly sound, although the hands which wielded, and those which took them, are long since mouldered into dust.

They consist of spears, swords, battle-axes, shields,

pistols, and other implements of war. It was a high gratification to behold these authentic remnants of that celebrated expedition. In viewing the curiosities of the Tower, one has the agreeable reflection, that he may rely with perfect confidence upon the genuineness of all the antiques, without the danger of imposition, so common in similar cases; for England has never been plundered, nor in the power of an enemy, since the Norman invasion, a period of more than 700 years, and during all that time the Tower has been under the immediate control of government.

In the same room are shewn the thumb screws, and other instruments of torture, which the overweening confidence and fanatical cruelty of the Spaniards induced them to bring.

Their cruelty was not however without an object; they intended to compel the English to confess where their treasures were hidden, as their countryman Cortez did the heroic Montezuma.

Our conductor next raised a curtain at the end of the room, and we discovered a wax figure of Queen Elizabeth, standing by her horse, which is held by a page. The furniture of the horse, and the dress and armour of this Amazonian queen, are the same with which she appeared at the head of her brave army at Tilbury Fort, where she addressed them, in contemplation of the Spanish invasion, in the year 1588.

The horse is cream-coloured, and the queen is dressed in a white silk petticoat. Her dress seems more adapted to a ball-room than a camp, for it is sprinkled with pearls and spangles; the page holds her majesty's helmet, and the whole group, independently of historical truth, is very well executed.

Several other interesting articles are deposited in this room. There is a curious walking-stick here, which has four pistols so artfully concealed in one end of it, that, on a hasty view, no one would suspect this latent magazine. With this instrument Henry VIII. when a youth, used to patrol the streets of London by night, in disguise, ready to engage in any broil or mad adventure in which he might distinguish himself; for Henry was not less a bully than a tyrant. In this manner it is said that he was engaged in occasional rencounters with the watch. One may laugh at this ridiculous spirit of low-minded bravery, but emotions of a very opposite nature are excited by another instrument which is kept here. I allude to the axe with which the beautiful and innocent Ann Boleyn was beheaded, to gratify the jealousy of this same Henry. The history of this unfortunate lady has deeply interested posterity, and perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of more pathetic and moving eloquence than is exhibited by her in the last letter which she addressed to her inexorable lord, while she was confined in the Tower under sentence of death. The axe is shaped very much like a large cleaver. It has been more than once stained with noble blood, for with it, the Earl of Essex, so distinguished as the object of Elizabeth's weak partiality and subsequent severity, was also beheaded.

We next visited the small armoury, which is in another building, erected by William and Mary for its reception. In the lower room there was formerly a vast collection of artillery, the greater part of which is removed a little way down the river to Woolwich, now the principal deposit of the royal artillery. This



lower room is nearly 400 feet in length, by 50 in width, and 24 in height. It still contains a considerable collection of artillery, and a great many trophies obtained in different wars. Among these are two curious pieces taken at the battle of Ramillies by the great Duke of Marlborough, besides a number captured from the Spaniards, and other nations at various times.

Here is one of the earliest invented cannon; it is composed of bars of iron, welded together and bound by iron hoops. It has no carriage, but was moved by iron rings. Such is its size that it is incredible it could ever have been fired, unless the gunpowder of the age in which cannon were invented was wretchedly bad, for a small man might crawl in at the muzzle of the gun. Among a great variety of engines of destruction kept in this room, are the instruments with which grenades are thrown, and a mortar of astonishing size, with one of the bombs belonging to it.

Above stairs, in a room of nearly 350 feet in length, we were forcibly struck with the beautiful arrangement and dazzling brightness of 150,000 stand of arms, disposed in parallel rows, reaching from the floor to the wall. This was a sight of great beauty and splendour, for the muskets are all burnished, and in the finest order. It is said that there are usually about 200,000 stand of arms in this room.

Besides the muskets there is usually a great collection of swords, pistols, bayonets, and in short, almost every implement of death. The pistols, swords, and other of the smaller instruments, are fancifully arranged on the walls, so as to represent circles, church

windows, gorgons, hydras, &c. and thus produce a ludicrous effect, notwithstanding the really solemn reflection that all this formidable apparatus is prepared expressly for the destruction of mankind. On the walls are suspended a number of muskets taken from the Irish rebels at the bloody battle of the Boyne, and a collection of Highland broad swords and other arms, captured with the Scotch insurgents, who followed the fortunes of the Pretender. The walls are decorated with flags taken from the French at Malta, and there is a curious Maltese cannon, 16 feet long, and covered with the most exuberant ornaments.

This room undoubtedly affords one of the finest exhibitions of the kind in the world.

The horse armoury is still more interesting than the room which has just been described. In it is a great collection of ancient armour, such as was worn during the reign of the Conqueror, and from his period onward, till the introduction of fire arms made a total change in the art of war. The first thing that strikes one on entering the room, is the line of English kings from the Conqueror down, all mounted on horseback, arrayed in complete suits of armour, equipped with the weapons of those times, and attended by a long line of common soldiers, armed and clad in the fashion of the days of knight errantry. These suits of armour are no models or modern imitations, but the very authentic armour of the dark ages, and, ascertained, in many instances, to have belonged to particular distinguished individuals. For instance, the suit in which William, Prince of Orange is arrayed, is the same which was worn by

Edward the Black Prince, at the glorious battle of Cressy. Edward V. has the crown suspended over his head. You will remember that he was proclaimed, but never crowned. The horses are very well executed, and the faces of the monarchs are no contemptible imitations of their portraits. There is the gigantic armour of John of Gaunt, seven feet high, with his sword and lance of correspondent dimensions. It seems scarcely credible that such a suit of armour was ever worn, yet one can hardly suppose that it would have been made unless there had been a man to wear it. Such a suit would have rendered "him of Gath," invulnerable by the sling and pebbles of the youthful shepherd. There is a suit of armour here rough from the hammer, as it was beaten out for Henry VIII. when 18 years old; it is six feet high, but as it proved too small for him, it was never finished.

This collection of ancient armour is very interesting, and although it was extremely gratifying to my curiosity, I felt it to be still more important as illustrating history. One is thus enabled to form a very perfect idea of the appearance of European armies before the invention of gunpowder, and of the modern art of war which has resulted from it. In some instances, the armour is so complete that it covers every inch of the person, even the feet, hands, and face; the very boots are burnished steel, and the whole man exhibits a brilliant surface of the same materials. It is easy to conceive that in a bright day, an army thus equipped must have made a very splendid appearance, for, not the riders only, but the horses too were clad in armour. The common

horses probably were not, and the common soldiers were covered only in part. This armour was very properly laid aside when the invention of artillery rendered it not only useless but dangerous. Possibly a musket ball might pierce the thinnest parts of it, although it would resist a sword or a spear.

The most splendid of the suits of armour is one presented by the city of London to Charles I. when Prince of Wales. It is polished steel, inlaid with gold, formed into elegant figures. Indeed the suits of most of the kings are more or less ornamented with gold, except that of the Conqueror, which is quite plain. The armour of Edward VI. is divided into compartments, in which are curiously represented portions of scripture history, commemorating battles and other memorable transactions.

We visited next the jewel office, containing the regalia. We were fenced out, by strong iron bars, from this almost sacred deposit of the crowns, sceptres, diadems, jewels, and plate of the ancient and modern kings of England; it is contained in a strong stone room, which appeared to have no windows, for the regalia were exhibited by candle light, by an old woman who presented the articles to our view without permitting us to touch them, she remaining within the grate and we without. This was indeed a splendid display, for most of the articles are of gold, in which are set precious stones of the greatest beauty and value. The precious stones, as they are commonly seen in cabinets of mineralogy, and even in the shops of the jewellers, certainly do not equal the expectations which we have been accustomed to entertain concerning them, and the reason is, that in

such places, we usually find only middling or inferior specimens, and of a small size, because the finest specimens are too costly to be owned by any but nobles and princes. But here, my expectations were fully answered. The imperial crown is kept in this room. The part which covers the head immediately is a purple velvet cap, lined with white taffety, and turned up with rows of ermine. The crown itself is of gold, and richly adorned with pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. It is used at coronation ceremonies, and has been placed on the heads of the kings of England successively for more than 700 years. Beside this there are three other crowns, one of which is the crown of state, worn by the king in Parliament. It has an emerald of seven inches circumference, besides a ruby and a pearl of very great beauty. Another crown is used as a memento to the Prince of Wales; it is placed before him when he is in Parliament, that he may be reminded of his high destiny, and at the same time may be admonished that he is still a subject. There is also Queen Mary's crown, diadem, globe, and sceptre. There is a golden globe, which is used at coronations; the king holds it in his right hand before he is crowned, and after the crown is placed upon his head, he bears it in his left hand, and the sceptre in his right. This globe "is about 6 inches in diameter, edged with pearl and ornamented with precious stones. On the top is an amethyst of a violet colour, in height an inch and an half, set upon a cross of gold, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, &c. The whole ball and cup is 11 inches high." There are several sceptres—two silver fonts

for christenings, a gold salt-cellar of state, a sword of mercy, *without a point*, which is carried before the king at coronations, between the two swords of justice spiritual and temporal, and a pair of golden spurs and bracelets of very great antiquity, and worn at coronations. The golden eagle is an interesting object. It contains the holy oil, used to anoint the kings and queens of England. The bird is hollow—the oil is introduced by screwing off the neck, and the bishop, when he performs the ceremony of anointing, pours the oil out of the beak of the bird into a golden spoon.

The staff of Edward the confessor, one of the Saxon kings, is a fine remnant of antiquity. It is more than four and a half feet long, and nearly four inches in circumference. It is of beaten gold. This is used in the ceremony of coronation, being carried in the procession before the king. Besides these articles, there is in this office a great deal of curious antique plate, and all the crown jewels worn by the royal family on coronation days. It is said that these articles are worth from eight to ten millions of dollars, independently of several particular jewels whose value is very great.

It is not easy perhaps to form a correct idea of the appearance of the regalia, without seeing them, but when it is considered that the gems are set in gold, not of the pale colour of the trinkets of the jewellers, which are half copper, but of the deep yellow hue which is characteristic of gold, it will easily be conceived that the resplendent white of the pearl, the fine blue of the sapphire, the beautiful grass green of the emerald, the rich yellow of the

topaz, the deep red of the ruby, and above all the clear transparency and unrivalled splendor of the diamond, must afford an exhibition of magnificence and beauty not to be surpassed by any object of nature or art.

Since the famous attempt of Colonel Blood, to carry off the imperial crown in the reign of king Charles II. in which attempt he was frustrated by the courage and activity of Mr. Edwards, keeper of the regalia, a very old but intrepid man, I believe the crowns and other articles of the regalia which are occasionally wanted at Westminster, are carried thither privately, in a common hackney coach, without any parade, or any circumstance whatever which may serve to distinguish the transaction. The king and prince of Wales array themselves in the palace of Whitehall before proceeding to the parliament house, and when they return, the crowns are carried back to the tower in the same private manner as they were brought thither, the distance is about three miles.

The mint, which, with the houses for its officers, occupies one third of the tower, we were not permitted to see.

You will wonder perhaps that I have said nothing of the wild beasts, for, from our infancy, in America we hear so much of the lions confined in the tower that we never think of it without this association. We did not pass them over. They are confined in dens in an open yard; an image of a lion is over the entrance, and a bell calls the keeper. The dens are furnished with strong iron gratings; they are spacious and cleanly; each den is divided into two

apartments, one beneath, in which the animals sleep at night, and the other above, where they remain during the day. The beasts are generally healthy, notwithstanding their confinement, and appear more active and lively than one would expect to find them.

The principal animals which we saw were lions and lionesses, leopards, panthers, tygers, bears, wolves, hyenas, and racoons. There was a white polar bear of astonishing size, and untameable ferocity. When the keeper pointed a stick at him, he flew at the bars with incredible fierceness, rose upon his hind legs (for the dens are lofty) and threw open such a mouth as made me shudder. He had very large and strong teeth, and might have embraced the body of a middle sized man within his fangs. A beautiful black leopardess attracted my particular attention. Her form was exceedingly delicate and elegant, and although black, her skin was distinguished by spots of a still deeper black. She was from the coast of Malabar. Some of the animals were very tame, particularly a fine tyger which had contracted an intimate friendship with a little dog.

There was one old lion whose mane was full grown; his appearance was truly majestic, but, it is a remarkable fact that two lionesses which were whelped in the tower, are the fiercest animals there, while most of the lions which were taken wild are quite tame.

The most beautiful and at the same time majestic animal which we saw, was the royal tyger of Bengal. His skin is superbly variegated, with yellow



and black, and his form is more graceful and majestic, and better adapted to strength and activity than that of the lion. The palm, I am sensible, has been usually, but I think unjustly, given to the lion.

On leaving the tower, one of us was required to write his name and address in a book, for the obvious reason of creating a responsibility in case any thing should be missing.

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NO. XIII.—LONDON.

Adelphi—Distribution of prizes there—Alien office—Cause of its institution—Restrictions imposed on foreigners there—Rudeness of some of its officers—Westminster Abbey—Its solemnity and grandeur—Monuments and inscriptions—Difference of the ancient and modern taste—Incidents—Piddock's Menagerie.

ADELPHI.

*May 28.*—By the attention of a friend I received a ticket entitling me to attend the distribution of prizes at the rooms of the Adelphi. At 11 o'clock I repaired to the splendid apartment, where every year they make a public distribution of prizes to those who have distinguished themselves most in the cultivation of the fine or useful arts, for the encouragement of which their society was instituted. Their rewards are not confined to the elegant arts of painting and sculpture, but are conferred equally

on the inventors and improvers of the most humble machines and contrivances for facilitating the most common operations of life. For instance, I saw a machine at the Adelphi, for enabling shoemakers to stand at their work, by which means they may be relieved from the painful and injurious confinement in which they are now compelled to sit.

I derived very little satisfaction from my visit, for the apartments were already so thronged with fashionable people, and with strangers of all ranks, from the Russian ambassador down, that after struggling a long time in a crowded passage, and after being pushed, elbowed and pressed, on every side, for an hour, I found that I was still no nearer to entering the door than at first. I obtained only a very imperfect view of the fine paintings which adorned the walls, and witnessed absolutely nothing of the ceremonies of the day, except the pleasure of a fashionable squeeze, from which, although I had the honour of being shoved by lord and lady, I was sincerely glad to make my escape.

I saw more beautiful women here than I had seen any where else in England.

#### ALIEN OFFICE.

Two or three days after my arrival in London I went to the alien office, and presented the credentials with which I was furnished at Liverpool. The alien office is of recent establishment, and was instituted in consequence of the abuse of the almost unrestrained liberty which foreigners had, till then, enjoyed in England. It is said that some French emissaries were detected in surveying the principal ports, and in other machinations against the safety

of the country. In consequence of this, foreigners of every description are now registered at the alien office in Crown-street, Westminster, and the government possesses a history of them from the moment of their arrival till their departure out of the kingdom. On making my appearance at the office, I was reprimanded in the first instance, for having remained several days in London without reporting myself. I made such excuses however as were accepted; and after writing in a book which they gave me, my name, profession, age, place of nativity and residence in America, business and views in England, and in short, every circumstance which was necessary to exhibit a succinct history of myself, I was next directed, for ensuring my good behaviour, to name sponsors residing in London. I was then dismissed on sufferance only, and directed to call *or send* within two or three days, when I was promised a permission to reside. Accordingly, it being inconvenient for me to go, I dispatched a servant at the appointed time, who was sent back empty, and with a message that I must come myself. I have been there to-day and found an angry endorsement upon the note which I had sent by the servant, the purport of which was, that I must not presume to send but must come in person. I remonstrated on the impropriety of the censure, as they had themselves offered me the alternative, but I received only a very short answer, and indeed I might think myself very fortunate in obtaining so soon my written permission to reside. I am restricted to London and the country within thirteen miles of it, for three months, with directions to com-

municate every change of lodgings, and to apply for a renewal of my license at the proper time, and for permission to travel whenever I shall go beyond my prescribed limits. Such are the mildest restrictions imposed on every foreigner; it must be confessed they are not unreasonable, but strangers are not treated at the alien office with that mildness and lenity which becomes the character of the nation. There is a set of inferior officers who behave with rudeness, and exercise a sort of petty tyranny over those who are waiting for their favours. But so far as I have seen the superior officers, they have conducted with dignity and politeness, and although they ought not to be censured for the rudeness of their substitutes, they ought to teach them better manners.

The irritation of mind produced by the petty vexations of the alien office, was effectually removed by a visit to Westminster Abbey.

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In this venerated sanctuary of heroes, poets, orators and kings, I lingered nearly two hours among the monuments of princes and illustrious men whose virtues and talents relieve the painful gloom of history with here and there a luminous spot. Do not suspect me of affectation in this matter, when I declare to you, that I never was in so solemn a place. The combined effect of this master piece of Gothic architecture and of the numerous monuments of the great, the celebrated, and the good, whose ashes moulder here, fills the mind with melancholy *sublime and awful*, yet grateful and serene. Of this grand remnant of Gothic architecture, I shall not

attempt a description. It would be useless without the aid of drawings, and there are prints of Westminster Abbey from which one may obtain a very correct idea of its external appearance, but nothing short of actual inspection can raise in the mind those conceptions of solemnity and grandeur, which it is impossible not to feel on entering this great asylum of the illustrious dead. I was, when a boy, strongly impressed, by some of the papers of Addison, with a wish to behold Westminster Abbey, and it was no small addition to my pleasure here, that I was contemplating the same objects which had long before excited in him those reflections with which he has instructed and delighted mankind. Westminster Abbey contains too many interesting things to admit of adequate description, within any moderate limits. I shall, without doubt, visit it again, but, in the mean time, I shall mention a few objects.

The monument erected to the memory of Major Andre, although a small one, naturally attracted the attention of an American. I was gratified to see that the inscription contained no reflection on General Washington, notwithstanding the ingenious aspersions which were so liberally thrown on his character at the time. Now, I believe, he is universally allowed to have done only his duty. The monument, which is of white marble, exhibits an historical sketch of the last scene of Andre's life. They are leading him to execution, and General Washington is represented as refusing to receive a message which is at that moment brought him by a flag of truce from the English general. The countenances of the surrounding

American officers are expressive of the deepest sympathy in the sufferings of the gallant victim ; but it is well known that General Washington was not present at the execution.

The mob have knocked off the heads of Andre; Washington, and another American officer, which gives the monument a deformed appearance.

In the Poet's Corner, among many other monuments, are those of Gay and Ben. Jonson. I was much displeas'd with the inscriptions upon them. On the latter is :

“ O rare Ben. Jonson !”

On the former—

“ Life is a joke, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.”

Surely a sepulchral monument is the last place on which a witticism ought to appear.

The chapel of King Henry VII. is a splendid piece of Gothic architecture. In one niche of this chapel lie the coffins of a Spanish and a Savoyard ambassador, whose bodies, after death, were seized for debt, and having never been redeemed by their friends, have lain here, unburied, ever since the reign of James II.

For some purpose of state, the coffin of Edward I. was opened, about 30 years ago, and his body was found undecayed, retaining its form. The coffin has not been again deposited in the vault, but remains above ground. It is now however closed. The exterior coffin is of stone.

The ancient monuments, I mean chiefly those which

are at least two or three centuries old, generally exhibit an image of the person whom they commemorate, lying at full length. Many of them are clad in suits of armour, with boots, helmets, and swords ;— they lie on their backs, and frequently the brave knight is attended by his faithful consort, who reposes by his side, in all the stiff drapery of the age, rendered stiffer still by unskilful sculpture in marble. Nothing can be more precise and gravely ludicrous than such an exhibition, and it required all the solemnity and pathos of the inscriptions to induce a proper gravity of thought. Indeed, it seems that the taste was altogether an erroneous one. Had they placed the knights on their feet, all armed cap-a-pie, it would have been a representation of life, and the impression would have been a natural one. But what has the knight in armour to do on his back ? He cannot be supposed to be slain in combat, or reposing in the field of battle ; still less in the bosom of his own castle, or even in the tomb, for knights are neither buried, nor do they go to bed in armour.

The same kind of affectation is occasionally exhibited in the monuments of others, not distinguished by military appendages. There was a maid of honour who lost her life, in a former reign, by the puncture of a pin in her finger. She is represented in marble, sitting upon her own tomb, and raising her bleeding finger, as if to excite compassion, while she is looking at it with a dismal expression of pain and fear.

The modern monuments are much more dignified ; they represent living men in natural attitudes and situations, and excite interest, sympathy, and impressions of solemnity.

Among these I was particularly pleased with the monuments of Lord Mansfield, Lord Chatham, General Wolfe, and Captain Montague. From these scenes I returned home, meditating on the vanity of human pursuits, the emptiness of sepulchral glory, and the poor rewards of fame; even when its object is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

London already begins to grow to a considerable degree familiar, and I now find my way from one part of the town to another without difficulty. But the place is hugely overgrown. If one has concerns of business or engagements of civility of any considerable extent, the probability is that he must travel eight or ten miles a day, and often more.

*May 30.*—London is justly renowned, all the world over, for its charitable institutions. As I was passing by St. Paul's this morning I found no small difficulty in winding my way through an immense crowd, assembled around the church, to see the procession of the charity children, who, to the number of six or seven thousand, assemble annually at St. Paul's, on the last Thursday of May.

I met several companies of them dressed in uniform; they appeared neat, healthy, and cheerful, and were of both sexes, and generally under twelve years of age. I regretted that I had no means of procuring admission to the religious exercises of the day. It was a thing which money would not buy, and which I had no one to procure for me.

On my way back, I stopped an hour at Pidcock's Menage in the Strand. This is by far the most extensive and interesting collection of living animals that I have ever seen. It exceeds that in the Tower. But



it is impossible for me, my dear brother, to give any thing like a complete description of the various collections and curiosities which every day brings to my notice. *You* would not have patience to read, nor have *I* time to write such long details. All that I can do is to connect with the history of my life in this country, general notices of the interesting things which I see, with descriptions of such particulars as strike me most forcibly. Even this will perhaps be tedious, but my apology must be, that my principal motive for writing this journal, was to comply with your wishes, and to gratify a few other friends, whose affectionate partiality will induce them to overlook the unavoidable *egotism* of a performance, in which the writer must constantly speak of himself, if he would be faithful to the truth. One may, it is true, like Cæsar, substitute the third person for the first, but this is a *mere parade of modesty*, and, in any man less famous than Cæsar, would be justly considered as evincing the very thing which it would seek to hide.

Among the large animals at Fidcock's, are two royal tigers from Bengal; a lion and a lioness; two large and fierce panthers from South America, beautifully spotted like the leopard; a hunting leopard or tiger from the East-Indies, a small but beautiful animal which is used by the Asiatic princes in hunting; it is said that they carry them on the pommel of the saddle, from which they spring upon their prey, particularly the antelope. There were two hyenas, animals which no degree of kindness or familiarity with man can at all soften from their native ferocity; a *nyl-ghaw*, a large animal resembling the elk in form, but having a head like that of a horse, except that it is crowned with horns.

The elephant held the first rank in size. This animal was nearly nine feet high, and looks more like a huge rock than a living animal. It is wonderful with what ease he "wields his lithe proboscis." It answers him all the purposes of a hand, and as Buffon remarks, he carries his nose in the same organ, and thus unites touch, smell, and the power of grasping, all in one member. Without it he certainly could not subsist. I threw a small key among the straw on the floor, when, by the direction of his keeper, he found it with his proboscis, and gave it to me. Being asked how many gentlemen there were in the room, he gave as many short breathings as corresponded to the number, and the same for the ladies; in the same manner he told the ages of two children that were present;—he bolted and unbolted the doors, picked up my cane and gave it to me, took off the keeper's hat and put it on, thrust his proboscis into my waistcoat pocket, and took out a piece of money that was there, &c. Well might Mr. Pope call him "half reasoning elephant."

Among the smaller animals were several kangaroos; they have very short fore legs and very long hind ones, on which they stand erect, and one of them had been taught to box with his keeper, while in this attitude, and might have made a very tolerable pupil of Mendoza, with at least as much that was human about him.

There was a very great collection of monkeys and baboons; but with this burlesque on the human form, I am always disgusted, and feel disposed to say, as the king of England, under the title of king of the Brobdinags, is represented in a late caricature

print, as saying of Bonaparte, under the character of Gulliver. The king, with an opera glass at his eye, looks intently at the little invader, whom he holds up between his thumb and finger, while he petulantly exclaims, "I am of opinion that it is a most odious little animal!"

I must not omit to mention the little bull taken from the menagerie of Tippoo Saib, at Seringapatam. He is only 2 feet 7 inches high, and is kept in a garret, around which he runs like a cat.

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NO. XIV.—LONDON.

Mr. West—his sentiments on the progress of the fine arts—  
Anecdote of the King and Mr. West—An excursion into the  
country—Singular whim of a Dutchman.

MR. WEST.

*May 31.*—I dined to-day at the house of Mr. West. At his table I unexpectedly met the author of the *Vision of Columbus*.

Mr. West is a venerable old man of 70. His head is white as snow, but he exhibits no other marks of age. He has much ease, affability, and simplicity of manners, with a kindness of deportment which enables one to be immediately unembarrassed in his society. His house is adorned with a profusion of fine pictures, but I did not take the liberty of inquiring which were his. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation upon the subject of the fine arts,

in one department of which, that of historical painting, you know he has gained the first rank. He very obligingly yielded to my wishes, and gave me an interesting and instructive historical sketch of the rise and progress of the fine arts in England. With this subject he seemed to be perfectly acquainted. He dates their origin from the time of the third Edward, and he enumerated the painters, architects, and sculptors who had flourished in the different reigns. But, so little progress had these things made, even at the close of the reign of George II. when Mr. West came to England, that he declared the country was at that time almost destitute of the cultivators of the fine arts;—more destitute in his opinion than America now is. But, he added, that England could now boast of more than 300 distinguished painters and sculptors. Along with this progress in the fine arts, he had traced a growing refinement and humanity in the manners of the people. Formerly, every young gentleman was obliged to learn boxing, to defend himself against the insults of the mob, which he was sure to receive in walking the streets; but now, there is universal decorum and civility in the manners of the lower ranks.

He inquired concerning the state of society in America, and particularly of the progress of the fine arts. He thought that they had already attained a great degree of attention, considering the age of the country, and seemed very much gratified with the introduction of the plaster casts of the celebrated statues of antiquity, into New-York. He said he would not relinquish the idea of revisiting his country, from which he had now been absent more than

forty years, as he was prepared to be very much gratified in witnessing its improvement. He spoke very highly of young Mr. Malbone of your town, and pronounced him to be, in his opinion, a first-rate miniature painter.

Mr. West, you know, has long held a high rank in the favour and patronage of the king. As this patronage began before the American war, it was natural to expect either that it would have been withdrawn when that crisis came on, or, that at least all sympathy with his countrymen must have been studiously concealed on the part of Mr. West. But, much to the credit of this gentleman and of his royal patron, no such disgraceful compliances were either conceded or required. I have heard an anecdote on this subject, which ought to be mentioned for the honour of both parties.

During the American war, Mr. West was employed at Windsor Castle, in painting an historical piece for his Majesty, who often attended in person to observe the progress of the work. The etiquette of the court is, it seems, that no man speaks loud in his Majesty's presence, unless first spoken to by him; —all other conversation is conducted in whispers. The King was in the painting room, one morning, as usual, and a number of the courtiers were present, among whom was a particular nobleman, who had long been envious of Mr. West's high standing with the King, and was using every artifice to wound his fame. It happened that a gazette extraordinary had, that morning, been sent down from London, giving an account of the battle of Cambden in South Carolina. This, the nobleman thought, would be a

good opportunity to attack Mr. West in presence of the King. Accordingly, without paying any regard to the propriety of the occasion, he addressed Mr. West in a loud voice, and a short dialogue ensued, in nearly the following terms.

Mr. West, have you heard the news from town this morning?

No, sir, I have not seen the papers of to-day.

Then, sir, let me inform you, that his Majesty's troops in South Carolina have gained a splendid victory over the rebels, your countrymen. This, I suppose, cannot be very pleasant news to you, Mr. West!

Mr. West saw the snare that was laid for him, and determined that if he must die, he would die like a man. He therefore replied—no, sir, this is not pleasant news to me, for I never can rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen.

The King, who, till this moment, had not appeared to regard the conversation, now turned, and said to Mr. West,—sir, that answer does you honour! and then immediately addressing himself to the Lord, added,—sir, let me tell *you*, that, in my opinion, any man who is capable of rejoicing in the calamities of his country, can never make a good subject of any government!

Such sentiments as these are characteristic of a magnanimous and superior man, and must certainly go far towards invalidating unfavourable popular impressions concerning the present King of England.

#### AN EXCURSION.

*June 1.*—London, you know, is surrounded by villas and country seats, where the opulent citizens

reside a greater or less part of the year. I have dined, to-day, at one of these beautiful places, about three miles from town, on the Kent road. It is the seat of Mr. H——, a wealthy merchant, the particular friend of our celebrated countrymen Dr. M——. I found Mr. H—— walking in the grounds back of his house, in company with a young clergyman from Ireland. We had a large party at dinner. Among the ladies were several who were young and pretty, and whose features had much softness and delicacy of expression. Our circle, besides being distinguished for that elegance of manners and cultivation of mind which the first people of every polished country exhibit, was remarkable also as being composed principally of religious people. There were several clergymen at table, and among the rest the author of the *Village Sermons*, an intelligent and pleasing man. But the young clergyman from Ireland annoyed us very much by his extreme loquacity. Forgetting what was due to older men, to strangers, and to ladies, he talked almost incessantly, and that notwithstanding the fears kindly expressed by some of the ladies, lest his exertions to entertain the company should injure his health, which, it seems, is bad; but hints would not do, for, with the utmost self-possession and assurance, he continued to pour down “the wordy shower” till every one was heartily tired.

Mr. H—— is a man of very mild pleasing manners, of a sound and cultivated mind, and apparently a warm Christian. He is distinguished in England, and not unknown in other countries, as an active friend of religion, in support of which he contributes not only his time and exertions, but very liberally

from his income ; for the religious people of England make greater exertions than those of any other country in support of the cause which they espouse. Mr. H—— was so kind, as to introduce me, a few days ago, to a meeting of the London Missionary Society, where a collection of benevolent men were deliberating on the means of spreading Christianity among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. You have heard, perhaps, that during the late short peace with France, a committee of English gentlemen went over to Paris, for the purpose of taking steps to supply the French with the Bible in their own language. Of this committee Mr. H—— was one, and he assured me that the fact which was published was literally true, that they searched Paris for several days, before a single Bible could be found.

The seat of this gentleman was built by a Dutchman, who manifested the strong effect of national habit on private taste, by surrounding the house with a very broad and deep ditch filled with water, like the canals of Holland, and furnished with a draw-bridge like a fortification. I know not whether he really intended to fortify the house, like an ancient castle, or to make the scene somewhat resemble Holland, for the country was such as to render a ditch perfectly unnecessary.

This place is a delightful retreat, in the midst of green fields, groves, and flowering shrubs, and every thing bears the marks of opulence and ease. But, great opulence is so common here, and all the works of utility, beauty and magnificence, which result from it, that one would be ready to conclude, as did Rasselas, when he entered Cairo, that every



body is happy; did not the numerous wretches in the streets, from whose pressing solicitations for relief, enforced by rags, sickness, blindness, maimed limbs and the emaciation of hunger, it is scarcely possible to escape, convince him that even England has its full share of human misery, and that it nowhere exhibits more distressing spectacles than in London.

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NO. XV.—LONDON.

A republican lord—His mechanical ingenuity—An ingenious invention of his—His sentiments on the state of the country—A dinner—Reserve of the English—Ballad singers.

INCIDENTS.

*June 2.*—At a private house I met, this evening, a noble lord, who is distinguished in this country as a great patron of political and mechanical projects. He is particularly partial to Americans because they are presumed to be, of course, *republicans*; and men of science and inventive genius meet with his particular attention, because he is really a distinguished mechanician, and generally a patron of improvements whose object is practical benefit to mankind.

His lordship's appearance was perfectly plain, and would never have led any one to suspect that he was a nobleman; his deportment was very affable, and removed all embarrassments to conversa-

tion. In this he took a leading part, and it turned principally on topics connected with chemistry and mechanics. With these subjects he appeared to be extensively acquainted.

There was a German lady present belonging to his family ; she was performing upon the piano, and his lordship informed me that such were her talents for musical composition, that she would often play off the finest airs, extempore, and thus these delightful effusions of genius were irrecoverably lost, for she could never repeat them without variation. To arrest these fleeting touches of harmony, he had invented a musical instrument similar to the piano, with the keys of which he had connected a mechanical contrivance which necessarily noted down the music as fast as it was played, the same movement of the keys producing both effects. If this invention is not as important to mankind as that of the infernal engines, it at least has the merit of innocence.

His lordship is in the opposition, and is very well known to have strong republican tendencies. He told me that he considered the ruin of this country as now inevitable, and he spoke warmly against the right of primogeniture and the vast difference between the condition of the rich and of the poor in England. I must confess I find it no easy task to reconcile myself to the profusion, frivolity and splendor of too many of the English gentry, contrasted with the inevitable poverty and wretchedness of great numbers of the lower classes ; but I should have never expected to hear, from the mouth of an English nobleman, a declaration that primogeniture

is unreasonable. It is not easy to see how his lordship reconciles his republican notions, with his aristocratical practice. He said that all would have been well in England, if the French revolution had not taken the unhappy turn it did, but now they were going on with one unnecessary war after another, and the country was groaning under six hundred millions of debt, a sum which all the land of Great-Britain and Ireland, if sold, would not produce.

*June 3.*—At a dinner in the city, to-day, I met an embarrassment which is too often experienced in England. The party was large, and, as usual, began to converse on their own personal topics, and I to look forward to the entertainment of my own reflections.

But, I soon came to a resolution to attempt a share in the conversation, and accordingly addressed myself to a young Englishman, who sat next to me; but I was not fortunate in the choice of my subject, for the conversation was not supported; I asked him, next, concerning the ceremonies of the king's birth-day, which is to-morrow, but of this he knew nothing—and then, whether his majesty was not an excellent horseman. I now found that I had touched the right string, for, the young gentleman belonged to a volunteer corps of cavalry; from that moment we entered into a very spirited conversation upon horses—horsemanship—the volunteer system—Bonaparte and the invasion—and in the event, the conversation became general and the evening one of the most pleasant that I have spent in this country. The young officer of dragoons gave me

his address and invited me to attend one of the reviews of his corps, and to visit him at Clapham.

The truth seems to be that the English are often reserved, and will not trouble themselves to converse with you, if you are willing to remain silent. The reasonable modesty and diffidence of a stranger, they appear to mistake for stupidity or ignorance, and although they do not want discernment to discover, or spirit to repress impudence and vanity, they will not think much of you, if you have not a good share of self-possession and confidence in yourself.

Returning home, about 10 o'clock at night, I observed one of those little circles which are very common in the streets of London; I allude to the audiences which gather around the ballad singers. These are usually poor women, or little girls, with every appearance of extreme poverty, who collect a few pence by singing ballads at the corners of the streets, under the bow-windows of shops, and the porticoes of public buildings. Although their voices are usually harsh from being so often exerted, and their performances, in every respect indifferent, they immediately draw a circle around and detain them a long time. Some stop from curiosity, some from pity, and some to pick pockets; the latter class hardly ever fail to find subjects in every crowd, for, although those who know London never trust themselves in throngs, with much property about them, they are always novices enough whom curiosity attracts, and ignorance of the arts of pick-pocket<sup>ry</sup> renders insensible to their danger.

## NO. XVI.—LONDON.

The king's birth day—Palace of St. James—Court dress—Embarrassment from hoop petticoats—Contest of coachmen—Procession of mail coaches—Splendid equipages—Pressure of the crowd.

## THE KING'S BIRTH DAY.

*June 4.*—This is his majesty's birth day, and after dinner I followed the current to St. James' palace to see the parade on the occasion. The palace makes but an indifferent appearance; it is a plain brick building of an irregular form in some parts, and where it is regular, it has only one story; this part extends a considerable distance and gives it the appearance of a manufactory, or range of low warehouses. The palace was erected by Henry VIII. and is now used only for state purposes, as the royal family never reside in it. During their winter residence *near town*, (for they never live actually in London,) they reside in Buckingham house, which is known by the name of the queen's palace.

On this occasion, St. James' street and all the streets leading to St. James' palace, were crowded with splendid equipages, cavalry, sedan chairs, soldiers, and thousands of common mortals. I had not taken any steps to obtain admission into the palace, and therefore saw nothing more than what everybody in the streets might see.

As the nobility came out of the palace to get into their coaches, I had an opportunity of seeing them in their court dress. On common occasions the nobility are not distinguished by their dress from

other men, but, on the King's birth day, and other great days of state, their appearance is very splendid. Bag wigs, full-sleeved and flowing coats, and long waistcoats superbly embroidered, large shoe-buckles, set with gems or imitations of them, and swords by their sides, were the principal peculiarities which I observed.

The ladies wore hoop petticoats ; the hoop was not a circle, but a large oval. The petticoat was not suffered to flow in natural folds, but was distended by elliptical rings, like a scoop-net, and glittered all over with gems and spangles. But there was a serious difficulty attending the position of the hoop. The longest diameter was at right angles, with the lady's path and, she must therefore necessarily require no small space to walk in ; but, this space was not to be had, for, the gaping crowd, being wedged as close as they could stand, and pressing forward to gaze on the face of nobility, would open only a narrow lane for the courtiers. In this dilemma, ingenuity stood ready at the call of necessity, and the ladies, as they passed through the crowd contrived to twist the whole machinery round, so as to bring the shortest diameter across the path. But, with all this aid from ingenuity, it was no small achievement to deposit one of the ladies safely in her coach ; a soldier, with fixed bayonet, and two or three footmen went before to clear the way, and two or three footmen followed to close it ; in some instances both lords and ladies were borne to their carriages, or even quite away, in sedan chairs.

It was amusing to hear the speeches of the mob,

on the occasion; they seemed to consider it as a *spectacle*, exhibited for their diversion, and they made very free with the gentry as they passed. An officer apparently of rank in the army, when closing the door of his sedan chair, had the misfortune to shut it upon the top of his gallant feather, which drew the hat off from his head as he sat down; the women in the crowd raised a broad laugh, looking in at the windows, and grinning in his face, but, he had the good sense and good nature to laugh with them, while he adjusted his hat, and moved on in much good humour.

There was a great procession of coaches, extending a mile or two, and there was much emulation among the coachmen who should be first. I saw a contest of this kind, which lasted a great part of the way down St. James' street. Two coaches were contending for the precedence, but they were abreast and so completely wedged on all sides by the throng, that neither could gain the advantage, although, every time the flood moved on a little, the coachmen whipped and pushed the horses, which were very spirited and ready to fly away with the carriages. At length the thing became so dangerous to the safety of those around, that the dragoons rode up and with their broad swords arranged the point of honour. The fellow who was ordered into the rear, submitted with a sullen air, while his competitor triumphed, and the mob raised a loud laugh.

Beside the private carriages, there was a showy procession of all the mail coaches in the city; the coachmen, guards, and servants were dressed in scarlet;—

the trappings were of the same colour, and all were fantastically trimmed and decorated. This ceremony always takes place on the king's birth day, because the post-office department, with all its servants, is considered as an appendage of the crown.

The coaches of some of the nobility were extremely splendid;—some of them were newly made, on purpose for the occasion, and were covered with spangles and gold in the glittering style of toy-shop finery. The livery of the footmen was also gaudy and fantastical to the last degree. They wore lace not only on the borders, but on all the seams of their garments, and their large cocked hats were surrounded with broad fringes of silver or gold. On such occasions as these it is a point of great ambition to display the finest equipage, and the contending claims of the competitors are usually adjusted by a decision, which is made known in the next day's gazette. One great point of emulation is to excel all rivals in the number of footmen. Some of the coaches had two, three, and even four footmen, standing up, and holding on behind the carriage, not to mention occasionally a supernumerary one on the coachman's box. These footmen are frequently very handsome young men; personal beauty seems to be one important qualification for their stations. London contains a prodigious number of them;—I have heard it asserted that there are 20,000.

I did not see the royal equipage. It was on the other side of the palace, and it was impossible to get to it through the crowd. Indeed as it was, I felt myself happy to escape without injury, for such was the tumult, and the pushing and striving, that there was no small danger of being hurt. I never was so sensible



of the dreadful pressure of a city crowd; the streets terminating at the palace all poured their thousands to one centre, and it was my fortune to find a place just at this point. Perceiving that the pressure was fast becoming greater than was either pleasant or safe, I endeavoured to withdraw, but in vain; I was precisely in the situation in which the mechanical philosophers inform us that a body will remain at rest, that is, I was equally pressed on all sides, and remained fast enclosed in this great mass of human bodies, till the stationary tide of flood began to ebb, when I was borne along with the general current, and escaped.

We were exposed to some danger from the horseguards, which were stationed in St. James' street, to keep the passage open for the coaches; for, while we were surged forward, by the accumulating crowd in our rear, we were repressed by the cavalry in front, who, when we had pushed on too far, rode in among us, with drawn swords, and it was our concern to see that our plebeian feet were not crushed.

This evening the windows of his majesty's tradesmen are brilliantly illuminated with lamps of various hues, so arranged as to represent crowns and other appropriate figures. The tradesmen who have the honour of his majesty's patronage, or who at least boast of it on their sign-boards, are so numerous, that the streets look very gay on the occasion.

## NO. XVII.—LONDON.

Review of volunteers—The parks—Exhibition of paintings at Somerset House—How estimated by those who have seen the house—The Lancastrian school—Oddity of punishment there—Cooke in Richard III.—Foundling hospital—Dr. S——’s Temple of Flora—Dr. Shaw—Mrs. Knowles—Her talents and attainments.

## A REVIEW.

*June 6.*—I spent several hours this morning in attending a review of volunteers in Hyde Park. By some this system of volunteer defence is regarded as a national palladium, and by others as a mere pageant, calculated to amuse the country into a false security. Probably the truth lies between them, but no one can question that it must be an excellent thing to provide so many men with arms, and to teach them their use.

The review to-day afforded little which is not usually seen on such occasions. The weather was warm, and the regiments were involved in clouds of dust. This prevented my obtaining a sight of the King, who was present, but I had a glimpse of the Prince of Wales, who was on horseback, surrounded by attendants. He wore a blue uniform, and his person is now large and corpulent.

Hyde Park is a fine place for reviews. It contains between three and four hundred acres of ground, and it formerly occupied about six hundred, before Kensington Gardens were taken off from it. The parks which lie at the west end of London are delightful retreats from the noise and confined air of the city. All toge-

ther I imagine they must occupy 800 or 1000 acres of ground, which is diversified with fine rows of trees;—single trees here and there—gravelled walks—lakes—canals—palaces on their confines, and frequently an innumerable multitude of carriages and people.

#### EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

*June 7.*—I have been, in company with Mr. and Mrs. G——, to see the paintings in Somerset House. Somerset House is a vast quadrangular building of stone, so arranged as to form a complete hollow square. It was formerly a palace, but is now used by the government for a great variety of public offices, and in it are the rooms of the royal and antiquarian societies, and of the royal academy.

In the apartments of the latter there is an annual exhibition of all the productions of the pencil for the preceding year, which have any claims to distinction, and of such others as have never been exhibited before. They are suspended principally in one vast room, the walls of which are completely covered with them, not to mention several smaller apartments. This year the separate pieces amount to about 800, and they are said to be less numerous than in former years. The object of this display appears to be to gratify public curiosity, to excite emulation, by a comparative exhibition of the works of different artists, and to promote the sale of the pieces, by exposing them to public view. I was highly gratified with this collection, which I have visited once before, and probably shall visit again. England has now a great many painters, and the fine arts generally are much cultivated. Our countrymen who have recently visited Paris, and seen the glories of the Louvre, affect to despise the paintings in Eng-

land, and speak of the exhibition at Somerset House as a trivial thing. They assert that no one can have a just idea of the perfections of the art without visiting Paris. Of this matter I am not a judge. I have ventured however to run the risk of being pleased with the paintings of Somerset House, and, as Americans claim liberty of all sorts as their birth-right, I hope I may enjoy the privilege of being pleased, and of saying so, without being compelled to give reasons for it.

#### THE LANCASTRIAN SCHOOL.

From Somerset House we went over Blackfriar's-bridge into Southwark, to see the celebrated Lancastrian School. It derives its name from its founder and present conductor, a Mr. Lancaster, whose highly benevolent, meritorious, and successful exertions, have procured for him the applause and patronage of some of the first men in the kingdom. He is a quaker, who, taking pity on the deplorable condition of a large class of children in London, and especially in the borough of Southwark, voluntarily undertook their instruction and reformation, as far as it is possible for one man to do it. The class of children for whose benefit the Lancastrian School was instituted, are those, who, from extreme indigence, are given up to idleness, ignorance, and vice, candidates for every crime and every punishment. The great excellence of Mr. Lancaster's plan consists in its affording instruction at so cheap a rate, that about one thousand children can receive it for a sum not exceeding 1400 dollars per annum, including, as I understand, all their stationary, books, rewards, &c. I saw assembled, in one great room, nearly 700 children, of which number the school now consists, and it has contained 1000. All these Mr. Lancaster

superintends and instructs in person, without any other aid than that which he derives from placing the elder boys over the younger. For this purpose his school is divided into companies, like a little army, so that there is a regular gradation of instruction and command from himself, as commander in chief, down to his little lieutenants and sergeants. The minute particulars of his novel and curious establishment, will be best learned from a book which he will soon publish on the subject. I will mention a few circumstances which struck me during our visit.

The school is held in a very plain but extensive building, the cheapest that would possibly answer; even the beams and rafters are naked below, and upon them are suspended a variety of toys and other things, which are occasionally distributed as rewards, and, being constantly in view, have a tendency to promote emulation. As cheapness of education is the great object, economy is studied in every thing. The young boys are not suffered to waste pens, ink, and paper, in their first attempts to learn to write. Every table is provided with a narrow bed of sand extending through its whole length; this is smoothed by the hand or otherwise, and in this the boys made their first rude attempts at writing and ciphering, using the end of the finger, or of some blunt instrument, instead of pens and pencils.

There is a curious police in this little republic. I believe whipping is not practised at all, but the discipline of the institution consists principally in motives held out to their ambition, and sense of shame. Of the first, the rewards which I have already mentioned are an example, and I saw a whimsical, and I should

think not perfectly judicious, instance of the latter. The boys came up in little squadrons, headed by their respective leaders, to their master, to exhibit the results of their industry. One of the youngest classes came up while we were conversing with Mr. Lancaster, and when any boy had not acquitted himself well, his next neighbour, upon a signal from the master, pulled him smartly by the ear. This was particularly mortifying in the presence of strangers, and I thought their little faces were coloured quite as much with indignation and resentment as with ingenuous shame.

Mr. Lancaster is a man of mild manners and of an intelligent mind. Although he belongs to the society of Friends, he does not attempt to imbue the minds of his pupils with his own principles, or to form their manners upon the Quaker plan; insisting merely upon the essential principles of religion and morals.

It is said that the boys in his school learn faster than in the common way, and the plan is capable of being extended to other countries, and of being executed by other men.

Returning into the city, the kindness of my good friends constrained me to dine and take tea with them, and I had already breakfasted there that morning, so that I made out the day in their society. They are of that class of people who seem to receive an obligation by conferring it, and to give one a new claim to their kindness by having already bestowed it in the most generous manner.

In the evening I went with Mr. G—— to the Covent-Garden theatre, and saw the masterly powers of Cooke in Richard III. This play is too well known to

need a recital, and the talents of Cooke in doing justice to its principal character are scarcely less known in England than the play itself. In this instance, the night scene, in which the slumbers of Richard are disturbed by death groans, was admirably performed, and even the trite exclamation—"my kingdom for a horse," produced its full effect on the audience.

Between the play and afterpiece, I wandered through the house, and was convinced that European theatres have not been defamed on the other side of the Atlantic.

There can be no doubt that they are frequented by multitudes, not so much for the pleasure of being present at the performances, as because they afford the most convenient of all possible rendezvous, for engagements which it is unnecessary to name.

#### FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

*Sabbath, June 9, 1805.*—Among the many charitable institutions of London, there is a fine hospital for the education and support of foundlings. I attended divine service to-day at the church of this institution, and had a good view of the children reared by the charity. There were about 500 of both sexes, neatly dressed in a decent uniform, and apparently very healthy and cheerful. They were seated in a gallery, where the rising of the seats exhibited them to great advantage. The preacher gave a superior discourse, in which the excellency of the Christian religion was inferred from the existence of charitable institutions in Christian countries and in no other.

He alluded in a very pathetic and interesting manner to the children before us, and they, with

one accord rose, as he feelingly asked, what would have been their situation but for this institution, since they were deserted by their parents, without a name—without a habitation, and with no ligament to connect them with society.

There was no illiberality in this gentleman's discourse towards other denominations; not long ago, I heard an anathema from the same desk, against all those who dissent from the established church of England; the preacher was not, however, Mr. More, the one of whom I have now spoken so advantageously.

The church of the Foundling Hospital is elegant;—the altar piece is ornamented with an appropriate painting by Mr. West, which he gave to the charity; no subject could be better adapted to the place; it is our Saviour receiving the little children that are presented to him.

This church is much frequented by the nobility and people of fashion; every one contributes something at the door, and he is sure that it will be applied to the best purposes only, while his gratuity procures him a seat, to which he is very civilly conducted by an attendant.

#### INCIDENTS.

*June 10.*—I have been favoured to-day with an introduction to Dr. T——, well known by his work entitled *Medical Extracts*, and better still by his recent production the *Temple of Flora*. I was at his house, and he was so obliging as to shew me the superb picturesque coloured engravings which have been executed for this work. It is a botanical production, intended to illustrate the principal classes



of Linnæus, but more perhaps to exhibit a splendid proof of the state of the arts in England. In the latter point of view the work is admirable, as it is undoubtedly unrivalled in the beauty of its engravings and the richness of its colours, but it has probably contributed very little to the advancement of science, and still less to the fortune of its author, for it costs, I believe, about fifty guineas, and there is not as much reading as in a common half guinea book. The work is accompanied by engraved heads of the principal naturalists, and by poetical quotations adapted to the different botanical subjects. It is in very large folio, and the printing is diffused over a vast extent of *hot-pressed* and *wire-wove* paper; I need not therefore inform you that it meets with only a very heavy sale. Posterity will probably wonder that a work so splendid and beautiful could ever have been executed, and still more perhaps that one so unprofitable should ever have been undertaken. The author is a man of frank and pleasing manners, and hardly arrived at middle life.

An introductory note gained me access also to Dr. S—— of the British Museum. As my object was merely to make a few inquiries of him as a professional man, I can say little more of him than that his manners, like those of most of the men of literature and science whom I have seen in this country, are affable and polite. He is distinguished for an extensive and accurate knowledge of natural history, on which branch he is now publishing a great work, illustrated by very fine engravings, taken principally from original subjects preserved in the great Museums of London.

The kindness of my friends Mr. and Mrs. G—— has procured for me to-day an introduction to a celebrated literary lady Mrs. Knowles. They are on terms of familiarity at her house, and took me there to dine. Mrs. Knowles is a venerable old lady of 70, who has all the simplicity of manners and dress which characterize the society of Friends of which she is a member, without any thing of their peculiarities.

She has been long celebrated in England for her literary accomplishments and her attainments in the fine arts, not less than for the masculine vigor of her understanding. Of the latter Dr. Johnson is said to have had a proof, which must have been somewhat mortifying, to one accustomed to dictate with dogmatical decision, and to triumph in every contest. I allude to a dispute which the Dr. held with this lady, upon the principles and habits of the Quakers, in which he is said to have been fairly worsted by her, and driven from the field.

Mrs. Knowles gratified us with a sight of the numerous productions of her pencil and her needle, with which her apartments are adorned. Many of them are exquisite in their kind, and do equal honour to her industry and ingenuity. The productions of her needle are particularly interesting. Those which I saw consisted principally of representations of objects of natural history, such as various animals, flowers, fruits, &c. In this branch of the imitative arts she has attained such excellence as almost to rival the pencil itself, for some of the animals represented seemed absolutely alive, as if ready to spring forward.

In the same style Mrs. Knowles has executed the best likeness of the King that has ever been taken, and his Majesty has paid her very particular marks of respect.

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NO. XVIII.—LONDON.

British Museum—Egyptian and other antiques—Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—Roman arms and relics—Likeness of Chaucer—Magna Charta—Pope's Homer—Drury Lane—Strong curiosity to see the Royal Family—Their reception at the theatre—Appearance of the King and of the Family—The play and entertainment.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

*June 12.*—In order to see the British Museum it is necessary to make application on a previous day. I made the necessary arrangements yesterday, and was this morning admitted to see this celebrated repository of curiosities.

In this instance, as in most former ones, it will be my object, my dear brother, to notice only a few of those things which interested me most. Indeed, if the principal purpose of this Journal were description, I might as well spare myself the trouble of doing that which will be found, in many instances, to have been better executed by others. But, I write chiefly because it is myself that have seen, and you and a few other of my most particular friends that will read. I cannot doubt that you will be warmly interested in every occurrence of my travels and re-

sidences abroad, and therefore what I have seen, thought, and felt, will form to you and the other friends for whom I write, not the least interesting circumstance of the story.

In the yard before the Museum, beneath temporary sheds, constructed to defend them from the weather, till they can be removed into a building now erecting for their reception, are the celebrated *antiques*, taken from General Menou at Alexandria. The French had brought them from Cairo and other places with the intention of transporting them to France, but the catastrophe of the late war in Egypt placed them in the power of the English. Among them are several Roman statues, a pillar of porphyry of extreme hardness, an ancient obelisk and several images, supposed to have been intended to represent the Egyptian goddess Isis; but a number of sarcophagi are justly reckoned among the greatest curiosities.

They are made of stone, and were used as the exterior coffins of the Egyptians. The mummy was first wrapped in cloth; it was then enclosed in a wooden coffin, opening with hinges, like a case for spectacles, and those mummies which I saw in the Museum, as well as their coffins, were richly ornamented; last of all, the wood coffin was deposited in the sarcophagus. The latter are covered with inscriptions and designs of various kinds, which I leave the antiquaries to explain.

The largest and most ornamented of these sarcophagi is believed to have been the exterior coffin in which the body of Alexander the Great was depo-

sited.\* Giving way to the impression which I strongly felt to believe the fact, I was forcibly struck with the humiliating lesson which it reads to human ambition, and especially to the thirst for martial glory.

Say, mighty chief, was this the boasted end  
Of triumphs and of toils like thine renown'd!  
Did he, who sway'd from Indus to the Nile,  
And claim'd, presumptuous, to be call'd a god—  
Did this dread hero find his last abode  
Within this narrow house! thy very tomb,  
Great conq'rour of the world, derides thy claims,  
And shews its marble sides by time unhurt,  
While winds have blown thy ashes o'er the world!

With similar emotions I beheld a collection of arms found on the place where the great battle of Cannæ was fought, and supposed to have belonged to the parties who contended on that memorable spot. There is also a collection of rings and of other ornaments for the fingers and ears, which are believed to have been worn by the combatants at *Cannæ*. In spite of the disposition which is so naturally felt to ridicule an enthusiastic and extravagant admiration of antiquity, one cannot remain unaffected when he realizes that *these* rings have been worn on Roman fingers;—*this* helmet covered a Carthaginian head, and *that* spear was thrown by a Roman hand in the presence of the victorious Hannibal. Similar emotions were excited by the numerous Roman vases;—the amphoræ in which their wines were kept, and especially by the relics of the

\* Although Alexander died at Babylon, it is well known that his body was afterwards removed to Alexandria.

unfortunate Herculaneum. These consist of utensils, vases, gods, &c. and among other things are the very hinges of their doors. By the sight of these authentic remnants of this illustrious nation, a powerful impulse is excited towards the study of their antiquities.

Among the numerous and highly interesting mineral specimens, there is an Egyptian pebble which, being accidentally broken, discovered, on both faces of the fracture, a striking likeness of the poet Chaucer. It is a most singular *lusus naturæ*.

They shewed me Oliver Cromwell's watch, and a horn which grew on a woman's head; her portrait with this singular appendage was also preserved there.

The zoological department was not so extensive as I should have expected. The principal glory of the museum is the vast collection of manuscripts, ancient and modern; but the rapid manner in which they hurried us through the different apartments did not allow me time to examine many of these. I had however the satisfaction of seeing the renowned original Magna Charta, the very instrument which the inflexible barons extorted from king John. It is considerably mutilated and defaced, but still, in the main, legible.

I was delighted with a sight of the original copy of Pope's Homer, in his own hand writing. Although the sheets are now bound together in the form of a book, the work appears to have been written on loose bits of paper, often on the blank pages and covers of the letters of his friends; not unfrequently the lines run across *the superscription*, and,

*Alexander Pope, Esq. Twickenham*, is seen glimmering through some of Homer's finest strains. There are those who impute this to the poet's parsimony, while others consider it as a proof that he made the best use of his time, by writing down his thoughts at the moment when they occurred, on whatever scrap of paper happened to come first.

Pope's hand-writing was stiff but legible, and the numerous erasures evince that his first thoughts were not always in his own view, the best. I read as much of the book as possible in the short space allowed me and left it with regret. I hope to visit this museum again.

#### DRURY-LANE AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

At 5 o'clock this evening, I went to the Drury-Lane theatre, with the double view of seeing this celebrated house, and their majesties who were expected to attend that evening. It is known when the king and queen are to be at the play by the style of the bill for the evening, which, in such case always begins thus ;

*By command*, their majesties' servants will perform, this evening, such a play.

This title always excites great interest, and it becomes necessary to go to the house at a very early hour, if one would obtain a seat, for there seems to be as much curiosity in the people of this country to see the king and queen and royal family, as if they were newly arrived, and were the first of their kind ever exhibited. This curiosity was evinced, this evening, by a very full house, and by a great crowd collected around the door, waiting the moment when it should open. When this took place,

the torrent of people poured in like a flood; the passage was narrow and such was the strife and violence, that with the screaming and fainting of females, it was somewhat of a serious affair.

I took my seat in the pit, that I might be certain of seeing the king, for this curiosity was surely pardonable in one who had never before seen any sovereign but the people.

Every thing remained quiet, for a time, while they were waiting the arrival of the king and queen. During this interval, I had leisure to survey this spacious and magnificent theatre, of which I shall not however attempt a description, for mere descriptions of fine edifices without drawings, are of all attempts the least successful.

At length his majesty arrived, and, in an instant, the house rang with huzza! huzza! with loud clapping of hands and waving of hats; the applause was reiterated and reiterated, till they seemed as if they would never have done. The king bowed to the different parts of the house and took his seat. He is a noble looking old man, fleshy yet not oppressively corpulent, and his countenance is so highly coloured that on the whole I think he appears younger than almost any man of his age whom I have ever seen. The outline of his countenance is very correctly delineated on the English guinea, and in many of the prints. He was dressed in a blue uniform, faced with red, with gold lace, epaulets, &c.

The royal box is directly over the left side of the stage, as one sits facing it, and is adorned with scarlet velvet, embellished with gold; over it is a canopy supporting a crown, and two yeomen of



the guards stand below on the stage supporting spears.

Next came the queen at a short distance from the king; again the theatre rung with applauses and her majesty having graciously acknowledged them by the usual civility, was seated at the king's left hand.

She is an old lady of a pleasant countenance, but bears the marks of age in a much greater degree than the king.

Immediately behind the king and queen stood the lords and ladies in waiting. They do not sit in presence of their majesties, and, whatever might be the honour, I did not envy them the pleasure of standing five hours in that situation, for honour will not keep limbs from aching.

Next came the princesses, Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. They were received with applauses, but less ardent than those bestowed on their majesties; they returned the compliment very graciously, and took their seats, the lords and ladies in waiting taking their stations behind them as behind the king and queen.

Their box is at the right hand of the royal box, and is richly ornamented with blue silk and silver lace. In a box immediately at the right of that a number of female attendants were seated—I believe they were maids of honour; they wore those formidable hoop petticoats which I mentioned on the birth-day. Above the maids of honour were other royal attendants, lords, gentlemen, &c.

The princesses are not beautiful women; they are however, with one exception, ladies of fine sta-

ture and commanding presence, and have much dignity in their appearance.

Last of all, appeared one of the king's sons, the Duke of Cumberland, but he came into the box below the princesses, on purpose, I presume, to avoid applause, for it was not given till some time in the evening, when he rose from behind a screen and shewed himself. He is a handsome man of about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, as I should suppose from his countenance.

Having finished the arduous business of introducing and seating their majesties and the royal family, we will proceed to the play.

First of all, the curtain rose, and discovered a throng of actors and actresses, on the stage, who sung "God save great George our king." The whole assembly, not excepting the princesses themselves, joined in singing the chorus, with a degree of zeal and animation, which could hardly be surpassed.

The play, which was the *School for Scandal*, was performed in a very admirable manner. Mrs. Jordan and Miss Pope among the women, and Elliston, among the men, particularly excelled.

If you have read the play, you will remember that Charles Surface, being reduced to extreme embarrassment by his own extravagance, as his last resource to raise money, brings the family pictures to the hammer, with the same gay levity which had plunged him into distress. He asks with whom one may make free, if not with his own relations, and as the pictures are *a going*, he relates who the originals were, and how they distinguished themselves.

Here gentlemen, said he, here are two of the family that were members of parliament, and *this is the first time that they were ever bought or sold.*

Such is the temper of the public mind, produced by the pending charges of peculation against Lord Melville, which, whether true or false, have excited great jealousy and indignation against the noble lord, that this sentiment produced the loudest applauses, again and again reiterated, from every side. I thought from the king's countenance that he was not much gratified with this very distinct expression of the feelings of the house, for Lord Melville is a favourite with his majesty, who, in this business, has taken an active interest in his behalf.

The School for Scandal abounds with point, wit, and humour, for which the king seemed to have a high relish, for he laughed frequently and heartily.

After the play, *Rule Britannia* was sung by the whole house, with great enthusiasm, and the princesses joined in this chorus also.

There was a poetical prologue to the interlude, all the lines of which ended in *ation*, and Bonaparte, under the nick-name of Bony, by which appellation he is contemptuously and jocosely called in England, was severely satirized, as well as his long threatened invasion. The king seemed more delighted with this than with any thing; he laughed, almost continually, and the queen even exceeded him.

The after-piece was *youth, love and folly*, three personages which, it must be allowed, are usually found in company.

A leading circumstance in this play is, that a lady, falling in love with a youth who is required by a stern uncle, on whom he is dependent, to marry another, equips herself in the dress of a post-boy, and, under this disguise, attends her lover, on pretence of being his servant. In the beginning of the scene, the lady appears on the stage in her proper dress, and has an interview with her lover. The uncle, being announced by a servant, she precipitately retires into an adjoining apartment, and, to elude discovery, in a few minutes returns to the stage in a frock-coat, jockey-cap, pantaloons and boots, with whip and spurs, and the strut, stride and smart air of an equestrian; but although her delicate face and feminine voice betrayed the woman, she seemed perfectly at ease. This transformation is so common that it is hardly ever reprehended, but, if a modest woman can so far overcome the reluctance which she ought to feel to such an indecorum, as to appear on a public stage in masculine attire, she must at least belong to that class of virtuous women whom Addison calls Salamanders. She is, in the language of this acute discerner of human characters; "a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt."

The performances this evening were however tolerably correct with respect to delicacy, but there were still many things which a lady ought not to hear without a frown or a blush.

The truth is, the theatre is not a school for morals; it is idle to pretend any such thing; it is a splendid fascinating amusement to those who have

no worse views in attending it, but to multitudes the theatrical entertainment is only a secondary object.

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NO. XIX.—LONDON.

Panorama of the battle of Agincourt—An interesting piece of private history—Du Bourg's Cork models of ancient temples, &c.—Representation of an eruption of Vesuvius—St. Paul's—Statues—Trophies of Blenheim—Prospect from the gallery around the dome—The whispering gallery—The great bell.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

*June 14.*—I spent some time to-day in viewing the panorama of the battle of Agincourt, painted by Porter. Those of the battle of Alexandria and of the passage of the bridge of Lodi, by the same artist, were exhibited last winter in the city of New-York. The latter I saw there in January. It was a very grand painting, and so is this of the battle of Agincourt. The time of the battle is that in which Henry V. dismounts to defend his brother the Duke of Gloucester, who has fallen down wounded. There is one delightful effect produced by this painting. From the confusion, splendor, and dreadful carnage of the battle, you turn to the right side of the picture, where the river Somme, winding through a charming country, presents all the mild beauties of landscape, on which, the eye, turning with horror from scenes of blood, delights to repose. This bat-

tle was judiciously selected by the painter, for it was one of the most splendid which the English annals afford.

It was fought by Henry against immense odds; the French lost 10,000 men slain, among whom was the flower of their nobility, while the English lost only a few hundreds. Their prisoners, after the battle, amounted to more than their whole army.

The painter has introduced one very interesting piece of private history. An English nobleman was followed into these wars by his wife, who, actuated by affection, accompanied him, in the character of an attendant; this she did, dressed in masculine attire, and clad in armour. After going through the campaign to that time with safety, the nobleman fell in this battle, and his wife is exhibited, in the first paroxysms of grief, stooping over her dying lord, and directing the soldiers who support him to bear him away from the field. This battle was fought in October 1415; the picture covers between two and three thousand feet.

I am fond of panoramas, especially of battles. Their magnitude, the consequent distinctness of the objects, and the circular position of the canvass, corresponding with the real horizon,<sup>s</sup> all tend to give one the strongest impression of the reality of the scene. They are, at present, much in vogue in England. I have seen a very fine one of the rock, fortifications, and bay of Gibraltar, with a portion of the adjacent parts of Spain and of the opposite coast of Africa. They are exhibited in buildings constructed on purpose for their reception; they are circular, like an amphitheatre, and lighted only from above.

## DU BOURG'S CORK MODELS.

*June 18.*—Since my arrival in London I have met with some of my fellow-passengers in the Ontario. Probably there are few accidental meetings which excite more interest than those produced by being fellow-passengers on board a ship, and I have not often been more gratified with any similar incident than in finding, in this immense wilderness of men, Dr. R—— and Capt. T——.

They breakfasted with me this morning, and we went soon after to see Du Bourg's cork models of ancient temples, theatres, mausoleums, &c. principally Roman.

This very ingenious man, Du Bourg, a Frenchman, from an actual residence of nine years in Italy, gained the information necessary for the execution of his wonderful work. It would be doing him great injustice to consider his exhibition merely as a display of ingenuity. In this view alone it must excite admiration; but, from the very effectual aid which it affords in understanding the subject of Roman antiquities, it communicates much delight and instruction. He has contrived, by the aid of cork alone, with a little cement and paint, to give perfect copies of some of the most admired ruins of antiquity.\* Among these are,

Part of the sepulchral vaults belonging to the Aruntia family, under a vineyard near Rome.

The sepulchre of the Scipio family, near the Appian Way, three miles from Rome.

\* I was afterwards assured by an intelligent American, who has seen both these models and the originals, that they were very correct copies.

That of the Horatii and Curiatii, at Albano, twelve miles from Rome.

Virgil's tomb, at Pausilipo, near Naples.

The amphitheatre at Verona, said to be the most perfect now remaining. This is a most interesting model; it gives one a complete idea of a Roman amphitheatre. It was capable of giving seats to more than 22,000 people, besides a gallery for 20,000 more, and, when crowded, it would hold 50,000.

In such places the ancient Romans assembled, to see those contests of wild beasts with gladiators, and of gladiators with each other, which disgraced the manners of that sanguinary although polished people.

The grotto and fountain of Egeria, and the Temple of Janus, I can merely mention, and I cannot entirely omit the celebrated Temple of the Sybils, exquisitely done on a scale of one inch to the foot; this is a most beautiful exhibition of architectural elegance.

The great cascade of Tivoli, with the town and adjoining country, presents a very interesting scene. Here the artist has contrived not only to give correct copies of all the fixed objects, but he has represented the fall and roaring of the water in such a manner, that the illusion is complete. The water seems, to the eye, actually to pour down the precipice, with copious foam and spray; that is, machinery gives motion to something which has the appearance of water in violent agitation.

The last thing which I will mention is Mount Vesuvius, as it appeared in the eruption of 1771. We were conducted behind a curtain where all was dark, and through a door or window, opened for the purpose,



we perceived Mount Vesuvius throwing out fire, red hot stones, smoke and flame, attended with a roaring noise like thunder; the crater glowed with heat, and, near it, the lava had burst through the side of the mountain, and poured down a torrent of liquid fire, which was tending toward the town of Portici, at the foot of the mountain, and toward the sea, on the margin of which this town stands. The waves of the sea are in motion—the lava is a real flood of glowing and burning matter, which this ingenious artist contrives to manage in such a manner as not to set fire to his cork mountain. The flames, cinders, fiery stones, &c. are all real, and it is only conceiving the scene to be at such a distance as greatly to reduce the scale of the mountain, and one will thus obtain not only a very impressive but probably a correct idea of its presence.

In the eruption of 1771, the lava ran down a precipice of 70 or 80 feet, and presented the awful view of a cataract of fire. This, also, by shifting his machinery, Du Bourg has contrived to exhibit in a very striking manner. He has not forgotten to appeal to the sense of smell as well as to those of sight and hearing, for, the spectator is assailed by the odour of burning sulphur, and such other effluvia as volcanoes usually emit: I suppose they are set on fire by some one behind the scene, for the double purpose of producing the smell and the fiery eruptions.

The cork models are all very firm, and will bear a hard blow with the fist.

#### ST. PAULS.

From this instructive and interesting scene I went with Dr. R—— to St. Paul's, and took a view of this vast structure. From entire despair of doing justice

to one of the finest and most sublime productions of modern architecture, I shall not attempt a description of St. Paul's. There is an excellent one in the picture of London, and, so far as I can judge, it is extremely correct. In that account it is mentioned as a singular circumstance, that although it took 35 years to erect this church, it was "built by one architect, *Sir Christopher Wren*; and one mason, *Mr. Strong*; while one prelate, *Dr. Henry Compton*, filled the see;" whereas "St. Peter's at Rome was 135 years in building; a succession of twelve architects being employed on the work, under a succession of nineteen Popes."

St. Paul's is 500 feet long, 250 broad, and 340 high. It cost nearly 750,000 pounds sterling.

They are beginning to erect statues to illustrious men within St. Paul's. As yet there are but a few, and among them is that of Howard, so well known for his active and real philanthropy. Burke speaks of his travels as a grand circumnavigation of charity, in which it was not his object to survey the grandeur of temples and palaces, but to take the guage and dimensions of human depression, misery, sorrow, and contempt.\*

\* "He has visited *all Europe*, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take guage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of *philanthropy*—a circumnavigation of charity!"

Here is also a statue to Johnson, to Sir William Jones, and to Captains Burges and Falconer, who fell in battle. All these statues are executed in the finest style of modern sculpture, and are very ornamental to the church.

Within the dome of St. Paul's are suspended a considerable number of flags taken at different times from the enemies of England, *at the price of blood*.

Among these I viewed with strong emotions those which were won by General Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, in the decisive battle which gave him victory in the moment of death.

Here also hang the tattered trophies of the sanguinary field of Blenheim; they are six or seven in number;—now very much mutilated by time, but still serving to excite many a heroic and melancholy emotion.

With these interesting remnants of the dreadful conflict at Blenheim, one naturally associates the recollection of the ambitious, vain, and frivolous Louis, and of his illustrious scourge, the Duke of Marlborough.

We ascended to the gallery which surrounds the exterior of the dome, and took a view of this amazing structure, and of the immense city in which it is situated. London is too great for distinct comprehension at a single view; it is a world!

The objects most distinctly seen from this elevation are the church-yard of St. Paul's, immediately below;—Ludgate-hill;—Cheapside;—the river with its bridges;—all around, a confused wilderness of houses, whose tiled roofs present a rude and barren prospect for many a furlong;—spires, cupolas, and turrets

without number, and among these the Tower and Westminster Abbey, marking the two extremes of London, and, more remote, the hills of Kent on one side, and those of Hamstead and Highgate on the other, with a whole horizon of various intervening country.

From the roof of St. Paul's one cannot see much of the bustle of the city, because the houses hide most of the streets. The whole, however, seems like a beautiful reduced picture, and the carriages and people in Ludgate-hill, Cheapside, the church-yard, and other places which are visible, have an appearance of minuteness, and yet of distinctness and activity, which gives it all the air of a show.

Descending, we visited the whispering gallery. This is situated within the dome, at the distance of about one-third of the way from the bottom to the top, and is an exact circle of 140 feet in diameter.

If you lay your mouth close to the wall, and whisper in ever so low a voice, even so that the person who stands within a single yard cannot hear, such is the reverberation, that any one on the opposite side, 140 feet off, will, on laying his ear to the wall, hear every word distinctly, as if some one were speaking in a *loud and audible* whisper, and it is not easy to be persuaded that some one is not concealed behind the walls, for the purpose of imposition. I could hardly banish this impression till Dr. R—— and I placed ourselves in opposite points of the gallery, and actually carried on a conversation of some minutes, although in very low whispers. When the door of this gallery is forcibly shut, it sounds, to a person on the opposite side, like thunder.

Prayers are said publicly in St. Paul's, three times

every day, and then any body may go in without paying a fee, which is demanded on all other occasions. The whole church is parcelled out into departments, for the sight of each one of which the visitor pays separately.

There is a library in the church, but it is not very extensive.

The great bell weighs more than eleven thousand pounds. It is tolled only on occasion of the death of one of the royal family, or of the dean of St. Paul's, or the bishop of London.

There is preserved in the church a beautiful model of the building which Sir Christopher Wren intended to have erected, for he was not permitted to follow his own plan entirely.

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#### NO. XX.—LONDON.

A painting room—Phæton and the solar chariot—Our Saviour at the last supper, &c.—An incident—Leverian museum—Birds—monkeys—Whimsical arrangement of them—Minerals, &c.—A pastry-cook's shop—India-House.

#### A PAINTING ROOM.

*June 19.*—I have this morning called on Mr. West. I found this indefatigable man in his painting-room, with his pallet on his thumb and his pencil in his fingers. I was conducted to this apartment through a long gallery of statues and paintings, the very appropriate decorations of the hall of a great master. In the room

where Mr. West was, were many fine paintings. I was particularly struck with one which represented Phæton as soliciting the reins of the solar chariot; the hours, in the form of beautiful women, are leading out the impetuous coursers, to harness them to the chariot of the glorious luminary, while he is pouring out a flood of light on the opening heavens, and on the gods, who are assembled to witness this enterprise of youthful temerity.

There was another, representing our Saviour at the last supper. In the mild resignation of his countenance you may read, "not my will, but thine be done." A third exhibited Cicero, with the magistrates of Syracuse, ordering the tomb of Archimedes to be cleared of the shrubs and trees with which it was overgrown. But I may be tedious while I give only a faint impression of beauties which must have their access to the heart through the eye.

Mr. West received me with much kindness, and conversed with the most engaging freedom. He seems to be engrossed by his profession, and it is easy to see that *the state of the fine arts* makes a very conspicuous figure in all his estimates of national improvement.

He spoke in the highest terms of Trumbull. "His sortie of Gibraltar (said he) was done in this room; it is a great production—it is one of the great things of modern times. Trumbull has fine talents for painting, and he adorns them by the most finished manners."

As I retired from this interview, I lingered a while

as I was passing through the gallery, to glance at its numerous paintings, prints, and statues.

What think you brother? Do not these painters and sculptors take rather too great liberties? In their academies and painting rooms, we cannot object to their availing themselves of every aid, afforded them either by nature or art, and it is proper that the subjects which they study should be fully before them, without the intervention of "these light incumbrances which we wear."

I would not pass for a barbarian, but, really, the exhibition of *Venus de Medicis*, of *Apollo of Belvedere*, and of other *unveiled* statues, as well as paintings, has ever struck me as a little *incorrect*, where *mixed* parties are to be the spectators; of such parties I have often been one in this country, but fashion affords the veil which the painter and sculptor have withheld, and the all conquering taste for the fine arts sanctions some petty deviations from that correctness, which public opinion would sooner give up, than abandon the claim to the possession of taste.

These things are now to be found in all collections of pictures and statues, and a real enthusiasm for the fine arts, or the affectation of it, has brought down the whole rabble of heathen gods and goddesses, with all the trumpery of Roman and Grecian fable, into the halls of the nobility and gentry of England.

I dined at my lodgings to-day, and just as I was finishing my repast, a coach stopped at the door, and I discovered through the window Mr. T——, a neighbour and old acquaintance of mine at home in Ame-

rica. One who has never resided in a foreign country can hardly estimate the value of such an incident.

I had hardly given him a seat before I overwhelmed him with questions concerning my country and friends.

He gave me the most pleasing of all answers, a packet of letters, the first which I have received in England. I soon recognised the hands of several of my friends; but—what shall I say to you! yours was not there, nor that of any of our family; the rich present from my other friends has however put me into so good humour, that I forgive you for this time, but you must not presume too far on my clemency, for, while I am every day writing to you, I feel as if I had some claims to a return.

Mr. T—— being an entire stranger in London, I spent the remainder of the afternoon in conducting him to different parts of the town, for a month's residence has made it somewhat familiar to me.

#### THE LEVERIAN MUSEUM.

*June 20.*—I have been with two companions over Blackfriar's Bridge, to see *the Leverian Museum*. This justly celebrated collection, which is one of the first in the world, was originally formed by Mr. afterwards Sir Ashton Lever of Alkington-Hall, near Manchester, at an expense of 50,000*l.* sterling. Consequent pecuniary embarrassments obliged him to dispose of it by a lottery of 36,000 tickets, and while 28,000 still remained his own, the revolutions of the wheel threw the prize into the hands of Mr. Parkinson, the owner of only two, who, in this way, for a couple of guineas, became the proprietor of this noble museum.



One room is devoted to the memory of Captain Cook, which is here effectually preserved by a collection of arms, dresses, utensils, idols, &c. which he made in his third and last voyage.

There is a grand collection of birds, in fine preservation, and beautifully, although not scientifically, arranged, in a Rotunda, with an interior gallery. In this, the cases are placed, and the whole is illuminated by a fine sky light. Here is the bird of paradise, among a multitude of the most splendid of the feathered tribe.

There is an apartment very gravely devoted to the monkeys. Not satisfied with what the Creator has done, in making these animals so very ludicrous in their appearance and manners; so much like men that we must acknowledge the resemblance; so much like a brute's that we cannot but be disgusted at it; the artist has exhibited them as busied about various human employments.

The taylor monkey sits, cross legged, threading his needle, with his work in his lap, and his goose, scissors, and bodkin by his side.

The watchman stands at a corner, with his cane and lanthorn in his hands.

The house carpenter monkey is driving the plane over the bench.

The ballad singer, with his ballad in his hand, is very gravely composing his muscles to sing.

The clerk of the monkey room sits writing at a desk.

The shaver has one of his own species seated in a chair;—his beard lathered, and the razor just beginning to slide over his face.

The dentist holds his patient by the chops, while he strains the turnkey, and produces all the grimace and contortion of features, which tooth-drawing can extort.

Crispin is pushing the awl and pointing the bristle to the shoe, and thus we have our rivals in form actually placed erect, and emulating human employments. Nothing is wanting but Lord Monboddoe's aid to free them from an appendage which this philosopher says our species have been so fortunate as to drop, and they might perhaps aspire even to the wool sack.

The mineral room contains a collection of superb specimens; they are large and wonderfully brilliant. The specimens of branched coral are so fine, and the native crystals of other substances are so perfect and beautiful, as almost to justify the poetical descriptions of subterranean grottoes and coral groves. I promise myself the pleasure of another visit to the Leverian Museum, and therefore leave it for the present.

As Dr. R—— and I were returning into the city, on our way to the India-house, repeated showers drove us under the porticoes of the Royal Exchange, and into a pastry cook's shop. We partook of some of his sickly dainties, and found them, like flattery, delicious but unsubstantial. These shops are very numerous in London and very lucrative. A pastry cook has recently become a Colonel of volunteers, and will doubtless have the honour of preparing Bonaparte's dessert, whenever he conquers England.

We went through several apartments of the India-house, where are transacted the most momentous

concerns of the commercial world, and where is exhibited the singular spectacle of a trading company swaying the sceptre of a great empire, and deciding on the fate of Asiatic princes.

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NO. XXI.—LONDON.

Another visit to Westminster Abbey—Tomb of Henry V. &c.—Westminster Hall—Lord Ellenborough—Lord Eldon—Sir James Mansfield—Costume and dignity of the Courts—A balloon—To be transformed into a temple—Tower Hill—Memorable for state executions—Rag Fair—Jews—Clothes' shops—Anglo-Asiatics and Africans—Their condition and treatment in England.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*June 21.*—I spent a little while this morning, with a friend, in Westminster Abbey. It was the hour of morning service, and the religious officers of the church were present in their appropriate robes; a number of boys, dressed in white, were chanting to the organ, which, by its deep majestic tones, added to those impressions of awe, which it is impossible that a stranger should not feel, on entering this venerable Abbey.

It is in vain that the moralist tells me royal ashes are no better than mine will be, and that poets, nobles, kings, and heroes are but common dust. Still, I feel an elevated melancholy when I say to myself,—here slumber the Edwards and the Henrys of Eng-

land; beneath this marble lies Queen Elizabeth, and here, her royal victim, Mary Queen of Scots.

History calls up, with powerful association, the actions of the illustrious dead. On one side, the monument of Newton fills you with impressions of the noble claims which science, intellect, and piety like his, have on the admiration of posterity; while on the other, the tomb of Henry V. recalls powerfully to one's recollection the conqueror of France. Over this tomb are suspended the shield which he bore, and the saddle which he rode, at the memorable battle of Agincourt.

This is one of those dreadful, brilliant, sanguinary conflicts, which took complete possession of my imagination when I first heard the English history, and I cannot tell how it made me feel, to behold these remnants of the battle of Agincourt. On the mind of an American such things produce their full effect, and such an one may be allowed to feel an enthusiasm almost puerile. There is no object that I have seen in England of which I am so desirous to give you a correct impression as of Westminster Abbey, nor is there any task of the kind to which I find myself so inadequate.

#### WESTMINSTER HALL.

From the Abbey we went across the street into Westminster-Hall to see some of the *living* oracles of the law. While we were at this great fountain-head not only of English but of American jurisprudence, I often thought of you, my dear brother, and wished that you could have been with me to gratify that strong professional curiosity, which every lawyer must feel to see Westminster Hall, and its courts of

justice. Although the books of reports, which have now become so numerous and copious, afford you a better idea of what is done here, than can be obtained from a few short visits, it is still some gratification to behold the place and the men. In the Court of King's Bench Lord Ellenborough was giving judgment in a cause; his manner is perspicuous, simple, and unostentatious. The judges in this court wear those full flowing wigs, which we see in their portraits; the effect is rather ludicrous than solemn, especially when the face is small and diminutive.

Across the hall, is the Court of Chancery. We saw the chancellor, Lord Eldon. He is a man of a noble appearance, and, if his countenance be a true index of his mind, well deserves his elevated station. In his person and features he is not unlike Judge Ellsworth of Connecticut.

Sir James Mansfield is the chief judge of the court of common pleas. The costume of this court is a purple silk robe with a white wig, close curled, not flowing over the shoulders.

I have visited Westminster Hall a number of times with the hope of hearing Erskine, Gibbs, Garrow, or some other of their distinguished advocates, but I have not been so fortunate as to be present when they were speaking, nor have I heard any eloquent man in these courts. They are all crowded with lawyers, who, as you know, wear flowing black gowns, and wigs curled and powdered. As these gentlemen are generally florid and fat, they have commonly an appearance which exhibits an odd contrast with this solemn dress. The courts of West-

minster are miserably cramped in consequence of the smallness of the apartments, which are hardly competent to contain the courts and their officers, without leaving room for suitors and spectators.

Among the lawyers they pointed out one of the name of *Best*. It seems the dignity of the place does not preclude punning, for, this gentleman has a brother, also a lawyer, whom, from his being both younger and inferior, they call *second Best*.

There is a great deal of dignity in these courts of justice. No indecorum of manners is permitted, and the lawyers are, as they ought every where to be, so much under the influence and control of the courts, that they dare not trifle but always adhere strictly to the point.

#### A BALLOON.

On my way home from Westminster Hall, I stopped at the Pantheon, to view a magnificent balloon which is now getting ready there. Lunardi, a well known æronaut, is to ascend in it, with a party of a dozen ladies and gentlemen. They pay a high premium for the privilege of breathing among the clouds, and the chance of being killed philosophically. This balloon is ornamented, in a very expensive style, and will probably cost enough to buy the finest equipage in Europe; minds of a less ambitious cast would perhaps prefer the wheels and horses on the ground, to varnished silk, and inflammable gas, among the whirlwinds of heaven. This party are even more ambitious than æronauts usually are; for they are not contented with building castles in the air, they must even raise a Grecian temple there, as if by magic; for, it is a part of the

scheme of this balloon that, after it has ascended to a certain height, a festoon of curtains which has been suspended all around it, will suddenly unfold and hang in such a manner as to hide the balloon completely, and to represent a Grecian temple with all its porticoes and columns.

The car of this balloon is a circular platform furnished with a dozen elegant chairs, secured in their places by an iron ring, which passes through their backs, and is itself supported by iron posts. In the middle is a table in which is a door that opens into convenient places for refreshments, philosophical instruments and other things necessary for the voyage. The car will be suspended as usual by a network of cords passing over the balloon, and fastened to the platform. A day in September is fixed on for the ascent, and, if I am at that time in London, you may expect to hear more of this great bubble, should it actually rise.

#### TOWER-HILL.

*June 23.*—I took a walk this morning to Tower-Hill, which is situated near the Tower itself. It is not much of an eminence, but it has been rendered very conspicuous in English history, as the place where much noble blood has been spilt, under the hand of the executioner. The Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Russel, Lord Lovet, Ann Bolein, and the great Sir William Wallace, the assertor of the liberties of his country against the tyranny of Edward the first, will occur to you among the multitude of other distinguished persons, whose blood has, at different periods, enriched this memorable spot. It is now a beautiful

square, covered with verdure and enclosed by an iron railing. It has ceased to be a place of execution, and, if my recollection does not deceive me, Lord Lovet and his associates were the last victims that suffered there.

#### RAG FAIR.

*June 24.*—As I was going to the London Dock, this evening, with some companions, we passed through a great crowd of dirty ragged people, to the number of some hundreds. They appeared to be very busy in displaying and examining old clothes which they were pulling out from bags in which they were contained. This, I was informed, is *rag fair*. It is held here every evening for the sale of old clothes which are collected all over London, principally by Jews, who go about with bags on their shoulders, crying, with a peculiarly harsh guttural sound, *clothes, clothes, old clothes*. You will meet them in every street and alley in London, and at evening they repair to Wapping, where a grand display is made of every species of apparel in every stage of decay. Sometimes they are in tatters, and at other times merely soiled. Here people of the lower ranks may make a selection which is to them really very useful, and a poor coxcomb may deck himself in the cast-off finery of the London cockneys.

This is only one instance of a great system of similar transactions. There are shops in every part of London where a man may furnish himself with the most important articles of dress for a few shillings; for instance, there are hundreds of boot and shoe stores, where these articles are sold of such



rude workmanship and of such inferior materials that there are few who cannot buy, at least among those articles which are second hand. There is probably no place in the world where people of all conditions may consult their circumstances so effectually as in London.

#### ANGLO ASIATICS AND AFRICANS.

From the rag fair we went on board an American ship lying in the London docks. There we saw several children which have been sent, by the way of America, from India to England, to receive an education. They are the descendants of European fathers and of Bengalee mothers, and are of course the medium between the two, in colour, features and form. I mention this circumstance because the fact has become extremely common. You will occasionally meet in the streets of London genteel young ladies, born in England, walking with their half-brothers, or more commonly with their nephews, born in India, who possess, in a very strong degree, the black hair, small features, delicate form, and brown complexion of the native Hindus. These young men are received into society and take the rank of their fathers. I confess the fact struck me rather unpleasantly. It would seem that the prejudice against colour is less strong in England than in America; for, the few negroes found in this country, are in a condition much superior to that of their countrymen any where else. A black footman is considered as a great acquisition, and consequently, negro servants are sought for and caressed. An ill dressed or starving negro is never seen in England, and in some instances even alliances are

formed between them and white girls of the lower orders of society. A few days since I met in Oxford-street a well dressed white girl who was of a ruddy complexion, and even handsome, walking arm in arm, and conversing very sociably, with a negro man, who was as well dressed as she, and so black that his skin had a kind of ebony lustre. As there are no slaves in England, perhaps the English have not learned to regard negroes as a degraded class of men, as we do in the United States, where we have never seen them in any other condition.

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## NO. XXII.—LONDON.

Vauxhall gardens—Situation and extent—Splendidly illuminated—Description—Amusements of the place—Music—A mechanical panorama—Fire-works—Dancing of courtezans.

## VAUXHALL GARDENS.

In the evening, I went with a party of Americans to Vauxhall gardens. They are situated about a mile and a half from London, on the south of Lambeth, on the Surry side of the river. The gardens cover a number of acres, the whole surface is perfectly smooth, free from grass, and rolled hard. Avenues of lofty trees are planted every where, and the confines are filled with shrubs. I came to the gardens with the impression that I was about to see something excelling all other splendid objects which I had hitherto beheld. Nor was I disappointed.

For, as we entered, a scene presented itself splendid beyond description, and almost beyond conception, exceeding all that poets have told of fairy lands and Elysian fields.

From the trees, even to their very tops and extremities, from the long arched passages, open at the sides and crossing each other in geometrical figures, from the alcoves and recesses which surround the whole, and from the orchestra and pavilions, such a flood of brightness was poured out from ten thousand lamps, whose flames were tinged with every hue of light, and which were disposed in figures, exhibiting at once all that is beautiful in regularity, and all that is fascinating in the arrangements of taste and fancy—that one might almost have doubted whether it were not a splendid illusion which imagination was playing off upon his senses. Do not suspect me of exaggeration, for, what I have now written can give you but a faint idea of this abode of pleasure.

The arched passages to which I just now alluded, cross the gardens at right angles with each other, and yet, not in such a manner as to obscure the trees. In the recesses which bound the gardens on several sides, and also beneath the trees, tables are placed, furnished with cold collations, confectionaries and other refreshments. Transparent paintings rendered conspicuous by lights behind them, terminate several of the avenues, and all the arbours and walks are painted in a splendid manner.

The rotunda is a magnificent room; it is finely painted, its walls are covered with mirrors and gilding, and two of the principal arched passages cross

each other here. The flags of several nations are suspended within, accompanied by paintings characteristic of the several countries.

The orchestra is erected nearly in the centre of the gardens. It is in the form of a Grecian temple; the second story is open in front, and there the musicians are placed.

About 10 o'clock, thousands of well dressed people thronged the gardens. The first entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music from the orchestra, and then a noble company of musicians, in number about thirty, most splendidly dressed, and known by the name of the Duke of York's band, performed in a very superior style. The orchestra itself is one of the most beautiful objects that can be imagined. It is a Grecian temple of no mean size, and it is illuminated with such a profusion of lamps arranged in the lines of the building that its appearance is extremely splendid. These lamps are simple in their form but very beautiful in their effect. They are somewhat spherical, open at the top and suspended by a wire. The wick floats in the oil, and the whole forms a little illuminated ball.

The entrance to the gardens presents you with double rows of these lamps arranged in perpendicular lines on the pillars, and then with other rows, corresponding with the form of the roof of the arched passage under which you enter. Along the concave of this roof, extending a great way into the gardens, other lamps are suspended so as to represent the starry heavens. Conceive farther, that these lamps are thus disposed in every part of the garden, in very

various and beautiful forms, among the trees and green leaves, in the alcoves, recesses, and orchestra, and that some are green, others red, others blue, &c. thus transmitting rays of these colours only, and you may then form some idea of the gardens of Vauxhall.

Our little party in the gardens was under the direction of an American captain, who was familiar with the place. As soon as the band had finished performing, he told us to run after him, which we did with all possible speed, as we saw every body running that way, although we knew not why. Having reached the end of one of the arched passages, the captain, in language perfectly professional told us to *haul our wind* and *lay our course* for the fence. This we did, and the mystery was soon explained. For, down in a dark wood, we perceived a curtain rise, which discovered London bridge, and the water-works under it nearly as large as the original. The scene was produced by a combination of painting and mechanism. An old woman was sitting and spinning at the foot of the bridge; the mail and heavy coach passed over into town, and a fierce bull followed driving before him an ass. The thing was very well done, and it was at once so odd, unexpected and puerile, that it afforded us more diversion than a fine strain of wit could have done.

After this exhibition there was music again from the orchestra.

It was now past eleven o'clock, and the bell rung for the fire-works. These were exhibited from the bottom of a long dark avenue, terminated by a grove.

They were very splendid, and, as the night was uncommonly dark, they produced their full effect. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of them by description.

After the fire-works there was an intermission, while every body that was disposed sat down to the cold collation. Our party had engaged a table in one of the boxes, as they are called. They are, in fact, little apartments without doors, closed on three sides, and opening into the gardens. I was now no longer at a loss for the meaning or propriety of the proverbial expression, *a Vauxhall slice*; for the ham was shaved so thin, that it served rather to excite than to allay the appetite. We sat, until the music, beginning again, animated the company to new feats.

Beside the musicians in the orchestra, several other bands now appeared in different parts of the gardens, seated on elevated platforms, railed in, and covered with splendid canopies. Music now broke out from various quarters, and a new entertainment was opened to the company. The assemblies in these gardens always include a crowd of genteel people, among whom are, frequently, some of the nobility, and, occasionally, even the king and queen and royal family appear at Vauxhall.

But, in addition to these, no small part of the crowd is composed of courtezans. They are of that class who dress genteely, and whose manners are less indecorous than is usual with persons of their character. The renewal of the music was, it seems, a signal for them to commence dancing. This they did in several groups in various parts of the gardens, and the young men readily joined them. There was among these

dancing females a large share of beauty and elegance, and some of them could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. Their manners and modes of dancing, while they were not so gross as necessarily to excite disgust, were such as I ought not to describe. I can hardly believe what I heard asserted, that some respectable ladies, of more than common vivacity, and less than common reflection, occasionally, in a frolic, mix in these dances. However this may be, it is certain that both ladies and gentlemen, and little misses and masters, are always spectators of these scenes, and I saw numerous instances where young men would leave ladies who were under their care, and join the dances, and then return to their friends again.

This scene continued till half after one o'clock in the morning, when our party came away, and I was told that it would probably continue till three o'clock.

The new day had dawned when I reached home; I was much fatigued, and went to bed with a violent head-ache, and completely disgusted with a place, which, although superlatively elegant, is, I am convinced, a most successful school of corruption.

## NO. XXIII.—LONDON.

House of Commons—Inconveniences to which spectators are subjected—Conversation with a member—Rotten boroughs—Debate on the army—Col. C———Mr. Pitt—Lord Castlereagh—Windham's retort courteous—Mr. Fox—Sheridan—Association of ideas—Ceremonies and customs.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At a dinner, a few days since, I was introduced to two members of the House of Commons, who were so kind as to mention this day to me as one that would probably produce debates in their body with which a stranger would be gratified. One of these gentlemen gave me a good seat in the gallery, as he had offered to do when I saw him before. Strangers are not admitted on to the floor of the house, unless they are foreign ministers, or, are specially permitted, and the gallery therefore affords the only opportunity of seeing the House of Commons. The introduction of a member secures you a seat gratis; otherwise a *douceur* is paid to the door-keeper, from half a crown to half a guinea, according as the occasion is more or less interesting. The gallery is so small that it will not hold more than 150 or 200 people, and I should think not even so many. Whenever an important debate is expected, it becomes necessary therefore to go to the House very early in order to secure a seat; the gallery is sometimes occupied by seven o'clock A. M. and the House does not open till four o'clock P. M. All this tedious while the spectators may be obliged to wait, and then, in all probability, the greater part of the night will be engrossed by the debate. After you have once taken



your seat, you must actually occupy it all the time, or you are considered as relinquishing it. The hat however is allowed to be an adequate representative of its owner, and by leaving this in your place, you may reclaim it after having been out.

As the House was not yet assembled, the member who had given me a place in the gallery, was so obliging as to sit down and entertain me with his remarks upon parliamentary affairs. In the course of his observations, he took notice of the old subject of rotten boroughs. He thought that they were by no means so bad a part of the body politic as had been imagined, for, through them, generals, admirals, clergymen, merchants, and, in short, men of every profession, could gain admittance to the House of Commons, and thus bring their professional knowledge to a place where it is much wanted, not to mention that an opportunity was thus afforded them, by their personal vigilance, to take effectual care of the rights of their respective professions. In the elections by counties and towns, it seems that it is usual to send up some person locally settled among those who elect him, but, in the borough elections, any man, residing even in the remotest part of the kingdom, may set himself up, or, (which is the more common course) his friends may do it for him. As the election is generally under the control of a few men, who have become possessed of the freeholds, to which the right of election was, by the charters of kings, originally granted, it is not a very difficult thing to become, through them, a member of the House of Commons. The gentleman with whom I was conversing, was a member from Cornwall.

It was not quite four o'clock, when Mr. Abbot, the Speaker, came in. After a short religious service, the Speaker counted the members present, and when forty had appeared, he took the chair. I was informed that if forty do not appear at four o'clock, the Speaker instantly adjourns the House till the next day.

The House of Commons sit in St. Stephen's Chapel, which they have occupied ever since the reign of Edward VI. This apartment is connected with Westminster Hall, so that, in passing from the one to the other, there is no necessity of going out of doors.

The room occupied by the House of Commons is merely neat; it has no appearance of splendour, and is really unequal to the dignity of this great nation. The principal objection to it is in point of size, for it is much too small for the accommodation of more than six hundred members. But, they are never all present. The side galleries are fitted up for the use of the members, and it is only the gallery at the end of the House which is devoted to strangers. The floors are covered with carpets, and the seats with green cloth, besides a matting or cushions.

I shall not, on this occasion, act as stenographer to the House. I will mention only a few facts. Many topics of little importance occupied the earlier hours of the night. That which had been expressly assigned for discussion at this time, and which excited the most lively interest, was brought forward by a celebrated military man, under the form of a motion to inquire into the state of the army. It was said that he had been a long time preparing for this attack on Mr. Pitt, and he now made it in form, in two laboured speeches, supported by minutes, statements, and documents.

He spoke about two hours and a half. His remarks were pointed against the minister personally, and he attributed the embarrassments of the country to his maladministration. Many other members spoke on the occasion, and most of them with no great ability. Col. C—— is said to be a brave man and an excellent soldier, but he is a very incompetent person to attack the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the very moment when you are prepared, by a formal exordium, to expect at least a formal conclusion, in which the burden of the complaint shall be brought forth, he hesitates, stutters, and repeats; he fails in the very crisis of the sentence, and leaves you only to wonder how one who performs so little, should have promised so much.

I hoped that Mr. Pitt would have spoken on this subject, but he did not deign to reply. When Col. C—— alluded to him personally, which he often did, he only shook his head occasionally, or smiled contemptuously. This irritated the orator, who even noticed in his speech, that the honourable gentleman smiled.

Lord Castlereagh, from Ireland, replied to Col. C—— with much perspicuity, correctness, and ability, and proved himself a superior man.

He was answered by Windham, who, with great fluency and wit, made the noble lord blush and the House laugh. It had been urged by the opposition, that the regular army ought to be increased, so as to be competent to meet the invasion, without relying upon the volunteers, who, they asserted, could not be depended upon. To this, Lord Castlereagh replied, that the experiment had not been pursued far enough; they could not as yet say it would not answer;—they ought to try the volunteer system longer.

Windham retorted, that the noble lord's argument was like that of the apothecary, who, when his patients came and complained that his quack medicine did no good, used to tell them—*try it again! try it again!*

Although Mr. Pitt remained silent with respect to the motion on the state of the army, I had the pleasure of hearing this great man speak a few minutes on a petition which he handed in. There was nothing in the subject which called for a display of eloquence; he made simply a statement of facts, but this served to identify his voice and manner. In his person he is tall and spare; he has small limbs with large knees and feet; his features are sharp; his nose large, pointed, and turning up; his complexion sanguine; his voice deep-toned and commanding, yet sweet and perfectly well modulated, and his whole presence, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, is, when he rises to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity. I had a distinct view of him for six hours, during which time he sat directly before me. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings, with large buckles in his shoes. His hair was powdered. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, and their having been so long accustomed to his voice, when he rose, the House became so quiet, that a whisper might have been heard from any part.

Mr. Fox was also present. His person is very lusty. His neck is short,—his head large, round, and now quite grey,—his chest is broad and prominent, and his body and limbs vast and corpulent, even for England. His complexion is dark,—his

features large—eyes blue, close together, and of uncommon size, and his whole appearance peculiar, noble, and commanding. His hair was not powdered;—he wore a blue coat, with buff cassimere under dress, and white silk stockings

I saw him in numerous situations, for he seemed very uneasy, and changed his place many times; he walked about—went out and came in—went up gallery and down, and was almost constantly in motion. He spoke a few minutes on a petition from a person imprisoned in Ireland for treason. His remarks were very pertinent to the case; his manner flowing, easy, and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going up hill, and his fists were clenched and thrust into his waistcoat pockets. The caricatures both of him and of Mr. Pitt are very correct, with the usual allowance for the extravagance of this kind of prints.

Sheridan, so celebrated for his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, was in the house, and spoke on a question connected with the whale fishery. His language flows with great facility.

While present within these walls, which have heard so often the thunder of the elder Pitt and of Burke, I associated the memory of these great men with the very seats and pannels, and it was no unnatural employment for an American to revert to that period when, in this place, were voted those armies which ravaged our country, and when, on this floor, a general of one of those armies made his eloquent defence for surrendering his sword to *rebels*.

The general appearance of the House was very si-

milar to that of American legislative assemblies. They have a custom of crying out hear ! hear ! when any thing is said to which they wish to call the attention of the House ; sometimes this word is vociferated from so many at once, as entirely to drown the orator's voice.

The Speaker takes the opinion of the House in this form—" as many as are of this opinion say aye !" —contrary opinions say no !" —and then the result is declared thus : " the ayes have it, or, the noes have it," according as one or the other party prevails. The members all wear their hats. They have no pay for their attendance ; the inducement is derived from the honour and the influence which a seat in Parliament confers. It follows almost necessarily that the members must be men of fortune.

The Speaker directs the galleries to be cleared, by saying " strangers withdraw !" This he utters with a very loud voice, and the first time I heard the mandate I was disposed to obey it instantly. But I was surprised to see with what indifference it was received. Sometimes it was totally disregarded, and the spectators retained their seats, and they were never cleared till the command was vehemently repeated. We were driven out a number of times in the course of the debate, and it was always extremely unpleasant, because the stairs and doors leading to the gallery were very narrow, and a violent contest invariably ensued for precedence the moment the doors were opened.

There are coffee-rooms under the same roof with the House of Commons, and private passages leading into them through which the members often retire

to refresh themselves. Some of the members prefer these lounging places to the hot air of the House, and are often found here over a comfortable supper, while patriots are spending their breath in vain, to convince those who are more attracted by coffee and beef steaks, than by the charms of eloquence. It was now between midnight and one o'clock in the morning;—the fatigue and bad air had given me a violent head ache, and I retired to get a cup of tea; not knowing that the coffee-rooms were reserved for the members alone, I was going into one, when I was stopped by an inquiry whether I was member of Parliament. As I could not answer in the affirmative, I was obliged to take my tea in the lobby.

I walked home alone without meeting any adventure, and indeed, if I may judge from my own observation during the short period that I have been here, London is as safe by night as a village.

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NO. XXIV.—LONDON.

A private party—Mr. Greville—Descended from Lord Brook—Lord Brook's death—Mr. Watt—Sir Joseph Banks' conversation—Sir Joseph—Major Rennel—His opinion of the changes of the English language in America—Dr. Wollaston—Dr. Tooke—Dalrymple—Windham, &c.—No ceremony—Sir Joseph's public breakfast—Anecdote of a Frenchman.

A PRIVATE PARTY.

*June 30.*—I dined to-day at Paddington Green, with Mr. Greville.

Mr. Greville is a son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Warwick; he is the nephew and heir of the late Sir William Hamilton, so well known by his long residence in Italy, and by the collection of Etruscan vases with which he enriched the British Museum. Mr. G—— is one of the King's Privy Council, and is well known to the scientific world by his exertions to promote the study of mineralogy, in which department of natural knowledge he possesses perhaps the best private collection in Europe. He informed me that he is descended from Lord Brook, who, with Lord Say, founded Saybrook at the mouth of Connecticut river. This Lord Brook was slain, in a singular manner, at the battle of Litchfield during the civil wars, by one Dyot, a dumb man, who was remarkably skilled in shooting. Lord Brook was standing at a great distance with his vizor thrown up; I think it was said that he was standing in the door of a house, when some one pointed him out to Dyot, and the latter aimed with such fatal accuracy, that he shot him through one eye. His armour is still shewn in Warwick Castle.

At Mr. Greville's, among several gentlemen of science, I had the pleasure of meeting a man whom I have long contemplated with admiration. I mean Mr. Watt of Birmingham, one of the greatest philosophers of the present day, the particular friend and associate of Dr. Black, and the great improver, I had almost said inventor, of the steam engine and of its most important applications. He is a venerable man of 70 or more, but perfectly erect in his person and dignified in his manners. He was very affable, and appeared to be almost equally at home on every



subject, whether it were mineralogy, chemistry, history, antiquities, or the fine arts. Among men of accomplished minds and the most amiable and polished manners, it was impossible that time should not pass pleasantly and usefully.

We returned into London on foot, and Mr Watt, having learned my views in visiting England, was good enough to direct my attention to a number of interesting objects in different parts of the kingdom; as we passed along through the environs, and the more recent streets of Westminster, he pointed out some of the remarkable changes which London has undergone within his own recollection. I was surprised to learn from him that so large a part of Westminster is newly built; indeed it looks like a comparatively recent town; the houses are in the modern style; the streets are spacious and clean, and it is free from any appearance of decay and ruin.

#### SIR JOSEPH BANKS' CONVERSATION.

There are a number of literary assemblies in London, for the purpose of conversation, where a stranger has a better opportunity than he can enjoy in any other way, of seeing the distinguished men of the metropolis, and of forming an estimate of the English character in its most improved, intelligent, and polished form. The most distinguished of these meetings is held at Sir Joseph Banks', and I found that the gentlemen with whom I was walking, were going to attend it. When Mr. Watt inquired whether I had been introduced at this meeting, I informed him that I had supposed myself precluded from calling on Sir Joseph Banks, as I had left a letter of introduction with my card, on my first arrival in London,

and had never heard any thing farther on the subject. He assured me that it would be perfectly in order to call again, as Sir Joseph, in consequence of the numerous demands on his time, was, by the universal consent of society, excused from the common obligations of civility with respect to returning visits and sending invitations, and every stranger who had been introduced to him was expected to call again as a matter of course. I had learned the same thing, a day or two before, from a friend, and had accidentally heard that inquiry had been made by Sir Joseph whether I had called. I was therefore very happy to put myself under Mr. Watt's patronage, and to accept the offer which he kindly made to introduce me.

My reception was such as to make me regret that my mistake had not been sooner corrected, and every embarrassment was removed by the courteous behaviour of this celebrated man.

Sir Joseph Banks is verging toward old age; he is now afflicted with the gout, and from this cause, is so lame as to walk stooping with the aid of a staff. His head is perfectly white, his person tall and large, and his whole appearance commanding though mild and conciliating. From his being President of the Royal Society, and from his having been long distinguished by active and zealous exertions to promote the cause of science, especially of the various departments of natural history, he has become, by common consent, a kind of monarch over these intellectual dominions. We found Sir Joseph in his library, surrounded by a crowd of the literati, politicians, and philosophers of London. These consti-

tute his court, and they would not dishonour the King himself. Mr. Watt was so good as to make me easy in this assembly, by introducing me to such of the gentlemen present as I had a curiosity to converse with.

Major Rennel is probably the first geographer living. In Asiatic geography particularly he has distinguished himself very much, and has given the world an excellent map of Hindustan.

The geographical illustrations at the end of Park's Travels in Africa were written by him.

Although few men have equally well founded claims to superiority, no man indicates less disposition to arrogate it than Major Rennel. His manners are perfectly modest, and so mild and gentle, that he makes even a stranger his friend. He thought that notwithstanding the efforts of the French to make their language the polite tongue of Europe, the English would ultimately become the most prevalent language in the world. This he inferred from the immense countries in Asia and America which were already settled or fast settling with English people. While conversing on this subject, he uttered the following extraordinary sentiment. He said, that *the Americans had improved the English language, by the introduction of some words and phrases very energetic and concise, instead of diffuse circumlocution.* To my remark that his sentiments were much more favourable to us than those of the English reviewers, he replied that they were not always the most candid men.

Among other distinguished men who were present was Dr. Wollaston, a chemical philosopher of emi-

nence, and Secretary of the Royal Society; Dr. Tooke, the historian of Catherine of Russia; Mr. Cavendish, who has done as much towards establishing the modern chemistry as any man living; Dalrymple, the marine geographer; Windham, the Parliamentary orator; and Lord Macartney, famous for his embassy to China.

Beside these there were many others among those who have distinguished themselves in science, politics, or literature, and whom it was gratifying to a stranger to see.

In this assembly the most perfect ease of manners prevailed; there was no ceremony of any kind. They came and departed when they pleased, without disturbing any body, and those present sat or stood, or walked or read, or conversed or remained silent, at pleasure.\* Eating and drinking formed no part of the entertainment.

Every person who has been introduced to Sir Joseph Banks is at liberty to breakfast at his house at 10 o'clock, and to frequent his library and museum at any time between that hour and 4 o'clock P. M. every day in the week except Sunday. I shall doubtless avail myself of the privilege of the library frequently, although I may not perhaps make so much use of the breakfasts as a French loyalist is said to have done.

This man, having fled from the guillotine in France, found access at Sir Joseph Banks', and met that liberal reception which is known to characterize the house. Having understood that a public breakfast was ready every morning, at which Sir Joseph was always happy to see his friends, he construed

the invitation in the most literal and extensive sense, and actually took up his board there for one meal a day, and came to breakfast regularly, till the sly looks and meaning shrugs of the servants taught him that in England, as well as in France, more is often said than is meant.

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NO. XXV.—LONDON.

Brompton Garden—Chelsea Garden—Chelsea Hospital—Beauty of the grounds—Veterans—Smugglers of Cambric—Strangers easily distinguished in London—Mendicants very numerous in London—Refuge for the destitute—Inadequacy of the relief afforded by public and private charity—A successful beggar—Soldiers and sailors.

BROMPTON AND CHELSEA GARDENS.

*July 1.*—With a companion I walked out this morning, to the Botanical Gardens at Brompton, a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner. These are the gardens which were cultivated by the late Mr. Curtiss, a man distinguished for his botanical knowledge, and well known to the public by the Botanical Magazine which he conducted, adorned with very beautiful coloured engravings. His Lectures are now published, with botanical prints, so perfectly done, that they look absolutely like living flowers and plants. I visited the gardens with a particular view to ascertain whether they would be of use to me in looking a little into the elements of botany, to which I wish to devote some attention this sum-

mer. I find that by paying one guinea, I shall be entitled to visit them at pleasure, and to make use of a botanical library which is kept in the garden, and of the conveniencies for study which it affords. I think I shall sometimes make it an afternoon's retreat during the warm weather, for, what can be a more grateful refreshment than to exchange the dreary walls and pavements—the steams—the noise, and the universal scramble of London, for the quiet, the fragrance, the beauty, and the instruction of the Gardens of Brompton.

Wishing to compare these gardens with those at Chelsea, we walked half a mile farther to them. We found that they belong to a company of apothecaries in London, and are confined to the promotion of their particular views, and are of course less accessible than those at Brompton. They are said to be arranged upon scientific principles and to be more correct in this particular than the other garden. A botanical garden scarcely admits of interesting description. It ought to be seen and examined in order to be understood. We saw here a cork tree in actual growth, the appearance of the surface is extremely rough. Here were also the tea plant of China and two fine cedars of Lebanon, 150 years old.

#### CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

In this excursion we visited Chelsea hospital, erected by Charles II. for the reception of soldiers worn out, or disabled, in the service of their country. The number of pensioners at this time is about 500; the out pensioners are 10,000, and they receive each twelve pounds a year.

The grounds connected with Chelsea hospital cover about forty acres. The front of this hospital extends about 800 feet, it is constructed of brick, and makes a handsome appearance.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the grounds about this hospital. It stands on the Thames, and every rural beauty, formed by avenues of trees and green fields, is heightened by gravelled walks and appropriate statues. I mean to describe merely the impressions which I received, for, I am well aware that the gardens are considered as being laid out in bad taste, because the lines are straight, yet avenues of trees and verdant fields will ever be beautiful.

We were in the dining-hall when they were laying the tables for the veterans of Chelsea hospital. Many of them are hoary and bowed down with years. Here they repose, till the king of terrors shall steal silently to their beds, without the pomp and noise of battle, and the murderous weapons of war. My time did not permit me to gratify the strong curiosity which I felt to inquire into the private history of individuals; to learn what "hair breadth escapes" each one had met with, "in the imminent deadly breach," and to lead him, insensibly, to forget the decrepitude of age and wounds—kindle with the recollection of former deeds, and "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won."

But, the life of a common soldier is, in every part of it, deplorable. His pay is a song, his service is severe, his privations great, his dangers frequent and imminent, his death undistinguished and unlamented, and, if he survive, his old age is dependant, vacant and miserable.

## SMUGGLERS OF CAMBRIC.

*July 2.*—About a week since, as I was returning home from the strand, a short fat man, in a scarlet waistcoat, addressed me in this style; “young gentleman—sir—your honour!” So many titles, in such rapid succession, made me stop short, when he put his mouth to my ear, and said in a low voice; “I have got some nice French cambric, will you buy? I answered no! and walked on. To-day, while I was passing rapidly along Holborn, a fellow singled me out with his eye, and after following me a few paces through the crowd, said with a low, cautious voice, “sir, sir, will you buy a little French cambric? I have some very fine.” I trust you will not wonder if I answered no! very petulantly; for, what, thought I, is there in my appearance which makes these fellows tease me to buy French cambric. They were undoubtedly smugglers of that article, and had either evaded or defied the laws of the country, for both are constantly practised.

It is surprising how soon rogues of all descriptions will distinguish a stranger in London. Concerning the multitudes who, on their first arrival in this metropolis, saunter through the streets, staring at every red lion and golden eagle over a shop door, there is indeed no wonder that all should mark them for strangers. But, let even men who have been accustomed to large towns in other countries, come to London, and dress himself in the strictest fashion of the day, and from the shops of English tailors, let him walk fast through the streets, as if he neither saw any body, nor cared for any thing, let him



even strut and look brave and knowing, like a Londoner, still the rogues and beggars will find him out. The former will track him in crowds and assail his pockets, and the latter will pursue him in the streets, and supplicate his compassion till they have received a six-pence, and then pour blessings upon his head till he is out of hearing.

#### MENDICANTS.

*July 3.*—As I was reading in my apartment this afternoon, I heard a female voice in the street, saying, in a tone of anguish, “O! for heaven’s sake, have compassion on a poor distressed woman!” This petition for charity was addressed to a servant of the house who happened to be at the door.

The number of beggars in the streets of London is very great; in some streets they occur every few steps, and among them is a very large proportion of old women, and a considerable number of young women with infants ~~in~~ their arms. When I have bestowed a trifle upon them, I have sometimes heard Englishmen say, “O these people are impostors—dont mind them, they make a trade of it.” This may be, in some instances true, and probably is; but, when one sees age, decrepitude, rags, emaciation and extreme dejection, and that in a woman, compassion will be awakened, especially when a wretched mother carries a starving infant in her arms.

It is said that the institutions of the country are sufficient to provide for these people. Why then, are they not provided for, and if, as is asserted, they prefer a life of vagrancy, to the wholesome provisions of a public charity, why does not the

police take them up, and oblige them to receive relief in a regular way, and to make what remuneration they can by their labour.

But, there is reason to believe, that most of them are really the wretches whom they appear to be, and that the charge of imposture so constantly urged against them, is too frequently a refuge of selfishness, which is penurious when poverty and suffering plead, but profuse when pleasure calls.

Street charity is undoubtedly injurious, when it is frequent, because it encourages vagrancy; but the truth seems to be, that the high price of provisions, want of character and friends, and the very incompetent wages of people who have no trade, make much real suffering in London.

As a proof that these are not the erroneous impressions of a stranger, whose opportunities for observation have been necessarily limited, I will mention a fact in point. I was present, not long ago, at a dinner in London, where were some of the most active promoters of a new humane institution called

#### THE REFUGE OF THE DESTITUTE.

They gave me their prospectus, from which the following is an extract.

“The object which this society have in view, is to provide places of refuge, for persons discharged from prison, or the hulks, unfortunate and deserted females, and others, who, from loss of character, or extreme indigence, cannot procure an honest maintenance though willing to work.”

“When it is considered that thousands in this metropolis subsist by dishonest practices, whilst

some, it is much to be feared, *perish from want*, before parochial relief can be obtained ; an undertaking tending to remove such evils, cannot fail to receive the most general patronage and support," &c.

That thousands do suffer here " though willing to work," and that some do " perish from want," there can be no doubt.

You will see these wretched beings sunk down in the streets—under the eaves of the houses—on the steps of doors, or against the corners, apparently asleep, but there is much reason to believe, that they are, in some instances, finding a refuge forever, from hunger, and the repulse of pride, pleasure and affluence ; that refuge *where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest*.

I am not insensible of the glorious pre-eminence which this country holds above all others, in the number and magnitude of its charitable institutions, nor am I ignorant of the unparalleled extent of private munificence ; but, still, there is something wrong where things are thus, and these humane Englishmen who are founding the refuge for the destitute, have proved that they think so too.

Another considerable class of beggars in London, consists of those who have lost some of their organs.

There is an unfortunate man whom I pass frequently in Holborn, whose lower limbs have been amputated, close to his body, so that he has neither legs nor thighs. He sits upon a little sled, to which he is fastened by straps, and moves himself by crutches, raising the sled with himself at every effort. But he is the most successful beggar in London, and that *because he never begs*. He merely sits

upon his sled, with his hat in his hand, but never solicits charity even by a look. His case however speaks eloquently, and such has been his success that (as report says) he has lately given a daughter in marriage with a portion of several hundred pounds. His case is altogether singular, and has no analogy with those which are the subjects of these remarks.

It is a very common thing here to meet those who have lost a leg or an arm, and, at present, considerable numbers of soldiers who lost their eyes in the Egyptian expedition are begging their bread in the streets of London. This misfortune befel multitudes of them, in the burning deserts of Egypt and Syria, from the reflection of heat and light, and the blowing of the fine sand into their eyes by the hot winds; or from the Egyptian ophthalmia. I know not why they are suffered to beg, for, surely, government ought to take care of them.

Sailors frequently hobble through the middle of the streets on crutches, singing, in concert, *to old England's glory*, and soliciting, too often in vain, *old England's charity*.

There is a fellow who has taken his station in the street leading to the parliament house, and attracts attention by drawing curious figures on the flat stones, with red and white chalk, and inscribing there the story of his misfortunes, or some moving sentiment.

These things strike me with double force, when contrasted with the splendour, the voluptuousness, the ingenious luxury, and the unbounded profusion of the fashionable world, who might find

nobler pleasures in relieving distress and providing for honest but suffering poverty.

*July 4.*—The thermometer stood to-day at 82°, which is high in this climate; the heat was the more oppressive, because the prevailing weather this summer has been thus far, very cold, even for England.

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NO. XXVI.—LONDON.

Illumination with inflammable gas—Its beauty—Nature of the contrivance—The royal society—A picture gallery—Denner's daughter—A hunting piece—Joseph and Potiphar's wife—Attempt to delineate Jehovah.

ILLUMINATION WITH GAS.

I had been with a companion into Hyde park, to see the serpentine canal, and the flock of swans which are suffered to swim unmolested upon it, when, on our return, through Picadilly, we were induced to stop, near Albany house, by an object of some curiosity. An ingenious apothecary and chemist has contrived to light his shop in a very beautiful manner, by means of the inflammable gas obtained from fossil coal. It is the same thing with the thermo-lamp of which you have heard much in America. Every new thing by which money can be made, is of course kept secret in London, as well as every where else; I took the liberty however, of asking the owner of the shop to permit me

to see his apparatus. He refused at first, but, on my assuring him that I was not a commercial or trading man, and was actuated solely by curiosity, he consented, and took me down cellar.

The inflammable gas is extricated, simply by heating common fossil coal in a furnace, with a proper apparatus to prevent the escape of the gas, and to conduct it into a large vessel of water, which condenses the bituminous matter resembling tar, and several other products of the distillation, that are foreign to the principal object. The gas, being thus washed and purified, is allowed to ascend through a main tube, and is then distributed, by means of other tubes concealed in the structure of the room, and branching off in every desired direction, till, at last, they communicate with sconces along the walls, and with chandeliers, depending from the roof, in such a manner that the gas issues in streams, from orifices situated where the candles are commonly placed. There it is set on fire, and forms very beautiful jets of flame, of great brilliancy, and from their being numerous, long, and pointed, and waving with every breath of air, they have an effect almost magical, and seem as if endowed with a kind of animation.

The gas is sometimes made to escape in revolving jets, when it forms circles of flame; and, in short, there is no end to the variety of forms which ingenuity and fancy may give to this brilliant invention.

I was assured that they found this mode of lighting the shop more economical than the common one with oil or candles. But, it is not well adapted to small and confined apartments, as there is an odour resembling that which arises from burning coal;

this odour may be prevented by peculiar precautions, but it is apt to exist, and this renders ventilation necessary.

The expense of the apparatus, and its liability to accidents, forms another obstacle of magnitude, and, on the whole, it is probable that it will not be generally adopted.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I was introduced here by the kindness of Sir Charles Blagden, who had left my name with the door keeper, with proper directions for my admission. Sir Joseph Banks was in the chair; he wore a cocked hat and a star on his breast, and his seat was considerably elevated above the general level of the room. It appeared to be a full meeting. The apartment was ornamented with portraits of men distinguished as cultivators or patrons of science.

The Secretary, Dr. Wollaston, was reading a paper containing an account of the analysis of a new variety of the stone called zeolite. It was, of course, merely a recapitulation of chemical processes, no part of which would be interesting to you. This was the whole business of the evening, except the admission of some new members. The President then adjourned the Society, till the 7th of November next.

Although one may learn from their *transactions* every important and interesting fact which occurs in the Royal Society, still, it is a source of rational satisfaction to be present in one of the first scientific bodies in the world; a Society which has been honoured by the presidency of a Newton, and whose papers present a mass of science which has probably

not been surpassed by the exertions of any body of learned men.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris, under the old government, and the National Institute, under the new, have, it is true, held a long continued rivalry with the Royal Society of London. It is not necessary to adjust their contending claims; both have done much, and if national prejudices interweave themselves in matters of science, it is a weakness of human nature which ought to be forgiven.

#### A PICTURE GALLERY.

*July 5.*—A disposition to be thought connoisseurs in the elegant arts, and particularly in painting, is probably one of the most general traits of travellers in polished countries. As I utterly disclaim all pretensions to the real possession of this character, I will certainly not be guilty of affecting it. In speaking of my visit this morning to the Truehess Gallery, which is said to be one of the finest collections of paintings in England, I shall therefore give you only the genuine impressions of one unpractised in fashionable admiration.

This gallery contains about 900 pictures of the Dutch, Flemish, French, German, Spanish, and Italian masters, arranged in eight large rooms, lighted from above, and so connected that every successive room seems a capital discovery, as one is impressed with the idea that every new apartment is the last. This collection was brought from Vienna at a vast expense; it is asserted that the duties of importation alone amounted to 4000*l.* and that the total expense of removing it from Vienna, including that of the building in which they are exhibited, was 12,000 guineas.



Description can do but little in conveying an idea of the beauties of painting; I will mention only a few pieces which gave me particular pleasure.

There is a portrait of his own daughter, by Denner, which you would pronounce to be life itself, and not a painting; so perfect is the very living tint of the skin, the soft moisture of the eye, and the colour of the veins and lips. Denner had been distinguished for painting the heads of old people with wonderful accuracy, and he drew this, the only portrait of a young face which he ever took, to silence those who said he could paint none but old faces.

In the third apartment are two large hunting pieces, the one, of a wild boar, and the other, of two stags, attacked by dogs. The wild boar, after having made great havoc among his canine enemies, is at length overpowered by numbers, and surely if ever swine had any thing of expression in his face, *his* is marked by violent indignation, grief, and despair.

The stags too are in the same desperate situation with the boar, and while they are fastened upon, on every side, by their furious foes, they have a *seeming* dignity in suffering, which is enough to disgust one with the cruel pleasures of the chase.

In the next room are two pieces, representing domestic fowls attacked by hawks; while they are seizing on their defenceless prey, the consternation of

“ The crested cock with all his female train,”

and the trepidation of the farmer's boy, running to succour the barn yard, are expressed in a manner which nothing but nature can equal.

There is a picture of a woman carrying a candle in the dark, and holding her hand before it to screen it from the wind, where the partial transparency of the fingers, and the full reflection of light from her face, are most surprisingly accurate.

The painters seem to have been very fond of one particular subject, I mean the story of Joseph and his master's wife. There were in this gallery no fewer than three paintings of this story, by different artists. The images delineated by sacred writ are sufficiently distinct, without the aid of the pencil, and you may easily imagine that the morality of the scene has not gained much in the hands of the painters.

I will notice one painting more, and that shall be the last. It was a very feeble, perhaps a very improper attempt, to reach the awful sublimity of its subject. This was no other than *God the Father in his glory*.

Although it was a portrait of a figure resembling man, the artist had attempted to shed around it the fearful radiance shrouded with the impenetrable obscurity of the throne of Jehovah; but, on this subject, the pencil is impotent—the strongest lines are feeble—the most glowing colours are faint!

## NO. XXVII.—LONDON.

An American party—Feelings of country—Haymarket theatre—Manners and morals of the stage—Athletic exercises—Beauty and activity of the young men of England—Sadler's Wells theatre—Its origin—Taste of the audience—A curious water scene—Royal institution—Its origin and object—Culinary experiments—Philosophical theatre—A fashionable resort.

## AN AMERICAN PARTY.

*July 6.*—I dined to-day with Mr. Williams, late American consul for the port of London. From this gentleman I had received a series of kind and useful attentions, which made his house a home, and in this I was not alone, for few men ever rendered themselves more useful to their countrymen abroad, or more respected by the people of the country. At his house to-day, as had often happened before, I met a party exclusively American. Although a traveller should rather avoid than seek the society of his countrymen, still, there is a feeling of country, which may sometimes be advantageously indulged by an exclusive association with people whose habits and feelings, whose very prejudices and follies, correspond with our own. I dined with an American circle to-day, and found a correspondence of views and opinions, which has rarely failed to shed over such parties a peculiar interest, and to produce a peculiar gratification.

There was present a brother of the celebrated Madame Jerome Bonaparte, now attending his unfortunate sister, whose recent repulse from the shores of the continent, excites in this country no small sympathy

for the lady, and equal indignation against the authors of her misfortunes.

We were so happy as to have at our table an American well known at home as a man of talents and distinction, who has recently returned to England from a residence on the continent, principally in France and Italy. The politeness and suavity of his manners, his easy command of the best language, and the animated manner in which he speaks, enable him to display most advantageously the rare acquisitions he has made, and to instruct and delight the circles which he frequents. I have seen him in English parties, where I felt proud of him as my countryman, because I was certain that he did us honour. Indeed the idea advanced by Buffon, Raynal, and other European writers, that the human mind has dwindled on the other side of the Atlantic, is too insulting to be treated with the decency of a sober refutation, and too ridiculous to need it. While I feel the utmost respect for the enlightened intelligence of the English mind, I have seen no reason to think that my own countrymen would suffer by a comparison.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

July 8.—In the evening I went to the Haymarket theatre. It is opened only during the summer months, and its performances begin when those of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden close. The house is small but neat, and even to a certain degree elegant.

The play performed to-night was *Speed the Plough*, with the after-piece of *The Hunter over the Alps*. Both the plays, and the manner of acting them, would have admitted of criticism, but, on the whole, I was entertained and even considerably interested. As usual,

love was a prominent feature in the story, but nothing can be farther from the language and manners of this passion than the ranting professions and frantic gestures which usually attend it on the stage.

The dancing was very indecent ; modesty seems not to be a necessary qualification in an actress. It would be unjust to say that it is never found on the stage, for the character of Mrs. Siddons is known to be estimable in private life, and I believe was never reproached. But Mrs. J——d——n, one of the most eminent actresses at present on the London stage, is openly the mistress of the Duke of C——e, and has been so for many years. This duke is a son of the present king ; Mrs. J——d——n is the mother of several of his children, and whenever she is to play a distinguished part, he usually attends.

In the plays this evening there was a considerable degree of profaneness, some coarse and indecent deportment, and frequent inuendos too palpable to be misunderstood. I could not mark either displeasure or embarrassment in the countenances of the audience ; fashion sanctions every thing, and even modesty may be brought by degrees to smile where it should frown.

Enthusiatic applauses were bestowed by the galleries this evening, on this sentiment—that if a poor man had but an honest heart, there lived not one in England who had either the presumption or the power to oppress him. In this incident may be seen the active jealousy of liberty which exists even in the lower orders in England.

#### ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

*July 9.*—Having never seen the Aquatic Theatre, at Sadler's Wells, a little out of London on the west, I went thither this evening with an acquaintance.

In our way we passed over an extensive field of green grass, where a company of young men were playing at ball. This climate is so temperate, that even such violent exercise may be indulged in with safety and pleasure, at a season of the year when, in America, the heat is almost intolerable. I have worn broad cloth and cassimere thus far this summer, and have found no occasion for those light stuffs which, in the United States, are so welcome during the sultry heats of July.

The mode of playing ball differs a little from that practised in New-England. Instead of tossing up the ball out of one's own hand, and then striking it, as it descends, they lay it into the heel of a kind of wood shoe; the shoe is hollowed out from the instep back to the heel, and upon the instep a spring is fixed, which extends within the hollow to the hinder part of the shoe; the ball is placed where the heel of the foot would commonly be, and a blow applied on the other end of the spring, raises the ball into the air, and, as it descends, it receives the blow from the bat.

They were playing also at another game resembling our cricket, but differing from it in this particular, that the perpendicular pieces which support the horizontal one, are about eighteen inches high, and are three in number, whereas with us they are only two in number, and about three or four inches high.

The young men of England are very active, and play with much adroitness and vigour. Their habits of activity contribute much to that appearance of florid health which is so remarkable in the youth of this country. Probably the genteel young men of England are the handsomest men on earth. It is true this

is in part attributable to their dress, which is remarkably correct; their clothes are of the best materials—genteely made and genteely worn, and always clean and whole. They are never put on after they have become much defaced; still they are plain, and appear to be made for comfort and decency more than for exhibition. There is much less finery than with us, and there are very few fops. The footmen are almost the only coxcombs seen in London.

#### SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

This theatre is situated a little out of London, near the village of Islington. There is a chalybeate spring here, which was famous before the Reformation for the cure of certain diseases; but the priests of the Romish Church, who lived in the vicinity, had the address to persuade the patients that the efficacy of the waters was owing to their prayers. For this reason the spring was stopped up at the Reformation, and its virtues and even its situation were forgotten. In the year 1683 it was accidentally discovered again by a labourer, employed by a Mr. Sadler, from whom it derives its present name. Since that, the place has become famous for the exhibition of pantomimes, rope-dancing, and feats of activity for which a theatre has been erected, and the mineral spring now forms its smallest attraction.

In the entertainment which I saw, the early parts consisted principally of low buffoonery—coarse wit, and feats of activity. You may judge, by the following circumstance, what sort of mirth is relished here.

*The clown* attempted to draw on a boot in presence of the audience, when, as his foot had nearly reached the bottom, he roared out as if from pain, and drew his

foot violently out, when a large rat was seen hanging by his teeth upon the clown's foot, while he ran around the stage in apparent consternation. The thing was received with great applause, and doubtless succeeded better than the most brilliant effusion of wit would have done.

There was a great deal of dancing. The females laid aside the petticoat, and appeared in loose muslin pantaloons, white silk stockings, and red slippers. They wore also, an open short frock, hanging loose like a coat. Such facts need no comment. I shall say nothing more than that they danced with much spirit and elegance.

The dancing was succeeded by a popular song, the subject of which was a late gallant achievement in the taking of a fortress in the West-Indies, by a boat's crew of a British ship of war. The applauses bestowed on this piece, particularly by the galleries, were frequent and loud. The English naval enterprise was probably never higher than at present, and the theatres fall in with the national feelings; on this subject the meanest fellow in the gallery feels proud.

Next came a long piece which was partly spoken and partly exhibited in pantomime. It was one of the Scotch popular tales, involving all their poetical machinery of witches, weird sisters, ghosts, enchanted castles, &c. the dresses, dialect, and scenery, were all Scotch, and, as usual, *love and murder* formed the catastrophe. There was but one thing in the performance which I think worth mentioning.

The last scene gave us a view of the famous Fin-



gal's cave. This representation was very interesting. A surprising circumstance in this piece of scenery was, that the place which but a moment before was a common stage, all dry like a house floor, now became a great expanse of water, extending back and back, beneath the arches of the cave, and between its huge basaltic columns, till, from the distance and the consequent obscurity, the eye could no longer perceive any distinct images. You are prepared to say, that this was all produced by the magic of painting. No, it was not—the water was real, for it was soon filled with the boats of the Highlanders, some of which contained six or eight men, and were rowed with facility. A lady, who is the principal subject of the performance, had been brought by her lover in a boat, and landed on one of the crags of the cave, where she concealed herself to avoid the pursuit of her lover's rival whom she hated. But soon his boat appears, approaching from the dark recesses of the cavern; he discovers the lady in her concealment, forces her into his boat and is bearing her away in triumph, when she leaps into the water, and swims to the boat of her lover, which now appears, again coming from among the basaltic columns, on the other side; she reaches it, climbs up the side, and, all dripping as she is, lies down at full length in the boat. I mention this circumstance to prove to you that it was a real water scene.

The head of the new river which supplies London with water is near this place, and I suppose, furnishes the water for the marine exhibitions of this theatre, thence, I imagine, deriving the name of

the Aquatic theatre, by which appellation it is frequently called.

It was to me a perfectly novel and an entertaining exhibition.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

*July 11.*—Mr. Accum, to whom I have been indebted for many instances of kindness, since I came to London, this morning conducted me to see the royal institution. This institution was set on foot a few years ago for the purpose of encouraging useful knowledge in general, and for facilitating the introduction of useful mechanical improvements. Now, public lectures are delivered in the institution on different branches of science, and particularly on natural philosophy and chemistry. The establishment was munificently endowed, and Count Rumford was placed at its head, where he had opportunity to give full scope to his culinary and other experiments. The institution has become quite celebrated, and for two or three years past, has made more noise than any other in Europe. It is on a very extensive scale; for, the English, whenever any favourite object is in view, never spare money, and indeed, as the patrons of such institutions are generally rich, they commonly prefer the most expensive establishments, because there is a gratification derived from the distinction, as well as from the consciousness of doing good.

A number of contiguous houses in Albemarle-street have been so connected as to form one building, and this contains the numerous apartments of the royal institution. There are rooms for reading the journals and newspapers; others, devoted to the

library which is already considerably extensive ; others to the philosophical apparatus, the lectures, the minerals, the professors, the cookery, servants, &c. In the lowest apartment they pointed out a great number of culinary utensils, consisting of stew pans, boilers, roasters, and other similar things, which Count Rumford has, at various times, invented, for reducing the humble processes of the kitchen to philosophical principles. The experiments were carried *quite* through, for, one of the objects of the institution was to give *experimental* dinners, at which the Count presided, and the patrons of his experiments attended, to judge of the merits of any newly invented mode of cooking, or of any new dish. It was probably not very difficult to *recruit* a sufficient number of men for this service, in a country where good living is so much in fashion, and could philosophical pursuits always come furnished with equal attractions, they would never want devotees.

Do not understand me however as meaning any reflections on Count Rumford. His labours have been highly meritorious, and useful to mankind, and I would be the last to throw an air of ridicule around those men who strive to make philosophy the hand maid of the arts.

They showed me also the system of boilers and pipes by means of which the Count has contrived to carry steam through this extensive edifice, and effectually to warm the theatre by diffusing through it the air which has become heated by contact with the pipes containing the steam.

The theatre is the room where the lectures are

given. It is a superb apartment and fitted up with great convenience. It is semicircular and contains a pit and gallery in which the seats rise row behind row. It is lighted from above through a circular orifice, which, whenever the lecturer wishes to darken the room, can be shut at pleasure by a horizontal screen connected with a cord. This theatre has often contained a thousand persons. It is so fashionable a resort that the ladies of Westminster are in the habit of coming to the royal institution to derive instruction from the rational pursuits of philosophy. Surely every one would commend this preference, when the competition lies between routs and masquerades and the delightful recreations of experimental science.

But, as one object of the institution has been to attract an audience, of course every thing has worn a popular air, and the amusing and the brilliant have been studiously pursued as well as the useful. The apparatus is by no means so extensive as I expected to find it.

Very recently two new institutions have been projected in London, on principles similar to this. They are patronised by people of *the city*, as distinguished from Westminster, and are designed to rival the Royal Institution. There is a spirit of jealousy and rivalry subsisting in the city towards the people of fashion in Westminster. In the former, people accumulate fortunes by industry and spend their lives in business; in the latter, they live to be amused, and to enjoy their fortunes. Although there can be no hesitation in deciding which class is really most deserving, and which ought to be honoured and ap-

plauded, some how or other, the world has always been so *wrong-headed* as to permit elegant and fashionable idleness to give the ton to every thing, while less polished but more useful industry has stood in the back ground. It must be acknowledged that the citizens have taken a very laudable way to assert their dignity.

Besides these institutions there is still another of very recent origin, the object of which is to hold forth encouragement for the cultivation of the fine arts, particularly those which are connected with the manufacturing interests of Great-Britain. The encouragement contemplated is not merely that of honorary distinctions, but of substantial pecuniary aid, and that sufficiently liberal to answer the purpose.



NO. XXVIII.—LONDON.

Royal circus—A pantomime—Absurdity of battles on the stage—Horsemanship—Ludicrous scene—Courtezans—Old Bailey—Incidents there—A wonderful old sinner—Debtors in Newgate—Goldsmith's garret—Morland picture gallery—Ludicrous courtship—The painter his own satirist—Evening at home—Mr. Nicholson.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

In the evening I went with an acquaintance to the Royal Circus, which is in St. George's fields on the Surry side of the Thames. This circus is an

elegant building, fitted up, like other places of the kind, with a pit, boxes, and a gallery, and with a stage and scenery adapted to pantomimes, buffoonery and feats of bodily activity.

The entertainment consisted of specimens of all these. The pantomime was nearly unintelligible to me, as I was unacquainted with the story. I believe however that it was taken from Shakspeare's *Cimberline*. The English are still fond of battles on the stage, as they were in Addison's time, nor do the judicious objections raised against this kind of representation by him appear to have at all corrected the national taste. This evening there was a great battle fought between the Romans and ancient Britons, with much noise and strife, and no small clashing of swords and helmets, but, *as nobody was killed*, it was somewhat difficult to believe that the combatants had really been in sober earnest. As this impression will always remain on the mind, it is certainly better that fighting and murdering scenes should be related, and not acted.

The horsemanship was *wonderful*. The feats which these people perform would, I think, be incredible to any one who had not seen similar things. Could we perceive any useful purpose, either of war or peace, to which this surprising muscular activity can be applied, we should look at equestrian exercises with more complacency, but, as the case is, they must be regarded as a frivolous and childish amusement.

Harlequin and Scaramouch were introduced on to the stage, and were, without doubt, very gratifying to those who can be amused with seeing man

become a monkey, and "the human face divine" distorted with every possible spasm and grimace, and disguised with the most ludicrous and absurd combinations of artificial colour.

There was one circumstance which afforded the gallery a high degree of amusement. Scaramouch sat down to supper, and all of a sudden, the table was transformed into a tall pale ghost, which rose and embraced poor Scaramouch, who was petrified with consternation; with a desperate effort he disengaged himself from the ghost, which then walked slowly and solemnly around the stage.

This piece of deception was effected by concealing a man beneath a table; his head was let through it by means of a hole, and covered with a napkin as if it had been a roasted goose. At the appointed moment, the man rose, with the table on his shoulders; the table was so small that the table cloth answered very well for a winding sheet, and fell down around the ghost, trailing on the floor and concealing his limbs.

There was a great deal of buffoonery, indecent dancing, mimicry, and other similar things, most of which were as dull, as they were all silly and childish. Such are the amusements with which some of the people of London recreate themselves after the fatigues of business. I mixed with the crowd in the pit and other parts of the house, and indeed it is my wish, as far as possible, to mingle in scenes of every description, whenever I can do it without guilt or danger, for, if one would form a correct estimate of human life and the human character, he must "catch the manners living as they rise." To ob-

tain an adequate idea of the morals of London, it is necessary to visit the theatres, the gardens, and other public places, and to walk at night through the principal streets. In all these places, you will see multitudes of those whom it is scarcely possible to name without offence and disgust, and whose impudent and shameless advances, made without any regard to the decorum of time, place, or character, nothing but the most frequent and decided repulses can repress or even discourage.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for alluding to a subject so painful to every virtuous mind, but circumstances of this nature are so frequent and so glaring, and form so prominent a feature in London manners, that it is scarcely possible to pass them by in total silence.

#### OLD BAILEY.

*July 13.*—I dined with a friend, and in the afternoon went with him to the Old Bailey, a court which I need only name, to *you*, who are familiar with English jurisprudence. It is under the same roof with the famous Newgate prison. The cells which separate the unhappy felons from the rest of mankind; the court that furnishes their death warrant, and the fatal apparatus which launches them into eternity, are all here upon one spot. Tyburn is no longer the scene of execution; that distressing, although necessary act of justice, is now performed at the door of the Newgate prison, in one of the most public streets in London. In the back yard of the Old Bailey, we saw the scaffold. It is a stage erected on runners, and furnished with a gallows, beneath which is a trap-door, that falls from under the cul



prit; when an execution is to take place, the machine is dragged out from the yard into the street, and placed before one of the prison doors through which the prisoner is conducted to the scaffold. There he is suffered to hang, sometimes for an hour. Although several executions have happened since I have been residing in London, it has not been my misfortune to pass by Newgate in time to see a kind of tragedy of which I would not willingly be a spectator.

At the Old Bailey, a man was under trial for his life, on an indictment for burglary. I witnessed the issue of the trial. Judge Lawrence summed up the case to the jury, with perspicuity and humanity. Without leaving their seats, the jury acquitted the man of burglary, but found him guilty of a common larceny. Influenced by that commiseration which we are too prone to feel for one in his circumstances, I was gratified to find that his life was not forfeited, especially as he appeared like a forlorn, distressed man. He seemed to be half starved, and when called upon by the court for his defence, he said that he was without witnesses and without friends.

Immediately after, a woman was brought to the bar, and indicted for crimes, for which, if convicted, she must lose her life. As we did not stay to hear this trial through, I do not know her fate. Judge Lawrence had retired, and the recorder now presided. I was disgusted with the captiousness and imperiousness which he displayed. Surely, while an upright judge asserts, with firmness, the dignity of the laws, he should bear himself with all possible humanity towards the trembling wretch who stands before him.

Last evening a young girl of 16 or 17 years of age was condemned to death in this court for forgery. In the same place, and for the same crime, stood convicted the famous Dr Dodd, whose singularly distressing case called forth the pen of Johnson, and excited your friend Mr. ——— with a warmth of friendship which we must admire, while we cannot but censure its interference with the laws—to exert himself, although unsuccessfully, for his rescue.

In the course of this week, an old man of about 80 years of age, has been tried for the sixty-first time at the Old Bailey, and this, after having been fifty-seven times publicly whipped, and otherwise ignominiously punished, and after being once condemned to death, the infliction of which was prevented by a pardon. I question whether the annals of criminal law can furnish a parallel. The old man was condemned again, at this trial, but not capitally, so that he may yet make the number of his convictions equal to threescore and ten.

There is a great number of debtors confined in Newgate and the adjoining prisons, and most of them are immured for small sums, and have very little hope of escaping, because they are miserably poor. They are crowded, in great numbers, into small apartments, and I have never heard more piteous cries of distress, nor more moving entreaties for relief, than from the grates of the Fleet prison, as I have been passing along between it and Fleet-market.

#### GOLDSMITH'S GARRET.

My companion, who although residing in this country as a merchant, has indulged that curiosity which

the habits of his early education were calculated to excite and direct, took me from the Old Bailey to Green Arbour Court, one of the early residences of Goldsmith. This court but poorly deserves the name which it bears, for it is obscure and dirty, and has neither arbour nor verdure about it. Although Mr. M—— had been here before, we searched for some time, and went into a number of houses, before we could find that in which Goldsmith formerly lived. It was a very ordinary, indeed I may say a very poor house, and the poet resided in the very garret. His chamber was lighted by a single window in the roof, and its antiquity was sufficiently evinced by the diamond form of the glass, which was very small, and set in lead. The chamber itself was small, and so low, on account of the sloping of the roof, as to leave only a few feet where one can stand upright.

We should not expect such a place to be honoured with the visitations of the Muses, yet, it is said, that this garret witnessed some of the finest effusions of a mind which has left much to delight and instruct the world.

His chamber is now inhabited by a poor woman, who seemed to be very little conscious of the honour of being Dr. Goldsmith's successor; for, when we asked her concerning him, she said she knew nothing of the matter, although she had heard that such a man once lived there. When we inquired whether she had any thing of his in her possession, she even seemed wounded at what she appeared to feel as a reflection on her honesty.

#### MORLAND GALLERY.

*July 15.*—On my way home through the Strand to-day, my attention was arrested by the Morland Gal

lery of pictures, in surveying which I spent an hour. There are nearly one hundred pieces, all done by Morland, a very eccentric English artist, lately dead. The scenes are all from nature, and from real life, and what is more, they are all English scenes. There is not a single shred of Roman or Grecian fable, and therefore the pictures are generally understood, and being admirably executed, they are generally admired. I have never seen any pictures which exhibit the appearance of the ocean in a storm so well as these, and they produced their full effect on my imagination, on account of the strong impressions which I have so recently received of marine scenery.

Morland has been equally happy in his winter scenes, and peculiarly successful in exhibiting the moral traits of common life. There is a picture of a bashful country lad, making love to a lass as bashful as himself, while the old people are looking on. This picture amused me much.\*

\* As I cannot show you the picture, you shall have the story on which it is founded.

“ Young Roger, the ploughman, who wanted a mate,  
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate :  
With a nosegay so large, and his holiday clothes,  
His hands in his pockets, away Roger goes.

Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,  
And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he ;  
So he bow'd and he star'd, and he let his hat fall,  
Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing at all.

If awkward the swain, not less awkward the maid ;  
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-strings play'd ;  
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,  
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be onc.”

This story, not badly told in rhyme, is admirably told on the canvass, and the effect, as you may well imagine, is ludicrous in the extreme

Morland was a man of wild eccentric fancy, in the indulgence of which he travelled all over England, to copy some of its finest scenes. He has given a faithful portrait of his old white horse, which carried him in his excursions, and he took the strange whim into his head of painting a caricature of himself.

He is exhibited as sitting at the canvass, with his pencil between his fingers, and his pallet on his thumb;—with stockings full of holes, and a coat out at elbows; nor has he forgotten to satirize his own infirmity, by placing the gin keg (which is said to have been his ruin) in full view.

My evening was rendered very pleasant at my lodgings by a call from two Americans, who took tea and spent the evening with me. We returned in imagination to our own country, and beguiled several hours in the most interesting conversation on American scenes. Never, till since my arrival in England, did I realize the strength of the tie which binds one to his country.

My windows are barred and doors shut as close as if it were winter, and this has generally been the fact for some time past. Even in the day I have found it sometimes necessary to wear an outside garment and gloves, when reading in my apartment. It is widely different with you at this period, when the sultry heats of July oblige you to open your doors and windows to every breath of evening air, and to divest yourselves of every article of superfluous apparel.

*July 16.*—I had an interview this morning with Mr.

Nicholson, the conductor of the Philosophical Journal, and author of several works on Natural Science. He is so well known to the scientific world, that it is not necessary that I should inform you of his merits. It is however always gratifying to find distinguished men amiable and attentive to civility in private life.

Mr. Nicholson is so in an eminent degree, and in several instances in which I have consulted him on subjects connected with his peculiar pursuits, he has exhibited a degree of urbanity and intelligence, which could not fail of making an advantageous impression. He holds a *conversazione* at his house; I was present at one.

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NO. XXIX.—LONDON.

The Opera—An amusement of the great—Nature of an opera—  
Absurdity of Italian operas before an English audience.

THE OPERA.

At half past seven o'clock in the evening, I went with an acquaintance to the opera, which is in Haymarket-street. You will recollect the amusing remarks of Addison on the subject of this opera, which was established in his time, that is, in the reign of Queen Anne, in 1705.

I had never seen any thing of the kind before, and I believe there is no opera in America. No place in the United Kingdoms is so much resorted to by people of rank and fashion, and in none is more expense in

dress exhibited than here, and the prices for admission are much higher than at the other theatres. The opera is therefore in a great measure avoided by the lower, and even by the middle classes of society, and given up to the fashionable world. To go into the boxes, or even into the pit, without being in full dress, would be regarded as a high indecorum, and you will remember, that, in this country, a full dress always implies *un chapeau bras*, that is, an enormous cocked hat, which folds in a manner perfectly flat, so as to be carried beneath the arm, when it is not on the head, (whence its French name of a hat for the arm) or even to be laid on the seat beneath the owner, or dangled in his fingers, by way of pastime or relief, from the awkward embarrassment of not knowing what to do with the hands.

I shall not enter into a particular account of the entertainments of the opera. I feel strongly disposed to dispatch the subject in one sentence, by saying that the opera is the most insipid, unintelligible, and stupid of all things that I have ever seen pass under the name of amusement. Notwithstanding this, it is the favourite amusement of the fashionable world, and the reason probably is, not because they are enraptured by Italian music and French dancing, but because the expensiveness of the opera makes it almost exclusively the amusement of the great, and probably because a frequent attendance there implies a knowledge of the Italian language, and thus may raise a suspicion of having travelled in Italy, a country which once furnished the world with heroes and conquerors, but now with singers and fiddlers.

The opera-house is a vast and magnificent thea-

tre, and its scenery and decorations are in the first style of elegance, expense, and beauty. It has five or six tiers of boxes, a fact which will give you some idea of its height, and it would hold many thousands of spectators.

Without presuming to give a definition of an opera, I may safely say, that the one which I saw was an Italian drama, which was not spoken, like a common play, but sung by the actors and actresses, who are accompanied by appropriate instrumental music from the orchestra. It seems to differ in no other respect from a common drama, for it is exhibited on a stage, with correspondent scenery, dresses, and action. Pantomimes and dancing seem to be appendages, and serve as interludes and conclusions.

Now the humour of the thing is, that an English audience, not one in ten of whom can distinguish Italian from low Dutch, sit here five or six hours, to hear these performers *sing an Italian drama*, of which most of them comprehend not one sentence. They may, indeed, if they choose, give two shillings for the play with an English translation, which is sold at the door, but, then they must study it all the time of the performance, by which means they loose the action and scenery, and are still so much disturbed by what is going on that they can form no distinct comprehension of the plot of the play, even with the book before them. I remained and heard this Italian drama through, and although it was tedious and unintelligible, I must still do the performers and myself the justice to say that I did obtain one idea from the representation. It was manifest from their "gestures fierce and mad demeanour," that love was



the main spring in the plot. This potent drug seems to be an indispensable ingredient in most theatrical compounds ; without it they would not go down. In this instance, however, it did not as usual effervesce with bloodshed and murder.

The great things aimed at in the opera are the highest attainments of music, particularly vocal, and the most finished elegance of dancing. The music is such as can be understood and relished only by amateurs, and the feats of the dancers, although wonderfully agile and elegant, are very extravagant, and those of the females very indecent. Minute description of dress and dancing as I saw them at the opera would compel a modest eye to turn from my page, and I therefore dismiss the subject.

There were interludes of pantomime, unintelligible as usual, but rich in decorations, scenery, and all the auxiliary means adapted to give currency to these insipid exhibitions. Many children were introduced upon the stage ; they, as well as their older companions, danced with great spirit and activity ; but the stage seems a miserable school in which to form the minds of children to useful knowledge or pure and virtuous principles and habits.

The performances were over a little before one in the morning, and I hastened home, gratified at having seen the opera, because it is one of the shows of London, but, on every other account, fatigued and disgusted.

It would be inconceivable to me how people can spend night after night there, from year to year, did I not know the force of habit, and the possibility of acquiring a taste for any thing to which the mind is directed by motives sufficiently powerful.

## NO. XXX.—LONDON.

Anecdotes—Specimens of female manners from low and high life—Sentiments of an American lady—Royal Academy—The Life Academy—Living figures—Astley's Amphitheatre—A sanguinary pantomime—Naval exploit—Tricks to make sport.

## ANECDOTES.

*July 17.*—I was, yesterday, passing through a narrow lane, leading into Oxford road, when I saw a very athletic woman dragging by the collar a man much stouter than herself, and, with very appropriate eloquence, upbraiding him for attempting to go off without paying for some cherries, which it seems he had bought of this modern Amazon. The poor fellow looked very much abashed, as she brought him back to her wheel barrow, greatly to the diversion of the populace; and truly, when you consider the disgrace of being dragged in this manner through the streets, and the still greater disgrace of using force against a woman, it must be acknowledged that his was an embarrassing situation, and afforded to the advocates of Miss Wolstonecraft a triumphant example of the practical enforcement of the rights of women.

As I was walking through Hyde Park the other day, I saw two ladies in a phæton, without any gentleman, and one of the ladies was driving. It is true there were two servants on horseback, not far behind, who were ready to succour them in case of disaster. Our female charioteer had the very equestrian air; she was dressed in a close suit of broad cloth, with a small beaver hat, and she crack'd the whip, and hu-

moured the reins so well, that one would think she had been taking lessons from a master. Driving is, at present, quite fashionable among the ladies of England, and sometimes it is done where the good man sits peaceably by the lady's side—a passenger only. In our country where it is really a matter of convenience, and sometimes of necessity, that a lady should be able to drive a chaise occasionally, this kind of skill is useful, but in London it is equally unnecessary and unbecoming.

From solitary instances, derived from the two extremes of low and fashionable life, it would not be fair to infer that the female character in England is, in this age, tinged with masculine manners; and if, in walking the streets of London, one does not meet with so many of those timid retiring faces, and of those soft features, which are so frequent with us, he ought perhaps to impute it rather to the immense size of the place, and the familiarity which the eye soon acquires with ten thousand strange faces, and the unblushing indifference with which it learns to gaze upon them, than to any improper boldness of mind, or native insensibility of features. Besides, the great capital of a great country never affords a fair exhibition of national character, and no one who sees London alone and forms his opinions solely on that scale, can possibly make a correct estimate of England.

I shall not hazard any opinion of my own on a subject with which I am not sufficiently acquainted, but I may, without impropriety, mention the sentiments of a respectable American lady, who has been, for many years, an inhabitant of England,

and has seen much of English society. She remarked to me that there was much more freedom in the manners of the English ladies, particularly in their treatment of gentlemen, than with us, and that they conversed with them (in a serious style) without any consciousness of impropriety, on subjects, which it was scarcely possible to introduce in similar American circles. In these respects she thought the English manners superior to ours, that her own country women carried the point of delicacy even to *prudery*, (this was her language,) and that a greater degree of freedom would render them more interesting, and promote the social intercourse of the sexes, without at all impairing the dignity of her own.

Returning home, from the city, to-day, I found on my table a letter on which I recognised your *well known hand*. I need not say that it was most welcome, nor was it less so for being written jointly by yourself and H——. This is the first line which I have received from any of my family friends since I left home, a period of nearly four months; by its date however it seems to have been long on the way. I trust it is only the earnest of repeated epistolary favours.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

*July 18.*—An accidental acquaintance with a young man who is a student at the Royal Academy has procured me an introduction *there*. I ought to do Mr. M—— the justice to say, that his politeness was gratuitous, and I shall recollect the circumstance with pleasure as another honourable instance in favour of the liberality of English manners.

Mr. West succeeds Sir Joshua Reynolds as the president of this institution, which I had, this evening, the pleasure of visiting, and of seeing the students at their work. We went first into the antique academy. This apartment is filled with casts of ancient statues and of busts, selected from among the most celebrated productions of antiquity that have reached modern times. Among them are the Apollo of Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, the fighting and dying gladiator, Mars, the boxers and the Farnesian Hercules. From these figures the students are employed in drawing, in order to the attainment of the most correct ideas of symmetry of proportion, and force and beauty of muscular expression. Indeed it is very wonderful that mere unorganized matter can be made to assume such a degree of apparent life and intelligence.

The young men are superintended by an overseer, who is always some celebrated artist. This evening it was no other than F—— himself, a man not less celebrated for his uncommon attainments in his art, than for his having been one of the most favoured intimates of the great champion of female rights, in whose memoirs, written by another of her admirers, who had not the wit or decency to hold his tongue, this great painter is celebrated; and will probably be remembered as long as painting and Miss W—— have any friends or enemies. He is now verging toward old age, his head is white as snow, and forms a striking contrast to his florid countenance.

From the antique academy we went into the library. This collection consists of books on the

imitative arts, principally in the French and Italian languages. The ceiling of the room is adorned with a very majestic female figure, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the theory of the art of painting.

Last of all we visited the *life academy*, where the student is not confined to statues, models, casts, and pictures, but copies *nature*, without any intervening representative. An overseer, a man of gravity and years, always attends the students in this apartment. It is only when male figures are standing that visitors are admitted; for this service the male figures receive from the students two shillings and six-pence, and the female half a guinea a day. They are selected for their uncommon beauty of form, and stand, *naked*, in the attitude of statues, while the students copy them. It is hardly necessary to add that they are taken from that class of society who value money more than some other considerations. The man who was standing to-day had been a soldier in the horse-guards, but was bought off from the service by the students, upon condition that he should expose himself for their improvement.

#### ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

July 19.—I had made an appointment to meet an American friend this evening, at the door of Astley's amphitheatre, which is just over Westminster bridge on the Surry side. This theatre is precisely on the plan of the royal circus, and the entertainments are of the same kind, that is, pantomime, buffoonery, and riding. The house is very splendid, and the scenery, decorations, and machinery are in a style of very uncommon elegance.

The evening was opened with the pantomime of *Zittaw*, or the Woodman's daughter. It was the most intelligible pantomime that I have ever seen; this was owing to the liberty they took of speaking certain parts in plain English—of singing others, and of frequently displaying pieces of painted cloth, containing, in large capitals, a hint of the story.

And what was the subject of the pantomime? Do you ask? It was that which is the *first*, *second* and *third* thing in all theatrical performances.

If we are to believe the theatres, love is a most sanguinary passion, for it rarely comes to a catastrophe without murder. They killed no fewer than four, in the course of this pantomime. Even the lady herself, who is the heroine of the story, is made, in the progress of the representation, to appear on the stage, and to fence for a good while, with one of her unsuccessful suitors, whom at length, (being unable to dispatch him with the sword,) she destroys with a pistol ball. It is to be hoped that this was not a very faithful copy of life, for, surely, it is enough to be repulsed, without being murdered besides.

The pantomime being through, we had next the achievement of Lieutenant Yeo, who, under the command of Captain Maitland, with a boat's crew or two, from the frigate *La Loire*, a short time since, carried by assault, a Spanish fort, in Muros bay, in the West-Indies, and this, against astonishing obstacles.

The achievement, although a very gallant thing, was in its consequences of no great importance, but, in a war so barren of great events, the theatres

make the most of little things. This piece was executed very well. The scenery was fine; the fort, the frigate, the boats landing the men, and the assault itself, were all well represented.

You would be interested to observe the aspect of an English audience when subjects of this kind are exhibited. They are received with enthusiasm by all classes of people, and it is easy to see, that a conviction of their naval superiority, and a disposition to maintain it, beat in every pulsation of an Englishman's heart. Should they lose this superiority, even without being conquered, it would probably break down the spirits of the nation.

In the course of the evening we had numerous feats of bodily activity, and exhibitions of astonishing equestrian skill, so perfectly like those which I have noticed before that I shall not say any thing more concerning them.

Harlequin in Scotland, another pantomime, concluded the exhibition.

In this piece there seemed to be very little of a plot; the object was to make sport, and for this purpose we had Harlequin and clowns, and Scaramouch and bears, and monkeys and spirits, and heroes and apparitions, and devils. If all this would not move the audience, there would certainly be little hope of doing it by any means. Most of it was contemptible, and rather ridiculous than humorous. But, the seemingly magical transformations, such as that of a case of drawers which became a flower-pot, and of a flower-pot which became a man, with the uncommon beauty of the scenery, were well worthy of notice. The dancing, which seems to be a very favourite part of the entertainment



in all the English theatres, was rather more indecent than usual. The performances were through at half past ten. I am afraid that you will think me very censorious, since I find, in the theatres of London, so little that I can commend; but my only apology is, that I give you my genuine impressions.

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NO. XXXI.—LONDON.

Animals—A camel with a monkey for a rider—Puff's—Lloyd's coffee-house and the Royal Exchange—Rare things advertised there—Vauxhall gardens—Their attractions announced—Shop-keepers—Their modesty, arts, and address.

ANIMALS.

*July 23.*—Having occupied my leisure hours, of late, in perusing Buffon, Shaw, and other writers on zoology, I have been naturally led to visit the museums, and collections of animals, which are found in such perfection in London. With these views I spent several hours before dinner in Pidcock's menagerie at Exeter Change, and at the Leverian Museum. There are not many animals of importance which one may not see, at this time, in London; to mention only a few of those which I have examined to-day;—the lion and lioness, royal tiger of Bengal, panther, hyena, tiger cat, leopard, ourang-outang, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, great white bear of Greenland, the bison, elk or moose deer, the zebra, &c. Most of these were living. I was regretting, as I was

returning home, that, in all the collections of animals in London, there was no camel, and I had never seen one since I was a boy. With this regret on my mind I had almost reached my lodgings, when I was saluted by martial music, which I thought must proceed from a regiment of volunteers going out to a review ; but, on turning the corner of Margaret-street, what should I see but a camel, directly before my windows. The music preceded the camel, which was led by a man, while a monkey, dressed in a scarlet military coat, with much seeming gravity, was mounted on his back as a rider. It was the Bactrian camel, with double bunches, which were very acute cones, rising about two feet from the animal's back. The space between them furnished a very convenient place for the monkey to ride in. To increase the mirth, a boy mounted the camel, and the little red coated equestrian took his station on the boy's head, and played off his feats of activity with as much skill as Astley or Ricketts, and without degrading his nature like them. I was amused with the oddity of the group, while I was seriously gratified with a sight so unexpected. This camel seemed rather dispirited and poor in flesh ; he was reluctant to move, as the rough stones of the pavement appeared to hurt his feet, accustomed as they had probably been, only to grass or sand. He would not stir without whipping, and then uttered a piteous noise like a groan.

## PUFFS.

*July 24.*—In the course of the morning I was at the Royal Exchange, and at Lloyd's Coffee-House, which is, perhaps, more extensively known than any other in the world. Here, as well as in the Royal Exchange,

it was amusing to me to listen to the busy hum of hundreds of voices, and to mark the calculating features bestowed by the presiding genii of the place on those who pay their daily devotions to the powers of loss and gain.

The Royal Exchange is a vast quadrangular building, encircling an area where the merchants assemble; all around the area, are extensive piazzas, to protect them from the rain. Here, not only the greatest commercial arrangements of the emporium of the world are made, but the claims of empirics and imposters of all descriptions are exhibited.

The walls are covered with bills, printed in large characters, and containing the praises of the rare things of London. Here, cheap stage coaches, improved japan blacking, worn by his majesty and the royal family; catholicons, elixirs, yellow fever drops, anthelmintics, pectoral balsams and cosmetics, and every thing else which decrepitude, disease, fastidiousness, and vanity can demand, may be found.

Were you here, you would be amused, as I am every day, at the manner in which the people of London puff every thing off, which they offer for sale. There is no use for adjectives in the positive degree; even the comparative is too tame; superlatives alone, and those exalted by adverbs, and other powerful intensitives, will answer the purpose.

*Vauxhall gardens* appeared this morning on all the corners, in crimson capitals, legible a quarter of a mile, announcing that "this terrestrial paradise" will be lighted up to-night, "in a style of most superlative beauty and magnificence," in honour of the illustrious Marchioness of Hertford, who deigns this evening to

appear in the gardens. The musicians are to outfiddle Orpheus, and the very nectar of the gods is to flow on the tables; the fire-works will render the stars invisible, and the assemblage of beauty is to be such as would put Venus quite out of countenance. Now, you will perceive that all this is only a decent way of picking pockets, and, in London, there are a thousand modes of doing this which are not cognisable at the Old Bailey.

The tradesmen take vast pains to display their wares and goods. You will see a shop at the corner of two streets, completely glazed on both sides, that is, forming one continued window from top to bottom, and from the sides to the corner. This is filled with goods, unrolled and displayed in the most advantageous manner, and cards are usually pinned to the articles, informing the reader how good and how cheap they are. For instance;—"this beautiful piece of muslin at so much, two shillings in a yard cheaper than any other shop in London."

I passed, this morning, by a shop in Oxford-street, where large letters, in gold, appeared through the windows, containing this declaration, which is doubtless as true as it is modest; "every article in this shop warranted twenty per cent. cheaper than any other shop in London." In short, if you were to believe the shop-keepers, they do business solely to oblige their customers. They are not contented with displaying their names once over the door; first of all, if the situation is such an one as to afford a distant view, you will see the inscription painted in gigantic capitals on the brick wall—you may read them a quarter of a mile. Then you will see the in-

scription over the door, over the windows, in the windows, and in short, in at least half a dozen places.

When they have once enticed you in, you must possess no small share of effrontery and address, if you escape without buying. I went into a hosier's shop, some time since, and bought some coarse hose, to be worn with boots. Before I could turn on my heel, two or three packs of silk stockings were displayed, and the shop keeper, with the manner which the rhetoricians call *insinuation*, said; "allow me, sir, to put you up half a dozen pair of these stockings, wonderfully cheap, only twelve shillings a pair."

I positively declined.

"I am very sorry, sir, I hoped to tempt you—they are so very cheap." I reply—sir, your temptation may yet prevail, if you will only make it strong enough, by taking off a few shillings more from the price.

The night caps were next produced. "Some very fine elastic double cotton night caps, sir, shall I roll you up a couple of these." I answer no, and precipitately leave the shop.

All these arts, it is easy to see, arise from the immense competition of London. Thousands are competitors with other thousands, and while this causes improvement in the quality and reduction in the prices of articles, it produces also artifice, fraud, and manœuvres without number.

I might extend these observations much farther, and give numerous facts of this kind from various pursuits and grades of life, but these instances will serve as examples. Nevertheless, I believe the

trading character is as honest here as any where in the world, but, as knaves are numerous, and *seem* the kindest people on earth, it becomes a stranger, especially, to be very circumspect in London.

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NO. XXXII.—LONDON.

Private parties—A present from the Emperor of Russia to an English merchant—A *liberal* clergyman—Hatcham-house, the seat of Mr. H———Rev. Mr. Cecil—The Asylum.

PRIVATE PARTIES.

*July 25.*—I was present to-day at dinner, with a small but very pleasant party at Mr. V——'s. This gentleman has been much conversant with the new and magnificent docks which I have mentioued already. He takes pleasure in gaining admission for strangers to see them, and, among others, the Russian ambassador received, some time ago, his particular civilities on this subject. He mentioned them to his court, and as a mark of royal gratitude, a diamond ring, and a grand hydraulic map of the Russian canals, were sent as a present to Mr. V——. This map is now suspended in his dining-room, with an inscription to this effect; "From Alexander, Emperor of Russia, to William V——, Esq. merchant, London."

Such a mark of imperial munificence, it is presumed, few private men can exhibit, and few deserve it more, for Mr. V—— is famous for his hospitality

to strangers and his unwearied efforts to serve them.

July 26.—I have been dining with a venerable clergyman of the church of England, from whom I have experienced so many kind and useful attentions during my residence in London, that I shall ever remember him with gratitude and respect. From this gentleman and his son I received to-day every civility, and I found it impossible to get away from their numerous good offices till 9 o'clock.

At the table of my venerable host I met one who seemed quite unworthy of the friendship of such a man. He too was a clergyman of the established church, but his rosy cheeks and plethoric person evinced that, *in the natural sense*, at least, he was no stranger to good living, while the freedom of his sentiments and language equally proved that his clerical character imposed no inconvenient restraints on his practice. His hand, which at first was attended with such a tremulous motion that he could only with difficulty carry the glass to his mouth, became steadier as his nerves began to be stimulated with wine, till at length, he sunk into a slumber so profound, that we no longer regarded him as even a hearer. The conversation of those of us who were awake, turned on the usurpations of Bonaparte, and his threats, now more frequent than ever, of invading this country. At this crisis the Dr. lifted his heavy eye lids, and with a voice almost as sullen and unexpected as if it had come from a tomb, exclaimed, "What! Bonaparte come to England—he invade this country—a d—n-d lamp-lighting scoundrel!" His slumbers were now frequent, and were

interrupted only by the return of the glass and a few remarks, graced with a good number of those fashionable expletives, which even the most lax regard as *rather incorrect* in him who “ ministers at the altar.” I have twice before been in company with a clergyman in this country, whom wine stimulated to use his Maker’s name in a manner which I do not care to repeat. I do not believe, however, that such instances are common; much less am I disposed to draw any general inferences from them, but, it strikes me with surprise that there should be *any* examples of this kind, in a country where public opinion is extremely offended by such gross violations, I will not say of religion, but of morals and decency, and where there is power to remedy the evil. From such examples it has probably arisen that the English church is so often stigmatized with us as corrupt. While the accusation, in many instances, proceeds, without doubt, from narrow and prejudiced views, it is to be regretted that any spots should be seen by the world on robes which ought to be only of the purest white.

*July 27.*—My morning was engrossed by business, and at 2 o’clock, P. M. I left home for Hateham House, the seat of Mr. H——, whom, with his interesting family, I have mentioned before.

It was very grateful to me to escape from London, and to refresh my eyes with a view of the delightful grounds, around this gentleman’s seat. Our party was very social and pleasant. Mr. H—— has all the substantial excellence of the English character, with a degree of mildness and suavity of manners, which cause affection for his person to go hand



in hand with esteem for his virtues. Mrs. H—— and the young ladies are worthy of such a husband and such a father. After dinner a walk was proposed in the gardens, to which we all consented. Several of the gentlemen amused themselves with playing at ball, while Mr. H——, a young clergyman from Ireland, and myself, walked along the avenues and gravel ways. Fortunately this was not the Irish clergyman of whose loquacity I complained when here before. When the young ladies came into the gardens, I joined their party, and left the gentlemen. We rambled over and over the grounds, and I found in the manners and conversation of these ladies much delicacy, affability and good sense. It would be difficult to discover any serious difference between them and ladies of the same standing with us, and I am satisfied that in England, as well as in other countries, an estimate of female character will be most correctly made from a familiarity with the retired scenes of private life. If barrow-women fight battles in the streets of London, and fashionable ladies drive phætons in Hyde Park, we must not conclude that masculine manners are general, and that female softness and loveliness do not shed a charm over the domestic circles of England. But, to such scenes a stranger is rarely admitted with any considerable degree of freedom.

Mr. H—— showed me a curious relic. It was a cedar chest that once belonged to the celebrated Dr. Owen, when he was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, in which he kept the papers of this sagacious and successful usurper.

He exhibited to me also a pair of silk garters knit by one of the Hottentots who were christianized in this country. I walked home six miles and arrived in safety although at a late hour.

*July 28, Sabbath.*—As I wished to form an estimate of the state of the English church from my own observation, I have not attended worship at any particular place since I have been in London, but have gone into the churches of the establishment wherever I could find them, and frequently without knowing the name either of the church or the preacher. To-day, I have been to a church of the establishment in Bedford-row, whither I was led by the reputation of Mr. Cecil, one of that description of ministers, whom those of similar sentiments style *evangelical*, while, by others, they are called *methodists in the church*. Mr Cecil was not only full of his subject, but seemed “mainly anxious that the flock he feeds should feel it too.”

His discourse was well written, but he has the misfortune to be possessed of a constitution so feeble, that his limbs are not competent to support him during the delivery of a discourse, and he is compelled to sit on an elevated seat.

In the evening I attended service at the female asylum on the Surry side of the river. This is a charitable institution for the education of two hundred female orphans. I had the pleasure of seeing them all neatly dressed, and behaving with much decorum during public worship. The asylum is designed to prevent the ruin of those who, from being left destitute of their natural protectors, and of a support, would be exposed to almost infallible de-

struction. Here the female orphan is received, educated, and ultimately provided with means of procuring a subsistence.

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NO. XXXIII.—LONDON.

Excursion to Greenwich—Method of sprinkling the streets in London—Vast commerce of the Thames—Objects on the river—Greenwich hospital—Great beauty of the buildings—Veterans—Their vacancy of mind—Greenwich park—Singular popular amusement—Royal observatory—Seat of the princess of Wales—Of the late Lord Chesterfield.

EXCURSION TO GREENWICH.

*July 30.*—Immediately after breakfast, I proceeded with a companion on foot to the tower. The morning was warm for the season, but the evaporation from the water which was flowing in the streets, tended to restore an agreeable coolness. London is supplied with abundance of water, by machinery under London bridge, which raises the water from the Thames, and also by the new river which is distributed into every part of the town by subterranean pipes. Almost every morning, some of the large water plugs are turned, and the streets are for a time partially inundated; this produces the double effect of cleansing them and of cooling the air. Both these effects are aided by a contrivance which I have never seen except in London.

There are carts fitted up with square boxes, wa-

ter tight, except behind and below, where there are a great number of perforations like those in a riddle. When these boxes are filled with water the carts are drawn slowly through the streets, which are, in this way, sprinkled. As the water subsides into the gutters, it is thrown out again into the cart-way, by men with broad shovels; the filth of the streets is also removed every day, so that London, considering its size, is wonderfully clean.

The object of our excursion, this morning, was Greenwich hospital. We took a boat at the tower and proceeded down the river. Our progress was between double rows of ships, stationed on either side of the river—innumerable—bearing the flags of almost all nations, and presenting, as far up and down as the eye could reach, a scene resembling a girdled\* forest. It is useless for me to dilate on the vast commerce of the Thames; you know it well; this river, undoubtedly sustains more wealth than any other, and the innumerable wherries, passage-boats, lighters, and other small craft, swarm on its surface, like insects on a pool of stagnant water, in a summer's morning.

As we passed down the river, we saw several ships of war lying at anchor; a great number of Dutch vessels under Prussian colours, and a Greenland ship, the blubber from which was then boiling on shore, and sent a very unsavoury effluvium between the wind "and our nobility." Against her masts a number of ribs of whales were placed per-

\* *Girdled*, a word employed in America to denote the method used to destroy the trees by making an incision quite around them.

pendicularly, seemingly as trophies. On the south side of the river, near where this ship lay, there is a dock appropriated to the Greenland ships.

We passed by the West India docks which I have already mentioned; nor did we stop at Deptford a principal station for building, victualling and repairing the royal navy. Foreigners are not admitted there at all, unless by favour, for the English are very jealous of every thing connected with their naval greatness. We passed however close to the shore, and saw several large ships of war on the stocks, and they were just raising the masts of a sixty-four, which lay in the stream. Thus, by an unceasing attention to their navy do the English maintain its proud superiority.

We rowed by a small frigate, on board of which are about three hundred charity boys, receiving the rudiments of a naval education. The ship belongs to the Marine Society, and is permanently moored in the river; the boys, who are patronised by this society, live on board, and are instructed in such theoretical knowledge as seamen want, and are daily exercised at the ropes and great guns. When they arrive at a proper age, they are removed into actual service on board the king's ships, or those of the East India Company.

Greenwich Hospital is about five miles from London bridge, but, there is no interruption of the streets and buildings, and, a stranger would not distinguish that Deptford and Greenwich are not a part of London.

Being arrived, we landed and proceeded to the terrace, in front of this most magnificent hospital. It is vast in extent, as you may well suppose from its afford-

ing accommodations to two or three thousand persons within its walls. It is built of Portland stone, after the first designs of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, and is, in all respects, the most grand, beautiful, and princely structure of the kind that I have ever seen. It is not, like St. Paul's, and the other fine buildings of London, deformed with smoke and coal-dust, but retains all the neatness which it had in the days of William and Mary, its royal founders. I shall not attempt a minute description of Greenwich Hospital, because it would not be very intelligible unless accompanied by drawings.

We were conducted into a magnificent room, originally intended for a dining hall, but now not used. The walls and ceiling are adorned with very fine and appropriate paintings, but these fine pictures are seen in so imperfect a manner from below, that the effect is in a great measure lost. In this apartment there is a model of a Roman galley presented by Lord Anson.

Opposite to the dining hall is the chapel, an exquisitely beautiful room, decorated with the highest efforts of painting and architecture. The altar-piece was painted by Mr. West, and represents the shipwreck of St. Paul. It is a very large, and, as it appeared to me, a very fine picture.

Our guide was a venerable old pensioner, and wore something like a uniform. I inquired whether it was the badge of his office, *as guide through the chapel*. The old man's heart was not yet cold to naval pride, and the dignity of rank, and, while he informed me that this dress was worn by all those *who had been boatswains*, I could read in his countenance some displeasure at my ignorance of his former consequence.

We walked at leisure under the lofty colonades and through the extensive courts of the hospital. Every where we met those veterans, who, after encountering the dangers of the ocean and of battle, uninjured, and facing death in its most dreadful forms, are now quietly counting the last sands of life as they run. A comfortable provision for their old age, is an act of common justice, due to them from their country, but, small is this compensation for a life mercilessly cut off from all the charities of home, and for mutilated limbs, and broken constitutions. Their minds seemed to be very vacant ; they were lounging, walking, or playing at cards, or sitting in listless silence. Some of them had but one leg ; others none. They were dressed in a coarse blue cloth, and appeared to be well provided for. The number of out-pensioners is about three thousand, so that the whole number of persons belonging to the institution is five or six thousand. This hospital is the exact counterpart of that at Chelsea ; as the latter is devoted to the land, the former is confined to the sea service. Greenwich Hospital does great honour to the country, and is, without doubt, an institution unrivalled among the charitable establishments of the world. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by fine verdure, fine views, and free air, while it is quiet as a hamlet.

Immediately back of Greenwich Hospital is the extensive park of the same name. Greenwich was formerly a royal residence, and the seat of a palace, to which I presume this park must have belonged. We walked through it, and found it a delightful spot. It is varied with hill and dale, and on one of the hills a cu-

rious scene is exhibited, at a grand merry making of the populace of London, and its vicinity, which is held here in May, every year. It is an annual freak, of coarse popular sport, the existence of which I should scarcely credit, had I not the best authority for the fact. The people assemble on a hill in this park, and then roll down the side of it, in hundreds at once, with all the promiscuous confusion which can be supposed to attend so rapid and unceremonious a descent, by the power of gravity alone. As the king has been in ill health, and in a state of mind which needed exhilaration, they contrived to have him, as if accidentally, (and certainly without his own knowledge) present at the last merry making, when he saw this grand rolling down of human bodies, and it is said that the extremely ludicrous nature of the exhibition affected his risibles very powerfully.

The park is ornamented with avenues of lofty and venerable trees, among which several herds of fallow-deer, very fat and sleek, presented themselves in different parts of the grounds. From constant familiarity with man, they are quite tame, and do not avoid one's approach more than a flock of sheep would do.

On an eminence, in the centre of the park, stands the Royal Observatory of Greenwich. I had the pleasure of being at this celebrated spot, and of setting my foot on the line, where (if all the world will so agree) longitude commences. As I had not any introduction to Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, I did not go into the observatory, but I intend to visit Greenwich again, for this purpose, as an English friend has promised to give me every facility on this subject.

We now went out of the park, into the extensive



common of Blackheath, which, with Shooter's Hill, a neighbouring eminence, has long been infamous for highway robberies. On Blackheath are a number of handsome country seats.

In Greenwich Park, and looking into the common, is the house where the Princess of Wales now resides, in a state of separation from her husband, who, it is said, still patronises the lady that has so many years been his favourite. On such an instance of the violation of the most sacred laws by one whose private life ought to correspond with his high distinction, perhaps it is better not to make any remarks than to indulge the indignant spirit of censure which it naturally excites. He must possess very little firmness of mind or sense of decency, who, as heir to the throne of a great empire, will not restrain those excesses which are disgraceful and ruinous to a private individual, and, as examples in a prince or king, noxious to the morals of his people, to a degree which he cannot duly estimate. The residence of the Princess, who is represented as blameless in her life, and amiable in her deportment, is very neat, but not at all magnificent. The young Princess is still under the care of her mother, but is, I believe, at this time residing on Shooter's-hill.

Very near the residence of the Princess of Wales is the seat of the late Lord Chesterfield. It is not remarkably elegant, but has an air of grandeur. We stopped a few minutes to view this house, in which Lord Chesterfield is reported to have written many of those celebrated letters that present such a strange mixture of frivolity and gravity, wisdom and folly,

morality and licentiousness. We concluded our walk by taking a fine view of London and its environs, from an eminence adjoining Blackheath. The river, with its green banks, and its long forest of masts, was directly before us, and a little farther off, the vast British metropolis, so remote as to hide all its deformities, and still so near as to exhibit a spectacle of great beauty and magnificence.

By this time we had acquired a good appetite for our dinner, which we took at Greenwich, and then returned, in the afternoon, to London.

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NO. XXXIV.—LONDON.

Second visit to the British Museum—Platypus of New Holland—Roman stamps—Rings—Vases—Lares and penates—Roman eagle—Horse furniture of Hyder Ally—Crocodile—Royal correspondence—Townley's collection of busts and statues—William Hunter's Museum—Singular example of professional sang froid.

A SECOND VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

*July 31.*—I was so much dissatisfied with the hurried manner in which I saw the British Museum before, that I was very desirous to see it again under circumstances more favourable. Mr. Peck of Harvard University and myself had been repeatedly disappointed in our attempts to see the museum, but this morning we succeeded in gaining admission, and were conducted, with some degree of deli-

beration, through its various departments. But, it is much to be regretted, that more distinction cannot be made between those who go merely to be amused, and those who seek instruction also; for it is really distressing to be surrounded by a host of things which are full of information, and then to be hurried away from them just as one is beginning to single out particular objects. It is however useless to complain of that which we cannot alter.

A number of things which I did not mention when here before, struck my attention to-day. Among the natural curiosities, we saw the duck-billed platypus from New Holland. It was the first specimen brought to Europe. This most singular animal seems to form a part of the connecting chain between quadrupeds and birds. He has a body, like that of the beaver, covered with thick hair, with feet webbed for swimming, but so short as to resemble fins, and, what is the most surprising circumstance, *he has a bill like that of a duck*. It is no deception; the bill adheres to the jaws, by a natural and firm connection, and has the serrated edges, and the exact form of that belonging to the class of ducks called shovelers. There is nothing in nature analogous to this animal. New Holland has furnished a number of rarities in natural history, and will probably still farther enlarge our knowledge of the Creator's works.

I was again highly gratified to-day in viewing the numerous Roman and Grecian antiquities, collected principally by the late Sir William Hamilton. I have not time to mention many of them; they will form a pleasing subject when we meet.

Among other things there were many Roman

stamps, that is, pieces of metal on which names are designed, so as to make them resemble very much our marking irons, and they were used for the same purpose. How singular that they should have come so nigh to the art of printing, without discovering it.

There is a fine collection of the instruments which they used in sacrifices, and of their domestic utensils and household gods. Some of their rings are of exquisite workmanship, and rich with precious stones and gold. The Roman vases were extremely beautiful; modern arts have produced nothing superior in workmanship. I must not omit to mention that I saw the Roman eagle which was carried aloft in their battles.

All these things serve to carry one back to the Roman ages, to identify the past with the present, and to produce a very pleasing impression when you reflect that a Roman hand once held the article which is now in yours.

There are also several specimens of Raphael's *China*, that is, of China which was painted by that celebrated artist. These things were formerly in the cabinet of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence.

One large room is devoted to the curiosities collected by Captain Cook in his voyages. They consist principally of the domestic and warlike utensils, and of the gods and sacred implements of the people of Otaheite and other islanders of the Pacific and Southern oceans. They are highly illustrative of their state of society and manners, and recall powerfully to one's recollection, the memory of that meritorious but unfortunate man by whom they were collected.

The dress and horse furniture of Hyder Ally, that formidable foe of the English power in India, is advantageously displayed in a large glass case. I observed particularly his boots and spurs, and his saddle and bridle. These things were obtained through Lord Clive, the successful antagonist of Hyder. They justify every thing which we have heard of Asiatic magnificence. The stirrups and bits are of gold, and every part of the furniture is ornamented with a profusion of that precious metal, which appears to great advantage on stuffs of crimson and green silk. It is not for me to say how far the English wars in India are just, but it is scarcely possible to help pitying the vanquished monarch Hyder; and Tippoo, who was equally heroic, and equally unfortunate as his father.

The mineral collection is extensive. The specimens are uncommonly large and fine, and fill one with astonishment that this rude earth should contain such beautiful things.

There is in the museum a crocodile from the river Ganges. It is eighteen feet long, and although it differs somewhat in the form of its mouth from the Egyptian crocodile, it is substantially the same with that, and with the American alligator. There is an idea prevalent that the American alligator differs from the crocodile by moving his lower jaw while the crocodile is said to move the upper; but this is a vulgar error; both animals move the under jaw and this alone.

Our guide was a civil man, and, I persuaded him, although it was, strictly, not within rule, to show me some specimens of the royal correspondence;

for, among the innumerable manuscripts of the British museum, there is a collection of genuine letters of many of the kings and queens and great men of England, in their own hand-writing. You will not doubt that the sight of these was a feast, and I employed the time as assiduously as possible in reading parts of letters written by Henry I. VI. and VIII. by James I. and II. Queen Mary, Queen Ann, Charles I. Lord Bacon, and Queen Elizabeth. Many of the letters of Queen Elizabeth are in Latin, which language she wrote with great purity and elegance. Her father Henry VIII. wrote a scrawling illegible hand. I sought but in vain for the original of that interesting letter of Ann Bolein written to Henry, while she lay under sentence of death in the tower, to gratify his jealousy, and to make way for a new favourite and a new victim. What I have said of the British museum must be regarded as merely miscellaneous remarks, for volumes would be necessary to convey an adequate impression of the articles that are there. The museum is now shut for two months.

A grand collection of Roman and Grecian statues and busts, surpassing every thing of the kind in England, was made by the late Mr. Townley, and employed most of his life. This collection has been recently purchased for the British museum, but has not yet been removed from Mr. Townley's house in St. James's Park, whither we next went to see it.

Most of the numerous articles in this collection, which is considered as a cheap purchase at twenty thousand pounds, are the genuine productions of the Roman and Grecian chisel. The late Sir Wil-

liam Hamilton pronounced it the first collection in Europe, and indeed, it is very wonderful that marble can be wrought into forms of such exquisite elegance, and be made to express so perfectly the features of the mind.

In this collection there is a Grecian bust of Homer, and one of Pericles. A statue of Ariadne is very fine, and the pastoral muse Thalia, is exhibited in drapery which seems actually to possess the light airy folds of muslin, and to be at once a transparency, and a veil. The same things may be said of a recumbent statue of Diana. But, it will be useless to enlarge, for I am too little conversant with subjects of this nature to judge correctly, and when I praise or blame it is from feeling, more than judgment. An artist or a connoisseur might decide very differently; but there is, after all, a natural taste in most men which generally decides with tolerable accuracy on the correctness of professed imitations of nature.

#### DR. WILLIAM HUNTER'S MUSEUM.

*August 1.*—The gentleman with whom I yesterday visited the British museum, went with me this morning to see the museum of Dr. Hunter, an introduction to which was procured for us by Mr. Accum.

The anatomical theatre, which is also the dissecting room, was shown to us by the dissector. It is convenient, but is not particularly interesting, except from its having been the scene of the anatomical labours of the great William Hunter; there he delivered his lectures, and gave his demonstrations.

The museum is probably the first in the world, for the number and rarity of its anatomical preparations. We were indulged with a sight of it. The collection is not confined to anatomy. It embraces other objects, as for instance, antiquities and natural history. There is a collection of medals worth twenty thousand pounds, and a very choice cabinet of minerals and shells. Every thing is most happily arranged, both for exhibition and instruction. But, the anatomical preparations form the glory of this museum, especially those of diseased parts, and monstrous productions. Of these there is an almost endless variety, and in a fine state of preservation. As the spectator passes along the crowded shelves, the preserved remains of thousands of our fellow mortals exhibit, in melancholy array, the host of ills that "flesh is heir to." It is enough to humble the pride of beauty and to make even pleasure sober. I could be particular, but the minds of those who have not been drilled into apathy, by a familiarity with the disgusting lacerated fragments of a dissecting room, cannot bear the exhibition of particular images of these things. I therefore dismiss Dr. Hunter's museum, without mentioning, as I have usually done in similar cases, some of the most interesting objects.

The dissector appears to be about fifty years of age, and has spent his life among bones, skeletons, and dead bodies. So completely has habit extinguished all "compunctious visitings of nature," on this subject, that, it is said, he has actually sold his own person to the anatomical class, and receives an annuity upon condition that preparations are to be



made of it, and to be placed in the museum. Thus he is determined that his body, after death, shall still haunt a place, in which, while living, he has delighted to be. You must pardon me for mentioning disagreeable subjects, where they are illustrative of the human character. This man seems, long ago, to have extinguished every thing of that dread, horror, and disgust, with which most people contemplate these subjects, and to have advanced into a new world of enjoyments, unknown to those who have not kept such dreadful society.

Yesterday, news reached town, of the partial defeat of the combined squadrons of France and Spain. The tower and park guns were fired on the occasion, and this evening I heard the park guns again—probably on account of farther good news. But, it is painful to reflect that the peal of triumph is also the funeral knell of multitudes.

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NO. XXXV.—LONDON.

Incidents—Family of a village clergyman—A mistake—Thunder storm—Vanity of an author—American ministers—An evening walk—Manufactory of carpets—Lord Bacon's tree—Hatton Garden.

INCIDENTS.

*August 2.*—I have been not a little gratified today with a family scene which yet presented nothing new or uncommon, and indeed, it was for this

very reason that I have been pleased. I had occasion to visit a village near London, and to make a call at the house of a clergyman. Previous circumstances had made it proper, and not embarrassing, to tell my own name, for, I was personally, unknown to them. The thing which gave me pleasure was the exact resemblance which this family presented to that of any respectable clergyman in Connecticut. I was received with the same open and friendly hospitality, and with the same sedulous attention, and felt actually domesticated within half an hour. The clergyman was at work in his garden when I arrived, but he was immediately called, and came in, with one of those great white wigs on his head, with which we learned, when boys, to associate impressions of gravity and wisdom. Mrs. — and her two daughters were employed about the domestic affairs, and, while the clergyman entertained me with remarks on religious sects, polemic divinity, American writers of sermons, and other professional topics, the cloth was laid, at one o'clock, and arrangements for dinner were evidently in great forwardness. It was in vain that I attempted to take my leave, feeling it not perfectly proper to extend a morning call so as to include dinner; their frankness and hospitality silenced or overcame my scruples, and I consented to stay. In the mean time one of the ladies sat down at the piano, and entertained us with music, and the father next invited me to go with him, and see the parish church and burying ground. On our return, we partook of what was, in every respect, a Connecticut family dinner. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in my own country, and few occurrences since

I have been in England, have been so interesting to my feelings. I will mention only one other circumstance, and this you will pronounce still more like Connecticut than any thing I have mentioned. Because I happened to be dressed in black, an impression, it seems, had, from the moment of my arrival, prevailed in the family, that I was a clergyman. I do not doubt that they would have treated me with equal kindness had their impressions been otherwise; but it was unpleasant to me to disappoint the calculations of aid on the approaching Sabbath, which I found that my worthy host had formed; for, after we had returned from our visit to the parish church, he very gravely remarked, (seeming to consider it as a matter of course) that he should expect my assistance in the desk, on the next Sunday. The explanation which necessarily followed, caused much mirth in the family, and although some little degree of mutual embarrassment was produced by the mistake, it ended so pleasantly, that I did not regret the occurrence.

There has been a thunder storm this evening, with torrents of rain, which have disengaged such quantities of hepatic gas, from the subterranean receptacles of filth, that the air has been, for hours, extremely offensive. I am told that sudden and heavy rains usually produce this effect in London, and that sometimes the gas is so abundant as to blacken the silver utensils in the closets.

*August 5.*—I have had occasion this morning to call with a friend on a man not a little known to the literary and scientific world, and one to whom I was almost a stranger. I had often heard that distinguished literary men were prone to be vain, but I never have seen so

striking an example of it combined with so much good nature, and amiableness, as in this instance. After finishing our business, the conversation turned on the reviews of London, of which this gentleman complained, on the score of personal injustice done to himself. But, to convince us that the world was not wholly undiscerning of merit, he brought us a number of little articles which he had, at various times, received as tokens of esteem from distinguished personages, and he came back from his study loaded with books turned down in dogs' ears, to passages where himself or his works were quoted or praised, and with the utmost frankness and composure he bestowed on himself and his own productions the same commendations which, I have no doubt, he would with equal readiness have given to another who in his opinion deserved them.

The same companion went with me to call on the American ministers, to pay our respects to them as the representatives of our country: I allude to our minister resident, and to the one who is now accidentally in London on his way to Spain. Both gentlemen received us with the greatest civility and kindness. A circumstance occurred, while we were inquiring for Mr. Munroe's residence, which seems to evince that the dignity of an ambassador is not duly appreciated by every body in London. We went first to Dover-street, rapped at a house where we were told that the American ambassador lived: a woman came to the door, of whom we inquired whether his excellency, the American minister was at home; she replied that no such person lived there, but that she believed we should find *something of the kind* at the next house.

After tea, as it was a fine serene evening, I walk-

ed with an acquaintance out to Hampstead, a delightful village, situated four miles north of London, on a high hill, which overlooks the metropolis and the country around for many miles. Very near Hampstead, on the same range of hills, stands Highgate, another pleasant village. Thomson in the prospect from Richmond-hill has alluded to these two eminences under the name of "the sister-hills." Our walk was principally through green fields, among herds of very fine cows, which are fed here to supply London with milk. We saw a corps of volunteer riflemen firing at a mark, to acquire that skill for which there is still some reason to believe they may yet find occasion. We returned to town in a beautiful moon light evening, and arrived somewhat fatigued, after a ramble of eight or ten miles, but, sitting to write the occurrences of the day, has rested me again, and fitted me for quiet repose.

*August 6.*—I have been with an English companion to see the manufactory of carpets at Saffron-hill in London. There I had the pleasure of witnessing, on a large scale, the execution of most of the processes, by which those beautiful stuffs are produced, which adorn the floors of our halls and parlours. The weaving is extremely ingenious, but eludes my powers of description.

On our return, we went into Gray's Inn Gardens, to look at a tree under which the great Lord Bacon used to sit while writing and reading. He was a student at Gray's Inn, and this his favourite tree is preserved with great veneration.

We went next to Hatton Garden, where is a principal seat of inquiry into offences against the peace.

This inquiry is held before a single magistrate, who proceeds in a very summary way, binding over, or dismissing the party, as he thinks proper. We went into the court, and heard an examination and decision in the course of five minutes.

The police of London must be very good, or the people uncommonly well disposed, for the place is almost as free from turmoil as a village.

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NO. XXXVI.—LONDON.

Excursion by water to Richmond—Objects on the river's banks—Rural dinner in the fields—Richmond-hill—Thomson's description of the scenery around it—Celibacy common in England—Dine with a bachelor—An awkward New-England custom, unknown in England.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.

*August 8.*—I was invited yesterday to join a small party in an excursion by water to Richmond. The party consisted of three ladies, and five gentlemen, and we were indebted for the excursion to Mr. B——, the owner of the barge, and of all the refreshments and conveniences with which it was freighted. This gentleman is an English bachelor, and being fond of water parties, has built a very elegant barge, with an awning, stuffed seats, carpet, curtains and gilded railing, and furnished with complete equipage to spread an elegant table, independently of any other aid; the very table itself, the

seats and the tent are a part of the equipment of the boat. In such a vehicle, on as fine a day as I have ever seen in England, we proceeded up the Thames. Its banks are flatter and lower than is perfectly consistent with great variety of scenery; still they are very beautiful, being every where verdant, and bordered with frequent villages, groves, seats, and lodges. The river, in its course from Richmond, winds very much, so that our passage was not less than 18 miles, when by land, the distance is not more than 8 or 10. On that side of the Thames where London stands, we passed the villages of Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Brentford, Strand on the Green, and Isleworth, and on the opposite side, Lambeth, Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, Mortlake, and Kew. In and about these villages we saw elegant lodges and villas, belonging to the nobility and others. The most remarkable buildings were Chelsea Hospital, the seat of the Margrave of Anspach, Sion House the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, the new palace of George III. at Kew, and the seat of the Duke of Queensbury.

There are a number of interesting objects in this tour, which I shall not notice now, because I hope to make an excursion this way by land. To-day I was obliged to be regulated by the convenience of the party.

After leaving Westminster-bridge, there are four others over the Thames before you pass Richmond. At the latter place and at Kew are elegant structures of stone, but at Putney and Battersea they are of wood. Above London, the Thames becomes a very

beautiful river, growing sensibly narrower as we proceed up the stream.

We arrived opposite to Richmond about two o'clock P. M. and landed on a delightful lawn, where, in a few minutes, as if from the effects of magic, a large tent, and a table covered with good things, appeared on the green bank. We dined sumptuously upon food which had been brought ready prepared from London in our barge, and we had the fruits of the season for a desert. As we sat in our tent, "the silver Thames," the bridge, the numerous seats on the opposite bank, and the beautiful hill of Richmond, were in full view before us. After dinner we walked over the bridge, and ascended Richmond hill, so long a favourite subject of poetical eulogium.

I had no time to examine into the antiquities of this celebrated place, and I shall be much disappointed if I do not visit Richmond again, when I shall not fail at least to find out Thomson's grave. I had his Seasons in my pocket, and took the volume out, and read on the spot his description of the view from Richmond-hill;—his lines do so much better justice to this truly beautiful prospect, than my hurried prose, that I shall make use of them on this occasion :

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— or ascend

While radiant Summer opens all his pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful Shene?\* Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA† send,  
 Now to the sister-hills‡ that skirt her plain,

\* *Shene*, the Saxon name of this place.

† London.

‡ Hampstead and Highgate.



To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 Majestic Windsor lifts her princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;  
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods  
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON'S retreat;  
 And stooping thence to HAM'S embow'ring walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd  
 With her, the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,  
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing musc.  
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES,  
 Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt  
 In Twit'nam's bow'rs, and for their Pope implore  
 The healing God;\* to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole  
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.  
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!  
 O vale of bliss! O lofty swelling hills!  
 On which the power of cultivation lies,  
 And joys to see the labours of his toil.

Heav'ns! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

To this description, almost all the objects of which  
 may be at this moment distinguished from Richmond  
 Hill, as well as they could in Thomson's time, I have  
 nothing to add, except the assurance, whose truth you  
 will not doubt, that it gave me great pleasure to view,  
 what I had long admired in imagination only.

\* In his last sickness.

Our return to London presented nothing particularly interesting, and we arrived at Westminster-bridge at half past eight o'clock in the evening, in a shower of rain.

*August 9*—Celibacy is very common in England among men in easy circumstances, till a period of life when, from various reasons, they find it difficult to change their situations. I have known a considerable number of instances where gentlemen of polished manners and cultivated minds, live as bachelors, in a style of elegance and independence, often preferred in England to that state, which, as Johnson says, *has many pains*, although they do not appear to believe the other part of the adage, that *celibacy has no pleasures*.

I have dined to-day a few miles from London with a gentleman of this description. He has a charming rural situation, just on the declivity of a hill, which commands an extensive view of a wide and beautiful vale, intersected by a winding river, and bounded by verdant hills. This is only one instance out of thousands of that rural beauty with which England abounds. There is an unrivalled neatness in the fields and hedges, and an intenseness of verdure, which is not seen in countries scorched by a fervid summer sun.

Mr. ——— had spent several years in the United States, and is one of the few English travellers in our country who do it justice when they return home. He speaks of it as it is. He had been much in New-England, and is well acquainted with its manners. As I was sitting in a chair, he told me that he should have recognised me as a New-Englander, had he not known me. Upon my inquiring for the peculiarity which marked my origin, he told me that no one ex-

cept a man educated in New-England, ever leaned back in his chair, so as to make it stand upon the two hinder feet only. Although I was not in the least aware either that this was a custom peculiar to my country, or that I was then in so awkward a situation, I found that I was so indeed, and while the incident produced some mirth, in which I was happy to join, I am sure I shall never forget again that a chair ought to stand on four legs instead of two. †

Our party, which was small and social, consisted entirely of Americans, and of Englishmen who had travelled in America, and of course there was much discussion concerning the merits of the two countries; and, out of compliment to the Americans present, even the peculiarities in the arrangements of the table in which there is any difference between England and us, were, in this instance, all in the American style.

After dinner we walked in the gardens till evening, when a bright and full moon made our return to London exceedingly pleasant. I was with two Americans in a post chaise, and reached home about nine o'clock.

## NO. XXXVII.—LONDON.

Sunday, how considered by many in London—The Cockneys—Who they are—Found among all ranks and in all cities—Sunday walks in Kensington Gardens—The rabble—Athletic sports—Calls and visits—Magdalen Asylum—Excellent object of the institution—The Magdalens—Surry Chapel—An intelligible hint.

## SUNDAY.

*August 11.*—I attended public worship to-day in a great church where there were only a few people. This I have very often seen before in London. Indeed a very great proportion of the people consider the Sabbath as a day of mere rest, of relaxation, of amusement, or of dissipation, according to their employments, and rank in society. A person, while walking the streets on the Sabbath, will meet numbers of the gentry with their splendid equipages, going out into the country for an airing, or perhaps to join a party at some village in the vicinity. It is also a favourite day with them to begin a journey, as it is every where with sailors to begin a voyage.

The cockneys also emulate their superiors in this way, and although they cannot afford to keep coaches, you will see them “close pack’d in chaise and one,” or on horseback, riding furiously into the country. I suppose the word cockney and the idea attached to it are familiar to *you*, although they may not be to all my friends. It means “a citizen of famous London town,” who has money enough to make a little show on the Sabbath, and certain other

public days, but who is commonly employed in close attention to trade, or manual industry. He would deserve respect, (as sober modest industry ever does) if he were not smitten with a desire to emulate the fashionable world, who only look down upon him with the more contempt, as he exerts himself the more to be like them. He is a kind of hybridous animal, half way between real gentility, and plain unassuming industry, and equally destitute of the good qualities of both. He talks much of Vauxhall, Drury-lane theatre, the Opera, Hyde Park, and Kensington gardens; is full of anecdotes of Mr. Pitt and the Prince of Wales, and even hints at his personal knowledge of the great. He is ignorant without modesty, profuse without liberality, gaudy without taste, and voluptuous without refinement.

There is a church in Cheapside, called Bow Church, and it is a common remark in London, that all born within the sound of its bell are *cockneys*. This kind of character is not however confined to such narrow limits; it is found occasionally in genteel life, and extends to other countries besides England. It exists in every great city, and on a smaller scale, although, not with pretensions less ridiculous, it may be discovered in Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, and even in smaller towns. But, in London it is found in full perfection. Some weeks ago, I was breakfasting at a house, *not within the sound of Bow Church bell*, but in Westminster, when the lady of the house, a woman who *really* rode in her coach, and had servants in livery to attend her, was descanting on the sufferings and privations which she had endured on a journey to Manchester,

and concluded a pathetic narration, by remarking, that *she thought it quite impossible to live comfortably out of London*. It was somewhat difficult to preserve a proper decorum of manners, under the expression of these sentiments, and to suppress the mirth and contempt naturally excited by such profound ignorance, prejudice, and city conceit. There is probably much of this kind of character, among people in high life, as well as among the cockneys. London—London is every thing;—the rest of England is hardly tolerable. Scotland is fit only for Scotchmen, who can live on oat-meal and water; and America is merely a place of exile, from all that is refined, elegant, or comfortable. When I first came to England, such things made me angry, but I have now learned to disregard them.

But, to return from the cockneys to our subject; during a pleasant Sunday, the environs of London swarm with emigrants from town. Hyde Park, and the vast forest and serpentine walks of Kensington gardens are thronged with people of all ranks.—Gentry, cockneys, cits are all disgorged, and thousands and tens of thousands are seen going, and returning, in two opposite currents; and such an assemblage of burly corpulent people is probably not to be found in the world beside. The plethoric citizen and his no less plethoric family come glowing to Hyde Park corner, after a walk of two or three miles from the city, and then, they labour on several miles farther, through the Park and Kensington gardens, and this by way of being genteel, and of taking the air.

Again, in the streets and lounging about the cor-

ners, you may see thousands of wretches who are dirty, ragged, and disgusting to the last degree, and the Sabbath, so far from giving cleanliness, comfort, or devotion to them, does not fail to bring a season of sloth, noise, and often of drunkenness. This class is the very rabble of London, whose condition is as debased as it is forlorn.

In the streets and in the fields also, sports of various kinds may be seen going forward, and athletic exercises, such as quoit, ball, &c.

The shops are generally shut, but those of the pastry cooks are kept open, and although the markets are closed, fruits, walking-sticks, and Sunday newspapers are hawked about the streets.

In towns it is the favourite day for calls of civility and dinners, and the reason assigned is that it is a day of leisure. Till lately the nobility had Sunday concerts, but these have been interdicted by the Bishop of London.

There is, however, a class of people here, who observe the day as it was intended to be kept, and their example, inflexible and undeviating as it is, forms a striking contrast to the manners which I have been describing.

#### MAGDALEN ASYLUM.

In the evening I went with Mr. D—— to the chapel of the Magdalen Asylum, in St. George's fields, on the Surry side of the river. This institution does honour to human nature, as having been set on foot for the reformation of those miserable deluded outcasts, whose cases more frequently excite disgust than pity, and rarely obtain redemption or relief.

It is a fact which ought to give encouragement to the patrons of such institutions, that out of 3370 who have been discharged from this hospital, since its first foundation in 1758, 2230 have been either restored to their friends, or placed in service, while only 476 have been discharged for improper behaviour. Out of all those discharged, by far the greater number *are under twenty years of age*. It appears from the records of the institution, that a very great part of its subjects belongs to that class, whom credulity and affection, under the sacred promise of marriage, have exposed to the basest of all treacheries. Very many of those whom this institution has snatched from perdition, have been since placed in regular employments, and, in numerous instances, respectably married, and now form virtuous and useful members of society.

The chapel is a handsome octagon, and, this evening, was crowded with people. I do not know the name of the preacher. I should be happy to record it if I did, for his discourse evinced talents and piety. It was a chaste, correct, and manly performance. The eye was not compelled to strain at faint undefined images seen through a glimmering moonshine; for he placed his objects in the full illumination of the sun of truth and righteousness.

Some parts of the church service are adapted to the particular case of the subjects of the charity. On the wall is inscribed in large letters of gold; "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

With a very commendable delicacy, the place where the Magdalens sit, is veiled from the view of



the audience. Their persons can be indistinctly seen, but not their features. On every account this is proper, but especially so, as a very great proportion of them "have been seduced from their friends, under promise of marriage, and have been deserted by their seducers."

Rejected by their friends, spurned by society, without money, and without resources, they fly to this asylum to avoid that alternative which would otherwise be their only refuge from starving or suicide. Who can be more proper subjects of pity, of relief, of protection and pardon!

The singing was accompanied by the organ; it came from behind the veil, and was truly admirable. There was nothing theatrical, all was simple, natural and seemingly devotional. There was a particular female voice which was exceedingly melodious; it had a mellifluous softness which produced a great effect. Judging from the indistinct view which I had through the veil, I should suppose there were about fifty of the Magdalens. Alas! you may meet more than this number in walking fifty rods by night in any great street of London, and even before the door of the Magdalen itself! I find so many good people in this country, and so many institutions for purposes of humanity, that I cannot but say with their own favourite poet Cowper;—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Returning, we were attracted to Surry chapel by a full choir of voices, singing sacred music in concert with the organ; we stopped a few minutes to

hear it. The chapel was very much crowded, and a full burst of harmony from some hundreds of singers, produced an effect, at once powerful and solemn, and beyond what instruments alone can do. This is the chapel where the celebrated Rowland Hill preaches, but I was not so fortunate as to hear him either at this time, or in a former instance when I was here. There was a contribution after the service was through, and, the preacher, that he might remove all impediments to the exercise of a benevolent disposition, requested those who had not money in their pockets, to step into the passageway, where they would find pen, ink and paper, to enable them *to draw upon their bankers*; I did not however observe that any body took advantage of this gentle hint.

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## NO. XXXVIII.—LONDON.

Excursion to Wandsworth—Return to Vauxhall Gardens—A morning ride—Beauty of the country—Alarm of invasion—Haymarket theatre—Tale of Inkle and Yarico—Its moral effect destroyed by theatrical representation—Tom Thumb—A mock tragedy—Tommy swallowed by a cow—Performers on the London stage—The lama.

## AN EXCURSION.

*August 12.*—It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when I stepped into a boat at Westminster-bridge. The wind and tide were against us, and the boatmen

had hard work to make any head-way, so that it was half past 5 o'clock when I arrived at the hospitable mansion of my friends Mr. and Mrs. G——, at Wandsworth-common. They were already at dinner, but the same hospitality and friendly manners which have so often made me happy in this interesting family, again made me welcome to-day.

After dinner, it was proposed that we should stop at Vauxhall on our return to town, as this is the principal gala night of the whole year, the gardens being lighted in a magnificent style, in honour of the birth-day of the Prince of Wales.

Some of the party went by land, and the rest with me in the boat ;—we were so fortunate as to meet our friends at the door of the gardens, and after being pushed and pressed, for a long time, in the crowd, we made good our entrance. I shall not repeat what I have said already on the subject of these gardens.

So great was the crowd to-night that it was almost impossible to move in any direction. We could not obtain a box or a seat ; every thing of the kind was engaged, and some of them had been so for three weeks. The situation was therefore extremely fatiguing, and particularly so to the ladies. To give it as much variety as possible, we struggled through the crowd as well as we could, and visited different parts of the gardens till midnight. The entertainments were substantially the same as those which I saw here before ; only, the scenery at the view of London-bridge, was changed to catch the feelings of the moment. There had been, for some weeks, a pretty active alarm on the subject of the

French invasion; and, to-night, down in the dark grove which I mentioned when here before, a distant view of the enemy's camp was given, and detachments of English volunteers were represented as marching over London bridge to the attack. There was another addition. On the top of the orchestra was exhibited a transparency representing the crown as suspended by two seraphs over the head of the Prince of Wales. The fire-works were very brilliant, and amidst this scene of splendour the moon shone out from among the broken clouds as if to show how much her modest radiance, in its power of giving delight, exceeds the most splendid exhibitions of art. Her lustre has delighted mankind in every age; it delights them now, and will, till she shall shine no more. But Vauxhall is beheld with less pleasure the second time than the first, and I can easily conceive that it would soon become extremely uninteresting.

We retired before the ceremonies of the night were through; our companions returned to town, and I walked back with Mr. G—— to Wandsworth-common, which we reached at half-past one in the morning. Our walk was by moon light, through scenes considerably solitary, but we met with no adventure which may serve to give my narration the attractions of romance.

*August 13.*—In the morning we returned to town in a gig. We passed through Clapham, a pleasant village, and over Clapham-common, which is adorned with numerous country seats of uncommon beauty. The morning was one of the finest that an English summer affords.

The thermometer was at  $56^{\circ}$  ; a brisk breeze prevailed from north-west, the sky was very clear, and the air was charged with the fragrance of fruits and flowers. As we rode I had fresh reason to admire the great beauty of the rural scenes of England ; and they afford me uncommon delight, because I see them only at intervals, when I steal away from the noise and smoke of London.

The alarm of invasion is now more active than ever, and the government have contributed to it not a little, by ordering all officers and soldiers absent from their respective corps, and every volunteer to be ready at a moment's warning ; should he step out of his own house, he is directed to leave a card specifying where he may be found. The regiments of volunteers muster every morning, and the whole island is in a state of vigilance, activity, and solicitude. The effect has been produced, at this time, by the fact that Bonaparte is at Boulogne with his vast armies, and with his flotillas in a state of unexampled preparation, while most of the channel fleet is drawn off in pursuit of the combined squadrons of France and Spain, and certain intelligence has been received in England, of the actual embarkation of a large army in the ports of Holland, which is destined for the invasion of Britain.

Whatever may be the event, the industry of this country is thus diverted from its agriculture and manufactures, and the purposes of the enemy are in some measure answered without crossing the channel.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

*August 14.*—Having been formerly, much inte-

rested in the popular taste of Inkle and Yarico, I went to see it exhibited, to-night, at the little theatre in the Haymarket. The representation was amusing, but, the sympathy which is so powerfully awakened by the narration, for the fate of Yarico, and the indignation which is excited against the man who suffers the emotions of gratitude to be overcome by avarice, are in a great measure, counteracted, by the dramatic exhibition. We can bear *to be told, in print*, that Mr. Inkle has been so grateful and magnanimous as to marry an African, because she has first saved his life and then bestowed her affections upon him, and we silently admire and applaud him for it; but, when we come actually to see, on the stage, a polished European, among his white friends, while he is every where obliged to acknowledge this sable female for his wife, and to keep her constantly by his side, we wish that it were, some how or other, possible, to extricate him from so unpleasant an embarrassment. Thus the mind is imperceptibly prepared to view, with less horror, Mr. Inkle's subsequent treachery; and the moral effect of the story is, in a great measure, destroyed.

The after-piece was *Tom Thumb*, of giant killing memory. The little story which we used to read in our three-penny picture books, detailing the adventures of this pigmy hero, is much more interesting than the stupid farrago which they have wrought into the dramatic form. I will not tire and disgust you by an account of the strange crudities, and monstrous doings of every kind, which followed each other, to-night, in rapid and ominous succession. The catastrophe was certainly the most gratifying

incident, as it was the last, and indeed it had quite as much of nature in it as any portion of the performance.

The doughty hero, Tommy Thumb, a little boy, in scarlet, about 40 inches high, after wonderful deeds of valour, in single combat, by which he wins a beautiful princess—that is to say, a coarse athletic actress, tall enough for a grenadier—is just on the point of making her his bride, when, terrible to relate, a great English cow, steps from behind the scenes, and, at one mighty gulp, swallows Tommy down, sword and all. The thing was received with great applause, and indeed almost every thing succeeds when trick'd off with the decorations of the stage.

In all the performances this evening, there was much gross indecency of language without any natural connection with the plot, and thrown in merely to catch the populace. It is really farcical to talk of the morality of the stage, unless there are theatres differently conducted from any that I have yet seen either in this country or my own.

As to the talents of the performers on the London stage, there are a few who are very great, but the majority are below mediocrity, and many contemptible.

The persons of most of the actresses are very clumsy; their figures are bad, their habits robust and corpulent, and some of them are ugly enough to frighten the ghost of Hamlet. I cannot conceive why many of them should have chosen a profession, for which they seem utterly unqualified. There are a few handsome women on the stage in London,

and I have seen two or three who might be called beautiful. The persons of the actors are incomparably superior to those of the actresses.

LAMA, &c.

*August 15.*—There is a class of men in London who are called animal merchants. They keep, both for sale and exhibition, collections, more or less extensive, of living animals. Pidcock, whose menagerie I have already mentioned, is a dealer of this description, and this morning I visited another similar collection, Brooks', at the corner of Picadilly and the Haymarket. The object which I had particularly in view in my visit, was to see the South American lama, an animal which has been recently (for the first time as it is said) brought into this country.

It is used, in South America, for the same services which the Arabians impose on the camel, and is classed by naturalists with that animal. But, compared with most of the camel family, the lama is small, although very active; he is also destitute of the dorsal bunch, and is covered with hair as fine as the softest silk. He has one singular faculty, which, although a defensive one, is more ludicrous than formidable.

When I entered the apartment, the lama was standing with his head from me, and wishing to have a better view, I tapped him with my cane, when he flew into a violent rage, whirled instantly around, and with great force ejected from his nose a greenish fluid into my face. I was glad to retreat a little, and every subsequent attempt to conciliate the animal's favour, only produced a fresh shower. This liquor, which appears not to be mucus, but a peculiar fluid, probably secreted on purpose for the defence of the animal, which



is perhaps in this way enabled to blind its assailants, seems to be discharged with such surprising force by a strong movement of the nose. The fluid is thrown occasionally five or six feet, and, it is said, that when the lama is eating beans, he will, if disturbed, project them in the same manner.

In Brooks' collection, I saw also the jerboa, a species of rat, very much resembling the kangaroo, and the golden and silver pheasant of China, birds of singular beauty.

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NO. XXXIX.—LONDON.

Foundling Hospital—Mr. Hewlet—Mr. More—English preachers—A sermon of twelve minutes—Singing at the Foundling—Two blind singers—The Foundlings—Hogarth—Captain Coram—St. Stephen's.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

*August 18.*—I have frequently attended divine service at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. I was there again this morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Hewlet. It was levelled against some fashionable irregularities, particularly the breach of the Sabbath, for purposes of recreation.

There is another gentleman whom I have repeatedly heard in this chapel, with great pleasure; I allude to Mr. More. His discourses are finished compositions, nervous, glowing, and impressive, while they are chaste, and free from verbosity and false ornament.

He has, in his manner of speaking, many of the graces of an orator, and his performances are always interesting, because he seems *really in earnest*, and deeply impressed himself with those truths which he is endeavouring to enforce on others. In the indiscriminate way in which I have attended the churches of this country, usually without any previous knowledge either of the place or preacher, I have too often been unfortunate in not finding decisive indications either of great talents, learning, or piety, and I have no doubt that, in a majority of instances, I have fallen upon preachers who were far below the general standard of the country. I make no general deductions unfavourable to England, while I merely state these facts. I was, a few Sabbaths since, in a church, in which, from its being very near my residence, I have attended more than once, where a young man concluded a very loose declamation, in the form of a sermon, in precisely twelve minutes. He seemed to be one of those

“ —————things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again. Pronounce a text;  
 Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !”

This gentleman, however, had the advantage of Cowper's divine, by just three minutes of time, and, I presume, from his countenance, that he was really the author of the composition which he read.

The singing at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital is very fine, and forms one of those attractions, which, coinciding with the interesting nature of the

institution, produce a great resort of genteel people to this place. I allude particularly to the singing of the Foundlings themselves, which is soft, melodious, and natural; but there is a couple of blind leaders, who, from its being their profession to sing, and because they obtain their bread by it, must needs introduce so many trills, shakes, and guttural echoes, that they turn sacred music into a theatrical exhibition, and lead one almost to wish that, if it were proper to make an election among the judgments of heaven, that theirs had been to be dumb instead of blind.

I was in company to-day with a gentleman, who, after morning service, took me into the dining-hall of the female foundlings, where we saw a very interesting spectacle. Nearly two hundred of these little beings, apparently very healthy and cheerful, and neatly dressed, were partaking of a wholesome and abundant dinner. Before they began, at a signal given, they all stood in an attitude of reverence, while one of their number, a little thing of six years of age, with her hands clasped, asked a blessing in a perfectly proper manner, while the whole number, with one voice, pronounced—*Amen*.

The dining-hall is adorned with the portraits of the benefactors of the institution, and among these, that of Captain Coram, who spent seventeen years of his life in assiduous exertions to found this charity, occupies, as it certainly ought to do, the most distinguished place.

Coram was a private and obscure individual, a captain in the American trade, and his history will long be remembered, as affording a striking illustration of the force of benevolent affections and the success of

benevolent exertions. The precise object of this institution is expressed in the following words; “ For preventing the frequent murders of poor miserable infants at their birth, and for suppressing the inhuman custom of exposing new-born infants to perish in the streets.”

The admission of foundlings is not however indiscriminate ; it proceeds upon a principle of selection ; those objects are preferred which have the strongest claims. It is needless to say that such an institution, in such a place as London, is always full ; at present there are more than five hundred foundlings of both sexes, and it is impossible to look at these little friendless unacknowledged beings, who are ignorant of their natural protectors, and of the ties which connect them to the rest of the species, without strong emotions of pity.

We went next into the dining-room of the boys, who are equally numerous as the girls ; the same decorum prevailed there, and one of them asked a blessing in the same manner.

Hogarth was a benefactor of the Foundling Hospital, and some of his best pictures are suspended here, particularly his master piece, *The march to Finchley* ; this, on account of some rather too faithful copies which it contains of traits of real life, will form a more proper topic of oral than of written description. Several other pieces, some of them by great masters, and relating principally to scripture history, are to be seen in the committee-room.

In the afternoon, I attended at St. Stephen's, Walbrook. After St. Paul's, this church is the most

magnificent in London, and is reckoned one of Sir Christopher Wren's master pieces. It is indeed a grand and beautiful structure. The preacher gave us a very good discourse, but, his task is a very discouraging one, for, in this magnificent church, the whole audience, including the clerk, the organist, and twenty charity children, who are obliged to attend, did not amount to fifty persons.

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NO. XL.—LONDON.

St. Luke's Hospital—An asylum for lunatics—A distressing sight—Different forms and varieties of madness—Particular individuals.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

*August 23.*—This morning, in consequence of an arrangement which Mr. Ogilvy, an English friend of mine, was so good as to make for me, I went with one of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, to visit that institution. It is situated in Old-street, near Finsbury-square. The structure is extensive, being between four and five hundred feet long, and, although it is plain in its appearance, it is by no means destitute of elegance.

This is a charitable institution, for the reception, and, as far as possible, for the cure of those unfortunate beings, who are visited with the most dreadful of all the judgments of heaven, *madness*. My

conductor, who, as a manager of the hospital, was now on a tour of duty, to inspect every part of it, took me with him and obligingly explained the whole system. The building is wonderfully neat, clean, airy and convenient. Here, it was my fortune to see, nearly three hundred of my fellow creatures, deprived of the due exercise of their understandings, and blotted out from the intellectual creation.

We first visited the women, whose apartments are, of course, by themselves. Their cells are arranged, on both sides of several long galleries or halls, with their doors opening into this common passage. There are also wings to the building which contain cells arranged in a similar manner. At night each patient is shut up in a solitary cell, but, in the day, they are suffered to walk at large, through the halls, which are spacious and airy. From this indulgence, those lunatics who are dangerous are exempted; they are confined with more or less rigor, as the case may require.

We walked around among the maniacs, and my conductor, who was a respectable Jew, and possessed of much mildness and humanity, was immediately recognised by most of those we met, who seemed to welcome him as a friend and protector, and the good man had something kind and parental to say to them all. Most of them behaved with great decorum, and some conversed so correctly that one would not have suspected them of lunacy. But, it was one of the most pitiable and affecting sights that I have ever beheld.

Some were merry and full of glee, and declared

that they were perfectly well and very happy ; some were fixed in sullen death-like melancholy, sitting in corners or standing with their eyes fixed on the floor ; some were restless, walking from place to place, and apparently in deep thought ; others wept bitterly, wringing their hands, begging to be released, and complaining of their friends for deserting them in their distresses ; others were actuated by furious madness, clanging their chains, gnashing their teeth, and screaming piteously, while their eyes rolled with all the wildness of frenzy.

There is a yard, immediately back of the hospital, where, in fine weather, the patients are allowed to go for fresh air. Among those who were there, was a woman in a straight-jacket. Her features were fixed ; she stood immoveable as a marble statue, gazing with a wild frantic stare, but without any certain direction, and, at short intervals, she uttered the most lamentable piercing shrieks that I ever heard.

But, there were others, whose deportment was soft, mild, and perfectly correct. This was particularly the case with two very young women, who from their youth, beauty, and interesting manners, naturally excited particular sympathy. When we entered their apartments, they rose respectfully, conversed intelligently, and seemed more fitted to adorn a polished society than to be inmates of Bedlam. Although, from their being in that place, I could not doubt the fact of their mental derangement, I asked my guide whether those young women were really lunatic. He assured me that they

were, and that it was not uncommon for lunatic patients to appear rational for several days together. My conductor seemed perfectly to understand the humours of the patients. We entered one room where a woman was busying herself with a few plants and flowers, which she was rearing in the window; to her he apologized in very polite language, for coming, *unasked*, into a lady's apartment. She seemed flattered with his attention to her feelings, and showed us her patch-work and her little garden, adding, that autumn was coming fast upon us, and that her leaves began to fade.

In another apartment was a young French woman. She had a little mortar, and was grinding colours which she used in painting. Around the room were hung the productions of her pencil, which were very ingenious considering that she had no colours, except such as she made from the sweepings of the house.

We next went into the apartments of the men, and walked freely among them; they exhibited much the same varieties of madness as the women, but more of them appeared to be sullen and melancholy, and I did not observe any who were gay.

St. Luke's Hospital was erected by private exertions, and the present building, it is said, cost 40,000*l*. It is asserted that there is no establishment of the kind in Europe which, for the extent of the plan, is more complete, whether we regard the convenience of the building or the excellence of the management.

The Bethlem Hospital, which is the one commonly known by the name of Bedlam, is at present undergoing a thorough repair, and the patients are removed.



From this distressing scene, I returned home, thankful to heaven that neither *moping melancholy* nor moon-struck madness had fallen to my lot.

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NO. XLI.—LONDON.

Excursion to Hampton Court—Pope's residence—Strawberry-hill—Park of Hampton Court—The palace—Particular objects in it—Impressions excited—Star and Garter Tavern on Richmond-hill—Origin of a popular song—Thomson's grave—Earl of Buchan's inscription—Rossdale House, Thomson's former residence—Relics of him—His seat in the garden.

EXCURSION TO HAMPTON COURT.

At 9 o'clock, Mr. D—— and myself took seats for Twickenham, by the way of Hammersmith and Brentford. Twickenham is 10 or 11 miles from London, on the Thames, opposite to Richmond. It is a pleasant village, but, the circumstance which chiefly renders it interesting is, that it was once the residence of *Pope*.

Till lately, his villa, with his favourite grotto, and the willow tree which he planted, were shown to strangers. But, the place has now fallen into the hands of a baronet, who has given his porter positive orders to admit no one who, from curiosity, comes to see this celebrated house. An American acquaintance of ours had, a few days before, met with this refusal in terms so positive, that we thought it useless to make the attempt, and were obliged to content ourselves with merely an external view of a

building which was once honoured by the presence of the illustrious bard. The house is of brick, perfectly plain, and three stories high. I make no reflections on Sir John Briscoe, the present possessor ; he may have the best reasons for this seemingly illiberal conduct.

From Twickenham we went on foot to Hampton Court. On our way we passed Strawberry hill, the celebrated seat of the late Lord Oxford, and now of Mrs. Darner. I had, a few days before, applied in the usual form for a ticket of admission, but not having obtained it, we could view only the outside of this fine villa ; it is built in the Gothic style, although it is little more than half a century old, and is beautifully situated not far from the Thames.

Leaving Strawberry-hill, we passed on, along the river to Hampton Court. It is the season of harvest ; the reapers are cutting down the *wheat*, or as it is here called, the *corn*. We were refreshed with a view of every rural beauty which the full maturity of summer can afford ; the hedge rows were covered with flowers ; the meadows of the Thames were clothed in their deepest green, and a meridian sun and cloudless sky added splendor to beauty.

On entering the Park at Hampton Court, we found ourselves in an extensive forest of ancient and majestic trees, disposed in regular rows, and affording a refreshing retreat from the heat of the day. Along these avenues, where we could perceive the deer in herds gliding through the openings, we walked a full mile to the venerable palace of Hampton Court. It is constructed of brick, in the ancient style ; the form is quadrangular, with an interior court. It was

first erected by Cardinal Wolsey, and the tapestry with which he adorned its walls, although faded, still remains unturned.

Charles I. was a state prisoner here; he lived with seeming freedom, and with somewhat of the dignity of a king, but he still thought fit to make his escape to the Isle of Wight.

Hampton Court was the favourite residence of Queen Ann; George I. and George II. often lived here; and William III. was particularly partial to it. He rebuilt a great part of the palace, and it remains substantially as it was in his time.

The Prince of Orange, on his expulsion from Holland, had this palace assigned to him for his residence, and here, I am informed, he still resides.

A corps of horse have their barracks in the outer buildings, whether as a guard of honour to the Prince, or as an appendage of the palace, I do not know.

Although we were conducted through the different apartments, in a manner much too rapid, entirely to satisfy my curiosity, I was still much gratified, for I had never seen the inside of a palace before. As I cannot describe all the interesting objects, I will mention merely a few of the most remarkable.

The stair case is magnificent; the walls and ceiling are decorated with superb paintings, representing heathen deities, and fabulous and real scenes of antiquity. The colours are not laid upon canvass, but upon the walls themselves.

The guard-room, which we entered first, contains arms for one thousand men, and portraits of many dis-

tinguished persons, among which are those of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Sir George Rooke, &c.

We were then conducted through presence-chambers, audience-chambers, dressing-chambers, bed-chambers, and other royal apartments, all of which were adorned with superb pictures and ancient tapestry. A picture of William III. on a white horse, by Kneller, is wonderfully fine. There is a full length portrait of George I. and all the rooms are more or less decorated with portraits of kings and queens, and their connections, and of the great men of their respective courts.

In one of the apartments are some pieces of the gobelin manufacture, representing the battles of Alexander the Great.

They showed us also the public dining-room where George II. used to give dinners of state.

The king's bed-chamber and that of the queen are superbly painted; the beds are covered with crimson silk velvet, and canopies of the same, embroidered with gold, are suspended over them.

The walls of Queen Mary's bed-chamber are hung with tapestry wrought by her own hands, and those of the maids of honour; this industrious and excellent woman, the wife of William III. was at once the ornament of her own sex and of the throne of England. The famous cartoons of Raphael are here; among their subjects, which are taken principally from Scripture history, are the stories of the death of Annanias and of the blindness of Elymas the sorcerer.

The tables in many of the apartments are of *verū antique*, and, generally, the furniture and decorations of the various apartments, are in a style of royal

magnificence. To give a tolerably copious description, would be to write a volume; and, although a mere catalogue of a few cannot be very interesting, I could not be willing to pass over every thing in entire silence.

My principal satisfaction at Hampton Court, arose from the consciousness that I was actually *in a palace*, and that kings, queens, and illustrious men, had trod the boards that were then beneath my feet. While I am thus impressed with these ideas, which partake at once of moral grandeur and of grateful melancholy, I must not forget the attention which all ages have demanded, and paid, to the claims of female beauty, whether dead or living. For, there is one room devoted to the portraits of the Hampton Court beauties; I believe most of the ladies flourished in King William's time. Notwithstanding the stiff drapery of the age, several of these belles were richly endowed by nature with those external charms, whose empire, if not as enduring as that of warlike conquest, is at least more extended. But the grave has swallowed them long ago, and their beauty now lives only on the canvass.

Hampton Court is delightfully situated on the Thames, fifteen or sixteen miles from London.

We now returned on foot to Twickenham, and having crossed Richmond-bridge, dined at the *Star and Garter tavern*, on the very summit of Richmond-hill. In this tavern once lived a young woman, in the humble station of a waiting-maid, who possessed such uncommon attractions, as to inspire a young man of the first rank of the kingdom with such a partiality for

her, that he gave utterance to his passion in the popular song of,

“ On Richmond-hill there liv'd a lass,” &c.

Where this comely lass is now, I know not, nor does she seem to have left in the house any representative of her beauty, for, we saw nobody there, who, had we been poets, would have excited us to emulate the song of the royal inamorato.

After dinner, we ascended to the roof of the house, and took a view at leisure of this vast and delightful prospect. We saw London very distinctly.

Richmond-hill deserves all that has been said in its praise, nor has Thomson acted the poet more than the geographer, in the description which I quoted a few days ago.<sup>3</sup> The trees are so numerous in the vale as to have the appearance of an extensive forest with frequent openings, and the Thames, as it winds along its circuitous course, looks like a silver stream. The view from this hill is, I presume, one of the finest in the world; the interesting objects are numerous, various, distinct, and beautiful, so as well to entitle Richmond to its Saxon name of *Shene*, or *Resplendent*.

Leaving Richmond-hill, we descended into the village, and while my companion waited at the door of the church, I went to find out the person whose office it was to show it to us; our object was to visit Thomson's grave. After some inquiry, I found an old woman, who undertook to conduct us. As we walked to the church, she told me that her husband knew Thomson, and assisted at his funeral, the expenses of which,

said she, were paid by a gentleman of Richmond, “for Thomson, sir, was very poor, as all poets are.” We had now arrived at the door of the church, which she unlocked, and I hastened to the spot, and spent a few minutes in pensive but pleasing contemplations over the grave of this delightful poet and lamented man.

He lies under the pavement, in the north-west corner of the church, and for many years there was not even an inscription to mark where he lay. But, the Earl of Buchan, in the year 1792, placed on the adjoining wall, a brass plate, on which I read the following memorial :

“In the earth, beneath this tablet, are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, entitled the Seasons, the Castle of Indolence, &c.—who died at Richmond, on the 27th of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O. S. 1748.” The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment, for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

Then follow these lines from his own Winter.

Father of light and life, thou GOOD SUPREME !  
 O, teach me what is good ! teach me THYSELF !  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From ev'ry low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure :  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The old woman informed me that her husband, about 12 years ago, dug down to the coffin, and

found that it was still undecayed, although it had then been buried 45 years.

On the opposite side is a monument to the memory of the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, who was buried here. After looking at the other interesting things in this ancient and venerable church, I returned to the grave of the sweet bard, and took my last leave of it.

The memory of Thomson having gained complete possession of my mind, I was not willing to pass by Rossdale House, at the head of Kew Foot-lane, where he used to reside. The house now belongs to Mr. Ashley of Grosvenor-square, but was possessed, till within these few months, by the widow of Admiral Boscawen; she is recently deceased at the age of 90 or more.

Although we were strangers without any introduction, we were received in the most obliging manner, and every thing connected with Thomson's memory was readily shown. The first article that we saw was the table on which he wrote the Seasons. It is small, round, and low, but rather elegant in its appearance, being of mahogany, and having an inscription in the middle. This table is preserved with great care, as are also the two brass hooks in the wall on which Thomson used to hang his hat and cane.

They next pointed us to his favourite seat in the garden. It is a summer-house of plain boards, of a pentagonal form, enclosed completely on all sides but one, and, contiguous to the sides, there is a seat running quite around the interior part, except the entrance. It is in the midst of a garden of some



extent, and is overhung by vines and trees. On the front, immediately above the entrance, is this inscription; *Here Thomson sung the seasons, and their change.*

Pardon my weakness, if such it be, in mentioning these little circumstances, and still more in experiencing strong emotions of mournful pleasure, while I lingered in the lodge which this delightful poet once frequented.

There are several inscriptions on the inside of the summer-house, one of which follows :

“ Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial, though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images, as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable Seasons. Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the universe, its flame glowing through all his compositions; animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, except by his death, which happened at this place on the 22d of August 1748.”

Reluctantly I withdrew from this interesting scene, and pursued the foot path, which Thomson always travelled to Kew.

We arrived at the Botanical Garden, but, too late to be admitted to see it, and, indeed I was not displeased at the disappointment, for I did not wish to turn my mind to any other subject, and therefore, stepping into a coach, we returned immediately to London.

## NO. XLII.—LONDON.

Christ's Hospital—A preacher there—Great number of boys educated on charity—Lord Nelson—A crowd always at his heels—His appearance.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

*August 25.*—In company with an American I went to the church belonging to Christ's Hospital, Newgate-street, where we heard a preacher who seemed to be a man of warm piety and of respectable talents. The final judgment was his theme, and with much earnestness and feeling, he urged the importance of realizing the truth of the scripture representations on this most important subject.

This church presented a very interesting spectacle. There were present about six hundred boys, from the age of 6 to that of 16, who are educated on the foundation of this charitable institution. Besides these, there are 3 or 400 more, principally females, who are at Hertford at school, so that at least 1000 children are dependent upon this charity. The boys whom we saw at church were all dressed in that peculiar uniform which I mentioned at Manchester, and which appears to be common in English charitable institutions of ancient date. It consists of a jacket of coarse blue cloth, buttoned close around the neck and body, and descending to the feet in a kind of shirt or petticoat, which is buckled around the waist with a leather belt. These boys formed a very interesting spectacle; they were all provided with service books, and sung to the organ,

which was a very fine one, loud and deep-toned, and yet soft and clear. After service we walked into the buildings where the boys receive their instruction and have their accommodations. The buildings are very ancient and need repair. The dining-hall is extensive, and is adorned with two large pictures, one of which represents Edward VI. granting a charter to the institution; the other was so remote that we could not distinguish its subject through the iron grating which separates us from them.

#### LORD NELSON.

*August 26.*—As I was standing in a shop in the Strand, this morning, I had the satisfaction, which I had long wished for, of seeing *Lord Nelson*. He was walking through the streets, on the opposite side, in company with his chaplain, and, as usual, followed by a crowd. This is a distinction which great men are obliged to share in common with all wonderful exhibitions;—a dancing bear would immediately attract a throng in the streets of London, and this great admiral can do no more in the same circumstances. If it be a gratification, while it is new, it must soon become extremely troublesome. Lord Nelson cannot appear in the streets without immediately collecting a retinue, which augments as he proceeds, and when he enters a shop, the door is thronged till he comes out, when the air rings with huzzas, and the dark cloud of the populace again moves on, and hangs upon his skirts.

He is a great favourite with all descriptions of people; the nation are wonderfully proud of him, and, although his late unwearied pursuit of the

French and Spanish squadrons has proved fruitless, the enthusiastic admiration in which he has long been held, does not seem to be in the least diminished.

My view of him was in profile. His features are sharp and his skin is now very much burnt, from his having been long at sea ; he has the balancing gait of a sailor ; his person is spare and of about the middle height, or rather more, and mutilated by the loss of an arm and an eye, besides many other injuries of less magnitude.

It was certainly a rational source of satisfaction to behold the first naval character of the age, a man whom his cotemporaries admire and posterity will applaud. His very name is at this moment, under providence, a palladium to this island, and no hostile fleet can meet him without dreading the event of the interview.

I have been for some time, contemplating a tour to Bath, Bristol, and the mines of Cornwall, and having procured from the alien-office, my permission to travel into the interior of the country, I have been busied for a few days past, in making every other preparatory arrangement of my concerns, and to-morrow I intend to commence my journey in company with our countryman Mr. T——, who goes with me as far as Bristol.